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Tales of Adventure, by Walter de la Mare, on page 648

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Cheap Scorn

THERE is a new species of literary fallacy about that deserves to be stepped on, like any other objectionable insect. This fallacy is born in a jealous temper and reared in spite. Some book attacks the pose of the moment that we are all hard characters in a hard-boiled world. The tough-minded critic boils with rage as he reads and seeks a stone to tie to the neck of such objectionable idealism. Now there is no stone so heavy as the reputation of the last political period—too definitely past to have a future, too near to the present to be freed of its enemies. And the liberalism of Wilsonian democracy admirably fulfils this definition. Its enthusiasms and its achievements both date from the milk and cereal age of our younger critics. Its successes have been written into our daily life and forgotten. Its failures are still raw wounds which later doctors have not even tried to heal. It was a logical attempt to find a mean between revolution and profiteering, and the success of revolution in Russia and of profiteering in the United States has made its hopeful policies seem a little absurd. We set our hands to the spiritual regeneration of Europe and now badly need spiritual regeneration ourselves.

Such a melancholy epilogue usually closes the recurrent efforts of the will to be civilized, and political satirists who wish to satirize the inevitable inadequacy and deplore the usual errors of idealism find a legitimate subject here. A political or social program must be judged by its immediate results before it is charged up to example and experiment. But when literature begins to be damned because the ideas it represents have not reformed the world in a decade, it is time to push the bell and call for an accounting.

* * *

Here is so-and-so, who, for example, calls the late Stuart Sherman the Woodrow Wilson of American literature, as if that in itself condemned him. He displays a letter in which Sherman sets down his belief in democratic liberalism as proof that the man was unsound to his last book review. How and why? Dost thou think that because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Is it so certain that because realism is the fashion among men and nations that distrust the future, all generous spirits that pledge themselves to hope are fools or hypocrites? But not the most cynical political realist doubted the desirability of Woodrow Wilson's ideals, if realized, no matter how skeptical of methods and possibilities of success. It remains for the sallow youth of the middle generation to take the name of a great if sometimes misguided statesmen as a term of depreciation in literary criticism.

It is quite possible that the term Wilsonian may come to designate the American literature of the war period and just before, and if so, like any literary adjective, it will have its critical sense. There was something doctrinaire and overweening in Wilsonism which came from the pseudo-science of its believers. They thought that they could electrify the world by assertion, and then punch a button for immediate results. Yet to find that this was not true, and that human nature with its freight of the unconscious required more than words and plans to switch it to a better track, was not a discovery to make the heart glad. It is no subject for boasting that we are living at the moment under a government whose chief activity seems to be enforcing unenforceable laws and squabbling over the spoils of the tariff. Nor is it a matter for congratulation that whole areas of our literature have reached such a point of spiritual degradation that the disillusioned may hope to recover faith of any kind only by exchanging their books for the actualities of life—which are really much more encouraging.

What do these captious critics want? They despise democracy. Are they fascists or monarchists? They hate big business? Is it communism then that they desire? They loathe the very idea of progress? Do they want to stand still, or go back? They are—one fears—just critics—and not very cogent critics at that.

Easier

By MARION CANBY

IT is easier to read than to live—
Oh God, forgive
My unwillingness to live!
Books are so kind
To the invertebrate mind;
Life is so harsh,
Like cobbles, or soft as a marsh—

But oh, from the page sometimes
Something rears and climbs,
Lifts and leaps,
Angel or devil, hunting me to the steeps
Of my own mind,
Rending my every muscle
In a stringent, implacable tussle—
I rise, I toss the book away:
"Give me living!" I say.

This Week

"The Biography of Marshal Foch."
Reviewed by MAJOR-GENERAL ASTON

"The Devil" and "The Life of the Devil."
Reviewed by RAMON GUTHRIE

"Dear Judas."
Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

"Jews without Money."
Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

"The Company."
Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

"Unromantic Spain."
Reviewed by R. SELDEN ROSE

"The Letters of Vincent Van Gogh."
Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

"British Ballads from Maine."
Reviewed by LOUISE POUND

"The Fine Art of Living."
Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT

"Merchantmen-at-Arms."
Reviewed by EDWARD PULLING

Next Week, or Later

Anthony Trollope.
By CLYDE FURST

The Soul of France*

By CHARLES SEYMOUR

What, my gallant Marshal, are you so insensible to the thrill of the great hours that you took ten years of cool and deliberate meditation to assail me for no other reason than a stale mess of military grousings? . . . Ah, Foch! Foch! my good Foch! have you then forgotten everything? . . . Yes, we used to laugh sometimes. There is not much laughing today. Who would have thought that for us those were, in a way, good times. We were living when the agony was at its worst. . . . There were displays of temper; but there was one common hope, one common purpose. The enemy was there to make us friends. Foch, the enemy is still there. And that is why I bear you a grudge for laying your belated petard at the gates of history to wound me in the back—an insult to the days that are gone. . . .I once had, and still have, at the service of my country a considerable reserve of silence. But, since the public could hardly fail to impute my abstention to faint heartedness, I cannot remain speechless. You challenge me. Here I am.

THUS in magnificent and pathetic phrases does Clemenceau, on the point of death, invoke his partner in victory who had authorized the publication of his posthumous criticism of the use made of victory. Who could have guessed that any blow could so cruelly have wounded the Tiger as to force him from his retirement? Five years ago I spent a day with Clemenceau in his study in the little apartment on the rue Franklin, under the gaze of the classical busts that looked down from the tops of the bookcases, in the midst of the thousands of unbound books that littered the shelves, piled up in the unused fireplace, scattered over the great horseshoe table where he wrote. "My friends," he said with a wave of the grey-gloved hand toward his books. "I would rather speak of them than of the war or of politics." He spoke freely, however, of the war, of his colleagues, of his allies, and always without bitterness. He told me many things which now appear in this book, often using phrases almost identical with those now printed. But every so often he would stop and say, "Mind you, do not print one word of this. If I wished it to come out I would print it myself. But I prefer my philosophy." It needed the criticism of Foch to drive him from his silence, and the fact that Foch left this criticism to be published by a third party: "You sent another to the field of honor in your place—which is not done." And at the end of the book he writes of the Marshal: "Above all I owe him a grudge for not having allowed me to end my days in the modest self-respect of a silence in which I had set my chief inward bliss."

To understand the urge that forced Clemenceau from his silence we must remember that Foch's criticism was directed precisely at those actions and policies because of which Clemenceau felt that he had deserved well of the marshal and of France. It was bitter to watch Mr. Lloyd George receive credit for unity of command, to discover no trace of recognition for Clemenceau's salvation of Foch after the Chemin des Dames disaster in 1918, to read the Marshal's complaints of the Prime Minister's vigor in urging the use of American troops, to remember that after Foch had disobeyed the definite orders of the Peace Conference he was again saved by the intervention of Clemenceau. It was still more bitter after waging his strenuous fight with Wilson and Lloyd George for the security of France to be accused of throwing the victory away by failing to hold permanently the Rhine. To tell the

* GRANDEUR AND MISERY OF VICTORY. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1930. $5.

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truth, it was hardly necessary for Clemenceau to reply. Already sufficient documents are available to permit the historian to decide that in every issue raised the criticisms of Foch are for the most part without justification. Fortunately for historians Clemenceau does not confine himself to those issues. Once started, he gives free vent to all the ideas on the history of the last decade which during all the years devoted to philosophy must have been simmering and struggling to find expression: the Peace Conference; Wilsonian policies; American withdrawal from Europe; the wasting of the opportunities offered by the Versailles Treaty; the arrogance of the Germans and the menace of their renaissance; above all, the peril of the "policy of concessions" which is leading France to ruin. "France will be what the men of France deserve."

* * *

Unlike many war memoirs, which merely raise issues, Clemenceau's book throws new light of great value to the historian. His portraits of the figures of the Peace Conference, far less elaborate than those of Mr. Keynes are quite as brilliant, rather more subtle and certainly closer to the reality. "Lloyd George, fresh and pink, coming forward with a bright, two-fisted smile, and gesticulations now and then so violent that one day President Wilson had to interpose between us with outstretched arms, saying pleasantly, Well, Well! I have never come across two such unreasonable men! which allowed us to end the angry scene in laughter. . . . Mr. Arthur Balfour, the most cultured, the most gracious, the most courteous of adamantine men. Mr. Bonar Law, the prince of balance, who would have been a first-class Frenchman had he not been wholly British. Lord Robert Cecil, a Christian who believes and is fain to live his belief, with a smile like a Chinese dragon to express a stubborn mind banged, barred, and bolted against arguments. Lord Milner, a brilliant intellect crowned with high culture that culminates in a discreet sentimentality. . . . President Wilson, armored in his 'fourteen points,' symbolized in as many pointed wisdom teeth that never let themselves be turned aside from their duty. Colonel House, a super-civilized person escaped from Texas, who sees everything, who understands everything, and, while never doing anything but what he thinks fit, knows how to gain the ear and the respect of everybody. A good American, very nearly as good a Frenchman, a sifting, pondering mind, above all, the traditional gentleman. I should be most ungrateful if I could forget the eminent services that this man, one of the best types of the true American, rendered the cause of a civilized peace. Were it only for picking out this good auxiliary, Mr. Wilson would deserve the gratitude of the friends of humanity."

* * *

More important historically than the single flashes Clemenceau throws upon personalities and events, is the steady light illuminating the political position of France as understood by Frenchmen and consistently misunderstood by foreigners whether friends or enemies. His defence of French policy at the Peace Conference, less elaborate than Tardieu's is stronger emotionally. There is a brilliant self-portrait of Clemenceau discarding the Poincaré-Foch thesis of the Rhine frontier as unjust and attempting to make the best of the uncertain half promise by Lloyd George (who admitted that he had returned to "the traditional policy of enmity") and by Wilson, "the inspired prophet of a noble ideological venture, to which he was unfortunately destined to become a slave." His indictment of the Americans for their desertion of France after 1920 is restrained, if bitter, and deserves to be read by all of us. "You determined to make and you did make—and proclaimed it very loud and clear—a new Europe, in which you arrived at an equilibrium of pacification, the problems of which you were not afraid to tackle with mere phantoms of sanctions. It may be said that the undertaking was too bold. No one will dispute that, in the opinion of the combatants, it reflected the greatest honor on you. But all the cost of that honor fell upon us . . . gained with our blood, after the destruction of our possessions. . . . You propose to secure the profits of it after puffing into thin air the advantages your own President had proffered to us in your name. And what am I to add when you present us with an account on which to these profits of *yours* are added *our* losses, for which you request us to indemnify you!"

But Clemenceau's fiercest indictment is directed at his own countrymen who through weakness have permitted the mutilation of the Versailles Treaty and attempted a policy of understanding with the Germans whom he does not trust. "Foch, the enemy is still there." Many of us will not agree with his political philosophy; it is possible to find many flaws in his reasoning. The book, however, stands as a grand document, revealing perfectly the soul of the man and of the France he represents.

Marshal Foch

THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE LATE MARSHAL FOCH. By MAJOR-GENERAL SIR GEORGE ASTON. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1929.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

GENERAL ASTON set to work upon this volume, he explains, shortly after Foch's death. The vast documentary evidence of the French Official History was not yet far enough along to be of much service. Foch's own papers were not at his disposal and the evidence from published sources proved fragmentary,—so that the task was far from easy. But the author had the great advantage of assistance from many British officers who served close to Foch; he has sought out industriously all that has appeared in print; and the result is the first approach to a comprehensive biography. It is of interest for one thing in gathering together the scattered facts of Foch's earlier career and the few bits available in regard to his private life.

Foch was not a great producer of biographical copy; he talked freely enough about his work and the important affairs he was concerned with, and made no mystery about things personal to himself. But the latter, in his own mind, were off the main track; his conversation always turned promptly back to that, and even in the story of important crises the purely personal details were plainly of no particular interest to him. His family life was in no way masked or guarded, but remained to the last in the thoroughgoing French tradition—a thing quietly his own, presumably of no interest to the outside world.

Foch's religion was of this same strain—a thing clear and strong but never discussed and never involved with outside matters. He himself never countenanced the efforts to exploit it for partisan purposes; and although his career suffered at one period from his religious beliefs, he never complained and declined to align himself with clerical or reactionary partisans on account of the experience. Apparently he had no politics, in any practical sense of the word, either before or after the war.

General Aston lays due stress on these points, but he makes the mistake of constantly bringing in Foch's religious and moral views as an explanation of his course of conduct in the purely practical problems before him. These qualities are a necessary basis of character, and in the Foch equation character counted for quite as much as intelligence,—but the point is not strengthened by reiteration. The main points were fairly simple. Foch was never afraid, and never nervous or flustered;—he was steadfast and persistent, and people knew where he stood and relied on him. The comment of one British officer: ". . . he was not the sort of man to say anything he did not mean"—forestalls a good deal of unnecessary analysis of that side of him. But even if he has embroidered too much of this into his narrative, the author has very soundly made character the predominant note in his portrait. On the title page he presents one of the most pertinent of Foch's own sayings: "Intellect? Criticism?—Pah! A donkey who has more character is more useful."

* * *

For the period of the war the author presents not a detailed military narrative but a study of Foch's relation to the drama. Even so, far too much space is given to matters wholly outside Foch's sphere, and the presentation of the 1918 campaign will require no little revision in the light of General Charteris's "Haig." Of particular interest are the points relating to Foch's personal history. It appears, for instance, that his motor accident in 1916 was decidedly serious; he was back again at work before long, and the "serious malady" from which he was supposed to be suffering at the time he was shelved was apparently a political fiction;—but nevertheless the accident was a severe experience, and a British officer serving under him thought the effects of it on Foch's nerves could be seen even in 1917.

Foch's actual status in the winter of 1917-1918 was a good deal of a puzzle: as Chief of Staff he had an imposing title—without authority or functions. As the winter drew on, it became obvious to American observers from certain quarters of the French press that an effect was being made to push him forward ahead of Pétain; where Clemenceau stood was not clear. It now appears that as early as the autumn of 1917 (just after the formation of the Supreme War Council) this drift of the wind was perceived at Pétain's headquarters—"*Le père Foch veut se faire Généralissime.*" Foch himself, however, when questioned about it by a British acquaintance at that time, stated bluntly that neither Lloyd George nor Clemenceau would hear of the idea. Foch probably made no actual effort in that direction; he was not a wire-puller, and with Clemenceau in charge there were hardly any wires for him to pull. Clemenceau was satisfied with Pétain as commander of the French army, and had abundant reason to doubt the possibility of making Foch or anyone else Generalissimo. But from a natural impulse to take charge and make his views prevail (rather than with any idea of over-riding Pétain) Foch pressed vigorously for giving more power to the Executive War Board, with its absurd committee-Command. In doing so, he gradually allowed himself to work (or be worked) into a false position: the War Board came to represent a military opposition in direct conflict with French and British headquarters; for once, Foch's clear sense of the straight line of action forsook him—and he was duly punished in being made a catspaw by Lloyd George and Henry Wilson. But Clemenceau was wholly skeptical of the War Board; he had no more use than Colonel House for Lloyd George's Supreme War Council; and there is no indication that he listened to Foch with any marked favor until the March offensive produced a general crisis. In this crisis all parties brushed aside without a thought the mongrel committee-arrangement Foch had hitherto been urging.

* * *

The Supreme Command arose from the fact that in the extreme point of crisis Pétain fell down, whereas Foch rose to the stress of battle. The appointment of Foch was due first of all to Haig: in form it appeared the subordination of the British command to a French General; in substance, it represented the victory of Haig's view over Pétain's;—and Foch's immediate action was not to bestow strategical guidance upon the British but to summon forward French divisions to where he and Haig wanted them. It was no small tribute to Foch's character that in this moment of extreme anxiety the British people accepted not grudgingly, but with reassurance the appointment of a general who up to then had never won a victory. It was this faith, plus Haig's support, which made it possible for Foch to carry on the Supreme Command and prevented Lloyd George from promptly wrecking it.

General Aston makes the very interesting point that Foch was one who could profit by experience and that the experience that fell to him in the first three years of the war proved a particularly apt preparation for the final task. Fighting side by side with the British at Ypres, in the Artois and on the Somme, he learned to appreciate the British soldier, to understand the methods and qualities of the British army, and had made a wide personal acquaintance among British officers. No other French officer of the higher ranks had this advantage. In some ways he seems to have been more at home with them than with his own countrymen; certain qualities of heart and mind gave an instinctive understanding and sympathy and led him to open out rather more freely among them; and certainly in 1918 the British army responded more fully and more readily to his leadership than did the French. The Americans Foch had only begun to understand when the Armistice came. Again, the "side-tracked" period of 1917, while an unpleasant experience at the time, gave him for the first time a wider horizon than an army sector at the front, and brought before him the large-scale problems of the Allied war effort as a whole. The few letters of his available from the first period of the war show him indulging in mere amateur guess-work when considering these things; and to the last he remained weak on the little detail of transport and supply; but by 1918 he was able to deal with things on a large scale—which few men were. Even the six months futile dialectic with Painlevé, Lloyd George, and Henry Wilson over the War Board served as a political apprenticeship for wrestling with the Allied governments during the 1918 campaign,—a task which he was wholly unprepared for up to that time.

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The Living God

THE GREEN PASTURES. By MARC CONNELLY. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. $2.

OL' KING DAVID AN' THE PHILISTINE BOYS. By ROARK BRADFORD. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS
Author of "Clash of Angels"

THE God of Abraham and Jacob is with us once more. That he comes in black face, with his habitat changed from Mesopotamia to the Deep South, is a detail in divinity. He has come alive this time, after centuries of alienage and mystery, through laughter. God, we have discovered, can be both ridiculous and divine. It is only essential that he be alive.

Through the folk theology of the Negro race, Roark Bradford, humorist, and Marc Connelly, playwright, have brought him back into vital life, Bradford, in "Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys," by wise observation and a rich sense of the humorous, and Connelly, in "The Green Pastures," by Bradford's material to which he has added a feeling for pathos which must underlie all fundamental laughter.

Upon the program at the Mansfield Theatre, where "The Green Pastures" is playing to deeply moved audiences, Connelly has written that his play was "suggested" by Bradford's earlier work, "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." Discussion as to what that word "suggested" means in this case is, of course, inevitable, yet any comparison must be unfair. Connelly's play at the Mansfield includes not only the work of the playwright but the elaborate details of direction and staging, the work of the actors, and the subtle interplay between audience and actor. Bradford is assisted only by paper and ink. Yet it would be unfair, too, to compare the Connelly play as a book with the Bradford books, since Connelly wrote not for printers but for actors and producers.

Yet fair or not, the comparison will be made. In his new volume, "Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys," Bradford continues the series of Bible stories retold in the vernacular and the imagery of the Negro and the Negro preacher, which he started in "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun." His sketches, composed chiefly of dialogue between a strangely altered Jewish God and strangely altered Jewish prophets, kings, and heroes, are full of a fine, simple humor which is primarily fun-making. He never gives to the figures in his hilarious mythology any sense of suffering or dignity. All of them, under their Biblical names, are familiar comic characters among the Negroes of the South. Connelly, on the other hand, has undertaken to infuse into this material that feeling of pathos which has been alike the spirit of the Jews of the Old Testament and the Negroes of the American South. Both have been slaves in exile. Mr. Connelly adds, too, an element of aspiration, lacking in the Bradford books, in his simple presentation of the fundamental change with Hosea in Jewish theology from belief in a god of wrath to belief in a god of mercy. Mr. Connelly has added imagination and feeling to Mr. Bradford's keen surface observation of the ludicrous, with the result that he has made literature out of a very superior kind of vaudeville.

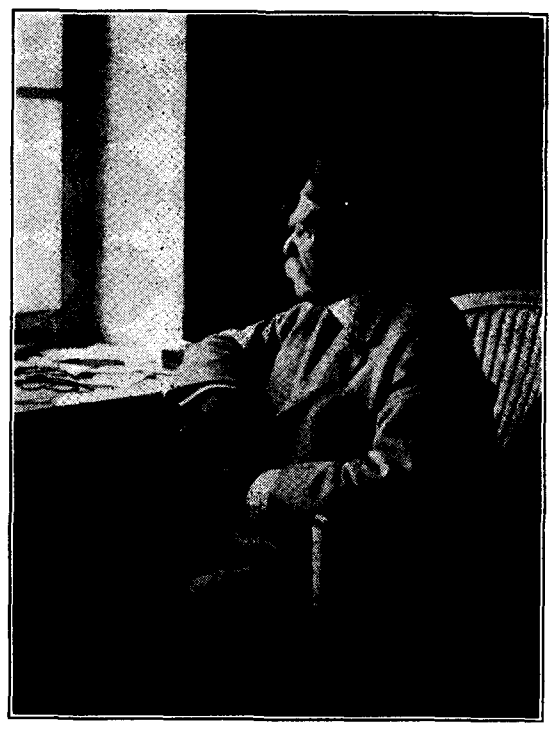
It is in the conception of the character of God that the play differs most from the Bradford books. In both book and play, God smokes five-cent cigars and has other homely habits but there is a real difference in the deity. Thus the Bradford God talks on "The Tentacles of Sin":

> "And a shame, too," say de Lawd, "but y'all don't onderstand old King David like I do. Now you take dat sin he done wid Miz Uriah. Hit was a pyore sin, and I'm ag'in' hit four ways f'm Sunday. But David was a man and he was made outen meat. And Miz Uriah was a good-lookin' gal when she had her clothes on, even. But when she got naked out on dat porch—well, de flesh is mighty weak, and David was kind er fleshy."

In the Connelly play there is a different God, one who has abandoned man because of his sin but who cannot be happy in the face of prayers rising from the earth:

> GOD: Dat's all right. Even bein' Gawd ain't a bed of roses. (*Gabriel exits. Hosea's shadow is on the wall. For a second Hosea hesitates. God looks at the wall. Goes to the window.*) I hear you. I know yo' fightin' bravely, but I ain't comin' down. Oh, why don' you leave me alone? You know you ain't talkin' to me. *Is* you talkin' to me? I caint stan' yo' talkin' dat way. I kin only hear part of what you' sayin', and it puzzles me. Don' you know you cain't puzzle God? (*A pause. Then, tenderly.*) Do you want me to come down dere ve'y much? You know I said I wouldn't come down? (Fiercely.) Why don' he answer me a little? (*With clenched fists, looks down through the window.*) Listen! I'll tell you what I'll do. I ain't goin' to promise you anythin', and I ain't goin' to do nothin' to help you. I'm jest feelin' a little low, an' I'm only comin' down to make myself feel a little better, dat's all.

Actually, "The Green Pastures" rests upon things more fundamental than Mr. Bradford's humor or Mr. Connelly's gentle imagination. It takes its vitality from the vitality of the Old Testament. Much of its appeal, too, lies not in the pathos of the Negroes but in an unconscious pathos of the whites. The Negro has translated the Bible and his theology into terms of his own life. The white men of Europe who have made the Christian world have never made Christianity a part of their lives. They have tried, instead, to reverse the process. The Englishman became, or attempted to become, an Old Testament Jew, whom he called Puritan, because he lacked the mass imagination to make God an Englishman. These Puritans have kept their religion in the metaphor of the Jew and the East. They have worshipped God but their religion has always been a foreign religion shaped in foreign customs and full of mysterious alien meanings. Among the Negroes, God has ceased to be a foreign god and has become an intimate, personal god who understands his people and whose people understand him. The whites of America, still worshipping an alien Eastern deity whom they do not understand and who could never understand them, pour into the Mansfield to see "The Green Pastures," to laugh and cry together at the simple Negroes who in their simplicity understand their god.



GEORGES CLEMENCEAU

The Christian Devil

THE DEVIL. By JEAN VINCHON and MAURICE GARÇON. Translated by STEPHEN HADEN GUEST. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $3.50.

THE LIFE OF THE DEVIL. By FATHER LOUIS COULANGE. Translated by STEPHEN HADEN GUEST. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by RAMON GUTHRIE

ALTHOUGH belief in a more or less animate personification of Good is generally held to be not only reasonable but laudable, there is a tendency to consider a corresponding concept of a personal exponent of Evil as an aberration, ranging in degree from naïve whimsy to morbid fanaticism. Yet, as Messrs. Garçon and Vinchon remind us, belief in the Devil is firmly established among the dogmas of many modern religions.

Ancient and primitive religions had good gods and evil gods or gods that were both good and evil according to their moods. Even the Hebrew Jehovah belonged to this latter category. The most savage atrocities were so easily compatible with his well-known thirst for vengeance that no devil was necessary. In the Old Testament on the rare occasions when the devil is mentioned at all, it is as a mere accomplice of Jehovah, an official inspector as in the Book of Job, rather than as an adversary. The introduction of the Christian deity, benevolent, omnipotent, and omniscient, produced a quandary. The believer must either revise his ideas of good and evil and accept the stoic—and essentially non-religious—attitude that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, or he must attenuate his concept of omnipotence enough to allow for the existence of an opposing deity at whose door the blame for the many disagreeable things in the world might be laid.

Contrary to general belief, it was not in the Middle Ages that the devil came into his own. Theologians discussed him, it is true; but their interest was largely academic. Popular imagination and folk-tales might cherish imps derived from ancient deities, such as the goat-footed Pan and the Bull of Dionysus and Mithras; but these sprites had little orthodox standing. Indeed, a ninth century theologian branded belief in demonic visitations as fantastic and insisted that "no divine power or will can exist outside of that of God alone." It was not until the dawn of the Renaissance (an age in which most of the superstitions erroneously attributed to the Middle Ages actually did flourish) that the Christian Devil acquired his classic personality and attributes.

It is with this devil that Maurice Garçon and Jean Vinchon are concerned, and no two writers could be better fitted to deal with the subject. Maître Garçon is one of the leading jurists of France and Doctor Vinchon is known, not only as an eminent psychiatrist, but also as a critic and connoisseur of high merit. They have sought out the devil in his own habitat, the human mind. In a series of brilliant essays abounding in observation and erudition, they have set out to determine the nature and the status of the devil from a historical and medical point of view, both in our time and in the past. Although their approach is primarily a scientific one, the book is not beyond the enjoyment of any reader who finds pleasure in concise original deduction and lucid exposition. Their neat distinctions between religion and magic and between collective and individual delusions are particularly valuable. The psychologist and doctor, they state, cannot accept the popular tendency to consider all belief in the devil as almost pathological.

> If they regard as mad a man who believes in the devil, they have to arrive at this conclusion—that for centuries entire peoples and diverse civilizations were composed entirely of the mad. This paradox cannot be sustained.

Particularly interesting are Doctor Vinchon's analyses of the actual cases of demonic obsession, modern counterparts of the famous cases of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, which have fallen under his own observation and treatment. In the way of pure literature, let it be recorded to their honor that they have succeeded in writing a precise and convincing account of the procedure of a Sabbath without either glossing over the essential details with lurid adjectives or having recourse to aposiopesis.

Father Coulange is a venerable French priest who, with what would seem to be needless caution, has taken a pseudonym because of the supposedly unorthodox nature of his speculations. This same timidity characterizes his book throughout. In his introduction, he avows his intention of remaining within the bounds of theology and of refraining from placing any interpretation upon his facts. A curious reluctance to give the devil his due seems to have deterred him from making use of much succulent historical material germane to his subject. He ignores the rich field that the affinities between the devil and magic, alchemy, sadism, and poison afford. He passes by the speculations of Paracelsus and Psello without mention. Even the great cabala of the La Voisin group whose poisonings, black masses, and human sacrifices caused such a scandal that the decorous Louis XIV was forced to quash proceedings and destroy the records of the courts in order to preserve those who were nearest him, finds no place in the priestly historian's book. On the whole, Father Coulange's devil is a mincing, pedantic personage and rather a dull dog as devils go.

Mrs. Drew, Gladstone's daughter, whose reminiscences are about to be published in England, writing in her diary of a visit by Balfour to Hawarden during her girlhood days, says that he met her uninformed disparagament of Jane Austen with enthusiastic praise of that author. He was also eloquent in his laudations of Bulwer's "Zanoni."

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Uneasy Death

DEAR JUDAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Robinson Jeffers. New York. Horace Liveright. 1919. $2.50.

By Louis Untermeyer

SUFFICIENT has been written of post-war excesses. These were violent (and usually vocal) enough. There still remain uncharted their opposites: the little dearths and long droughts, the silent despairs, the unlettered "element of blank" which no activity nor exhibitionism can release. Power denied, the dream denied, nothing is left for the utterly disillusioned but the wish for cessation. Death is good; not to be born is better still. This is the desire designated by certain psychologists as *Nichtsein;* non-being. For the tired-minded all conflict is too much. Even the supposedly blissful embryo in the womb (housed, heated, and fed without effort) is a delusion; for it implies the struggle for birth, the fight through possessive flesh to independence, the hard life of liberty. Better, they sigh, not being; better the unbreathing rock, the high perch of the cormorant, the passionless cold night, the unmoved, unmoving hills.

The prophet of the hopeless was long in arriving and deceptive when he finally appeared. At first it was thought he might be T. S. Eliot; but Eliot was too full of discomfiting memories, too conscious of a background where men continually struggled between beauty and banality, too insistent on the human possibility of perfection. Only one could be their prophet who proclaimed civilization the enemy of man, who beheld in struggle only waste motion, to whom rock, mountain, and the unconscious dark were preferable to consciousness. Such a prophet, crying in a most cultured wilderness, is Robinson Jeffers.

But negation alone cannot explain the poet's persuasion. An examination of his utterance discloses a strange paradox: Jeffers preaches the gospel of nothingness in impassioned periods. Almost every page (except in the early "Californians") is alive with long, wave-like sentences sounding a rough masculine music not unlike the tidal measures of Whitman. From "R[illegible]llion" and "Tamar," with which Jeffers [illegible]elled horrified attention, to the recent "D[illegible]," the poet summons power: "Power's goo[illegible]ot always good, but power's good." "The h[illegible]s like the dove." "When life grows hateful, [illegible]ower." But though these poems are wr[illegible] the very essence of intensity, the object [illegible]ce is not power but frustration; it turns u[illegible]n self-defeat, for its aim is—worse than po[illegible]s—helplessness.

The wo[illegible] with change, rain becomes poison,
The eart[illegible]t is time to perish.
The vin[illegible]he very kindness of nature
Corrupts [illegible]uelty before strengthened.
When y[illegible] the peak of time it is time to begin
to [illegible]

Wha[illegible]ft but "mourning the broken balance, th[illegible]s prostration of the earth under men's hands," what else but to believe that man is only a moment's accident, to let the world resume its "old lonely immortal splendor," curse God and die. And yet, in spite of his preoccupation, Jeffers, unlike Keats, is not in love with easeful but uneasy death. The hurt and tender-spirited cry out for cessation, for complete non-being. But there is no reassuring lifelessness; even in the grave there is lack of finality. A rumor grows that there is no death. Not death, then, is what Jeffers seeks, but annihilation. But where is that desideratum to be found? The inward-gazing eye of the mystic, the outward-gazing eye of the microscope discover it nowhere. Feverishly active to escape activity, the searcher is thrown back upon an existence where there is no cavern of non-consciousness, no gap of stagnant time, no cradling Nought but power and substance flooding every cranny. Ruefully he accepts a world where there is

no annihilation,
no escape but change: it must endure itself
Forever. It has the strength to endure itself. We others,
being faintly made of the dust of a grain of dust
Have been permitted to fool our patience asleep by inventing death. A poor comfort, he thought,
Yet better than none, the imaginary cavern; how we all
come clamoring
To the gates of our great invention after few years.
Though a cheat, it works.

But this clenched acceptance is not made without effort. And, being grudging, it yields (or invents) forms of inverted and twisted violence. Self-torture is projected in the piled-on agonies of "Tamar," in the terrors of "Cawdor," in the unspeakable blackness of "The Women of Point Sur." Jeffers inflicts himself upon every extremity of emotion; his grotesque horrors, his very extremes—incest, parricide, sodomy, elemental rape—are the very reflections of a torment that can find no end, and therefore no peace.

Mention has been made of a similarity between Whitman and Jeffers. But though there is a superficial resemblance there is no real kinship. The Californian's spirit is the very opposite of the rude yea-sayer's. Where Whitman loses himself in all-embracing affirmations, Jeffers loses himself—and the world—in all-inclusive negations. The author of "Tamar" not only turns against the sense of love which upheld Whitman and which Whitman upheld, but he sees love as "the trap that catches noblest spirits, that caught, they say, God, when he walked on earth." Thus even mystical passion becomes a high-pitched turbulence and love a last despair.

Thus Jeffers is in danger of complete emotional abandonment. His dramas are conditioned not by the exigencies of the situation nor by the demands of his characters, but by his own inverted violences. The chaos is self-generated, the didacticism is no less didactic for being nullifying and uncontrolled. Jeffers's Cawdor, Oretes, Barclay, Jesus do not stand apart as independent creations; they do not convince one of their own validity nor their creator's authority. An imagination shaped them, but an imagination disturbed, even, at times, distorted by an intellectual hysteria.

Nothing could present the problem more significantly than Jeffers's employment of Jesus in his latest volume. I say "employment," for the philosophy voiced by the chief protagonist is one foreign to the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount and native only to the author of "The Tower beyond Tragedy." The volume "Dear Judas" consists of two long and six shorter poems. It is evident that the second and longest poem ("The Loving Shepherdess") attempts not only a complement to the title-poem but a c[illegible] of it. In the saintliness of Clare Walke[illegible] what is meant to be the affirmative sid[illegible]. It is not coincidence that Clare Walker [illegible]r—and loser—of sheep, that the scene is C[illegible]ead of Calvary, and that she sacrifices hers[illegible] unreciprocated love of humanity. But [illegible]rences are pointed. Clare's love is "outwa[illegible]mpersonal, Judas's is personal and pitying, [illegible] possessive and divided. All that the three [illegible] common is inefficient vision and a futile de[illegible] purposeful contrast between Clare and Jes[illegible]s the strongest light on Jeffers's tragic humanism. Both are defeated; but where only Clare's body is beaten, it is Jesus's spirit which is broken. For in this curious drama which is half masque, half passion-play, Jesus longs for power.

Oh, more than power,
actual possession. To be with my people,
In their very hearts, a part of their being, inseparable
from those that love me, more closely touching them
Than the cloth of the inner garment touches the flesh . . .
That this is tyrannous
I know, that it is love run to lust: but I will possess them.

It is this which urges Jesus to Jerusalem to be crowned king, and, when the expected fails to happen, he becomes "dreadfully exalted and bitter," crying he has come to destroy, driving out "the poor hucksters that sell holy ribbons and trays of sweetmeats." Judas comments:

. . . . I cannot tell whether Jesus has gone mad, or has
indeed grown
Too near the power that makes falcons and lions, earthquakes and Rome, as much as the corn in the fields
And the breasts of mothers, and the happier birds. He is
terrible now. He has the shining power a few moments
And then stands brooding dumb. . . .

It is then that the rebuffed Jesus decides to capture not the bodies but the imagination of men, to be their prod and remain their perpetual wonder—and so plans the Crucifixion, employing Judas as the tool that breaks to serve him. For men, says Judas, love destruction and "He has found the dreadful key to their hearts." Even resistance is necessary, concludes Jesus at the height of spiritual ambition,

For mild submission might appease them and lose me the
cross: without that
The fierce future world would never kneel down to slake its
lusts at my fountain. Only a crucified
God can fill the wolf bowels of Rome; only a torture high
up in the air, and crossed beams, hang sovereign
When the blond savages exalt their kings; when the north
moves, and the hairy-breasted north is unbound,
And Cæsar a mouse under the hooves of the horses. . . .

But what profits this power and dominion? The Glory dies on the cross; Judas advises Lazarus to find a noose and "undo the cruellest miracle man ever suffered"; the coda repeats Jesus's cheerless

Children, remember always that
dreams are deceivers. No one's exempt from dreaming,
Not even I. But all's fraud: fragments of thought
Fitting themselves together without a mind.

I have said that the philosophy explicit and implied in "Dear Judas" is significant. And it is significant in the most dangerous way. Subjecting familiar phrases to a subtle analysis, Jeffers, seeming to glorify all that loves "outwardly," undermines the very structure that houses and supports that love. Instead of lightening his despair with the clairvoyance of Jesus, the poet implants on the Crucified the toppling strength and empty possessiveness, the terror and chaos without cause, which is the very crux of Jeffers. For, too often, his bowler-like idioms, his hugely heaving rhythms, express blind and bewildering forces rather than assured power. There is great sound and magnificent fury—but we wait for clarity.

Is there, then, no greater reality for Jeffers than the thrust of ocean, the granite death of hills, the rigid headlands? Must his imprisoned potency continue to celebrate impotence? As long as he believes that man is "a spectral episode," his poetic energy will thresh sonorously and somewhat pathetically in the meaninglessness he inhabits. But there are signs that Jeffers will not always be concerned with abysmal deaths and "demoniacal psychic forces," signs in this latest volume. "The Loving Shepherdess" is the simplest story Jeffers has written; it is also the most moving. It holds, in a loose pattern, passages of tenderness surpassing the lyrics in which Jeffers *qua* poet is at his best. It seems to mark a new tendency in Jeffers, in that for once he allows himself to be kind to his subject. The strength inherent in his smallest work cannot be wasted; it is instinctively seeking something to rest on—a certainty, an illumination, a God—as "the only foundation and the only fountain." The rootlessness and disorganization which found its synthesis in Eliot's "The Waste Land" turned into something not unlike its opposite: a deep-rooted, solidly organized Catholicism. It is unlikely that Jeffers will take any of the roads to Rome. But if his themes are an indication, if the incests of his earlier manner are symbolic of the inward-turning, self-love of man, and the sacrifices of his later shepherdess the impersonal, outward-going love which triumphs over loss, Jeffers is still developing. He is always a figure of proportions. He has a superabundance of force. What he needs, to be a major poet, is a faith.

Announcement of its fifth $10,000 prize novel competition, ending on February 1, 1931, has recently been made by Harper & Brothers. Carl Van Doren, Ellen Glasgow, and Grant Overton are the judges who will select the prize-winning novel. Any author will be eligible for the prize who is an American citizen and who has not published a novel in book form prior to January 1, 1921. No manuscript containing less than 30,000 words will be considered as a novel for the purpose of this competition and preference will be given in general to works of full novel length (60,000—100,000 words).

There will be on exhibition in New York next week over twenty scale models, exact in every detail, of sets used in productions appearing in this country and abroad during the last ten years, made by Cleon Throckmorton, who has long been looked upon as one of the outstanding American stage designers.

The Saturday Review of Literature

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A Sign of the Times

ROGUE HERRIES. By HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.50. net.

Reviewed by LOUIS BROMFIELD

WHAT with humanists, latin quarter folk, expressionists, and wise-crackers, there has been a notable absence lately of novels in which it was possible to lose yourself and to pass after a fashion into another world—a real world of color and sound and sensation in which real characters, recognizable and human, move and have their being. There have been a few, carrying on the classic tradition of Fielding, but not enough to satisfy the appetites of those readers whose tastes were formed upon Scott and Dickens, deMorgan and Thackeray and Meredith rather than upon Walter Pater and Thomas Love Peacock. One budding novelist after another has surrendered himself to this or that ism, succumbing in the end like most reviewers to one or both of those painfully common "literary" clichés—(one) that any book which is gloomy is necessarily better than any book which is cheerful, and (two) that any book which is experimental, however badly conceived or realized in imitation of such talents as those of James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, must be an important book. There are other clichés, accepted without question by certain literary sects. They are important, perhaps, only as they affect the futures of those less stout-hearted young writers now embarking upon their various careers. The real novelist will go his own way, aware in his heart that it does not matter what others with scolding fingers advise him to do, and that schools of criticism are of no value before the event but only after it, and then for the sake of valuation and classification.

Mr. Walpole has always known whither he was bound and has gone steadily on his way. In his criticisms he has been gentle, tolerant, broadminded, and suavely enthusiastic of everything new in the writing of our day; sometimes to younger writers he has been a shade too generous. But all the time he has gone his own way. Since he began writing, countless young comets have come and gone in pinwheels of sparks and smoke, but Mr. Walpole is still with us, burning with a steady incandescence, and in "Rogue Herries" he has written one of the most beautiful of his already long shelf of novels—a book in the classic Anglo-Saxon tradition, creating a world into which one enters without doubts. It reminds one at times of Scott, of George Eliot, of Dickens, of Trollope, of Fielding, not that he ever imitates. The likeness is an absorbed and transubstantiate likeness, alive with the richness of a great tradition which belongs to all of us writing in English. It has all the qualities of that tradition plus the things Mr. Walpole has learned by his sincere interest in the experimental writing of his own day. In "Rogue Herries" one finds an odd and very nearly perfect blend of the old tradition and the new experiments. The new has grown into the old and become absorbed by it, yielding first place to character and narrative, color and atmosphere. In "Rogue Herries" one is aware of the passing influence of Freud, of the new ways of writing dialogue, of the "new" frankness of word and thought which we like so hopefully to believe was never quite attained by the writers of the Restoration and Elizabeth's day. One is aware of many new things but none of them blackens the eye. It is a book written neither to astound nor to force anything, creative or critical, down the throat of the reader. It is what a good novel must always be—a rather grand book conceived in a great tradition, and so it will probably not find a place side by side with dusty Pater and other preciosities on the most cherished shelfs of sophomores who as yet know nothing of existence or of dusty professors who have never known anything of it.

It is the story first of the man who came to be known as "Rogue" Herries; second, of his son David, and third of the whole Herries family, in many ways far more English than Galworthy's Forsytes because it is a family conceived much less in the popular tradition of what an English family ought to be. It takes into account the rogues and sports which are always upsetting our preconceived notions of Englishmen.

It is laid in the days of the first Hanoverian and the young Pretender appears for a little time at the siege and capture of Carlisle. One suspects that back of "Rogue Herries" lies Mr. Walpole's admiration for Walter Scott. At times one scents the likeness strongly, yet the writing remains Walpole's own, at once richer and more subtly romantic than Scott's. Oddly enough, it is more poetic in both treatment and conception than any of Scott's hurried Border romances. But there is no sense of anything musty or old-fashioned. It is a lusty modern novel without crankiness, to be feared not even by the most earnest hater of costume romances. It is not a pompous historical romance. Historical figures only appear incidentally, helping, sometimes a little awkwardly, to establish and color the period.

One follows the careers of the Rogue Herries and his son through all their adventures, caught up in a complete sense of their reality and the reality of their time. In David Mr. Walpole has created a good and charming young man who does not sicken the reader, and the picture of the boy's touching, now coherent now muddled, relations, with his strange father, is incredibly real. The father himself is more than simply an excellently painted character in a novel. He is poetically something which exists in all of us, wild, tormenting, and beautiful, the savage thing which must have distorted Byron's whole existence.

The book passes brilliantly two of the supreme tests of fine novels, first the amount of golden residue which remains when the last page is turned, and second the clarity with which its characters and incidents can be remembered. There are characters and scenes which, I should think, will be remembered whenever the book is spoken of—Rogue Herries and his son David, Alice Press and the old witch Mrs. Wilson, the Pomfret Herries and their house filled with the gathered clan when old Maria Herries, relic of Queen Anne's day, came at last to die, the Christmas

UNCLE SAM NOT IN THE EYES OF HIS FAMILY BUT AS MR. PUNCH SEES HIM.
From "Lloyd George," by Mr. Punch (Stokes).

party at Statesman Peel's, the capture of Carlisle, the selling of Alice Press at the fair, the drowning of the witch, and the wild beauty of Borrowdale, for which I have a nostalgia as if I too had lived there once.

For me it is the finest of Mr. Walpole's novels and one of the finest of our time. I hope and rather believe that my children and grandchildren will be reading it when some of the thin, dry little books are forgotten. It is a tapestry, wide, unfaked, and beautiful, which belongs to the race rather than to any school of writing. It is what any good novel must be—first and last the author's own.

A $3,000 prize contest for the best literary work on "The Soul of America" was recently announced by the National Arts Club. The object of the award is to stimulate the writing of a work which will reveal the soul of America as distinguished from books in which the authors thoughtlessly praise or condemn the national character.

The award will be made by a committee of members of the National Arts Club consisting of William Allen White, Chairman, Mary Austin, Hamlin Garland, Ida Tarbell, and Henry Goddard Leach.

Under the rules of the contest, manuscripts submitted may be in any literary form—novel, history, poetry, or critical essay—but only those presenting a constructive view of America, as implied in the title to be given the prize-winning work, will be considered by the committee. The manuscripts to be considered must be from 40,000 to 100,000 words in length. Only those works written between March 31st, 1930 and April 1, 1931, will be eligible for the competition.

American—Simon Pure

UNCLE SAM: IN THE EYES OF HIS FAMILY. By JOHN ERSKINE. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

WHEN Mr. Erskine was young Professor Erskine he was known to inquiring minds in the academic circle as a poised yet restless intellect, continually reaching beyond the class room into those provinces of art and philosophy and pure esthetics which the university professor too often regards as irrelevant to his job of scholarship and the teaching thereof. It was a surprise to his profession (but not to his friends and students) when the fruits of that speculation upon life which should always be implicit in the study of literature were gathered at last and marketed (with what success!) in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy." And it was noted by many that not merely the content of that excellent book, but its formula also deserved special remark, as being an effort of the imagination more fully backed by the intellect and a shrewd knowledge of the world's best thinking than has usually been manifest in recent American literature.

As Professor Erskine he wrote two more books on the same formula, and now, characteristically, having left the academic world, extends his interest by a further leap abroad. In "Uncle Sam" the types which he so successfully handled with keen irony in "Helen" and "Galahad" are still the counters of his story, but they are presented now in their social and political relationships, as people, so to speak, not as Male and Female.

The book professedly is an allegory of the American who has gone off on his own away from his European family, Antoinette and John Bull and Frederick and Orlando, and it tells of how he marries the school-marm, who is obviously New England, and how, despite her indignations, he insists on leaving a white collar job and making his way by the rough work of the country side, which lands him, against all expectation, rich and powerful just when the rest of the family are getting hard up. It is that kind of an allegory, and the opportunities for shrewdly indicating European attitudes and American aspirations are obvious; but this alone would be a very inadequate description of the book.

For "Uncle Sam," as I see it, is a Jeffersonian novel which follows pat upon the Jeffersonian studies of American democracy and the ideology of American democracy, which, since the war, have been so numerous. Read as a novel, it reminds one (curiously) of Howells; that is, it tells a homely and interesting story of a very real and convincing America with (as so often with Howells) the sense of a deeper significance always present. And this deeper significance, of course, is the allegory, which you can take or leave, as you please, take or leave that is, as an allegory of America and Europe, for the significance of the human relationship is never obscure.

The book must have been extraordinarily difficult to do, and there are chapters where if you could forget either the allegory or the story the reading would go better. Nevertheless it is successful, and particularly successful in the character of Uncle Sam—a Jeffersonian Uncle Sam (with a strain of Yankee added) who is a real personality, as typical as Babbitt was typical (though so different) and as convincing as a human being as Babbitt was convincing.

Read this novel, not as an allegory, but as if it were a new "Rise of Silas Lapham," and the allegory, you will find, will very shrewdly take care of itself. Or better still, do as the author suggests and read it as a biography of our Uncle Sam. And then send it to an English friend. For this is a spiritual portrait of the real 100% American.

Ground was recently broken in upper New York for a new structure, a stack building with a capacity of about 100,000 books, which is to be part of the development of the library founded thirty-eight years ago by the late Collis P. Huntington. The American Numismatic Society and the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, have been invited by Mr. Archer M. Huntington, Director of the Hispanic Society of America, to participate in the development of this new library. An ample endowment for administrative expenses, for the purchase of books, their bindings and cataloguing, a department for photostating, and rooms for research workers are provided for in this new plan.

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The Saga of a Go-Getter

MOUNTAIN CITY. By UPTON SINCLAIR. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

HERE is the saga of a Go-getter, and an extraordinarily interesting and instructive saga it is! Mr. Sinclair has written the forthright story of a poor boy who made good. He made good because he had brains, grit, a savage will to power, and no scruples that he could not conveniently sidestep from time to time. Not a bad boy at all, you understand. His sister had brought him up "religiously." There were lots of evil things he wouldn't do for anything in the world, short of a chance at immediate fortune—and I doubt if he would have committed murder even for that. I am not so certain of this, however, as I should like to be. If all that had stood between Jed Rusher and a cool million, in his early striving days, had been a secret knife-thrust in the dark—no, it is just as well perhaps that he wasn't subjected by his author to precisely that temptation! For Jed Rusher never missed a trick. He was right up on his toes all the time, snorting for action. And what he wanted was money; oodles of money; as much money as possible, and then a little more; all the money in the world, if possible. Well, this book only goes to show what ambition, audacity, hard work, and an active, single-track mind can accomplish in this land of equal and unequalled opportunities! It should at once be placed by all public librarians on the shelf beside "Poor Boys Who Became Famous" and other such economically edifying works. It is exactly the blistering corrective that such works need.

It should also be appointed to be read aloud each morning in High Schools, throughout the length and breadth of our land. But will it be? The answer is, No, not in the immediate era of Senators Smoot and Grundy.

* * *

Nevertheless, it will be widely, and most deservedly, read. Following on the heels of "Oil!" and of "Boston," it is just one more proof that Upton Sinclair has turned himself into a novelist of power. The narrative flow of this book is irresistible; it has the mass and drive of a deep, swift river. Relentless. Yet, with all its virtues, and they are positive virtues, "Mountain City" remains something less than a masterpiece of fiction. The full sweep of it is tremendous; it clears its own path; and yet—there are stubborn critical doubts left in one reviewer's mind, at least, which it will never quite be able to clear away.

And chiefly: there is not a character in this book, there is not a character in any of Mr. Sinclair's arresting books, that gives that highest illusion of fictional art—the sense that a given character is living independently, from *within*, as if with a deep, secret, compulsive life of his (or her) own. Jed Rusher, Mr. Sinclair's present protagonist, has all the surface vitality that can be given to such a figure by a close observer of, and shrewd commentator upon, human life. Jed is not a caricature; he is something better than a type; but he is definitely less than the whole mystery of a living man. For there is in him nothing mysterious; nothing that Mr. Sinclair has not himself thoughtfully put there. Jed Rusher could have no surprises for his author; he has never, one feels, even momentarily disconcerted Mr. Sinclair by saying or doing unexpected, inevitable things. He stands for what he stands for, and that is enough. It is assuredly much, and more than we commonly receive; but if we are discussing greatness in fiction, it is *not* enough—since others, the greatest, have given marvellously more. Tolstoy, to name but one. Or—not to fly too high—Sinclair Lewis, a caricaturist, working also from without, yet whose characters occasionally elude him, reject their preconceived self-satirizing patterns, and come mysteriously alive—as surely Babbitt, for a single example, escaped from caricature and came alive.

Still, Jed Rusher must be taken seriously; he is a formidable portrait, after all. But what of Lulu Belle Macy "whose strange story," to quote the blurb, "has been taken from the records of the Children's Court of 'Mountain City,' and is as authentic as the rest of this unusual novel—?" Yes, what of *her?* But there is *nothing* of her. She doesn't exist. The record in the Children's Court exists—as a record. No doubt of that. There was once in some Mountain City a poor little rich girl who wanted a "live dollie" to play with—and got, alas, what she asked for. Mr. Sinclair's publisher's word for it has convinced me. But Mr. Sinclair's Lulu Belle Macy is quite incredible, none the less. Facts brought into fiction are no longer facts, unless they become facts for *us*. A "fact" in fiction must persuade us imaginatively that it is true. I believe in the Roc that flew off with Sinbad, but I cannot believe in Lulu Belle. She is a very dangerous failure, of a kind to which Mr. Sinclair is only too often subject; for, although he is not wholly without surface humor, his apprehension of the spiritually ridiculous is by no means sensitive or sure.

Very well, then: Upton Sinclair is not with the supreme masters—not there, at least, for the present critic. But not many novelists are with them; nor are there many of them to be with. He remains, however, one of the most vigorous, sincere, and original writers in America: a writer with persistently obtrusive purpose, yet a noble purpose; a fighter for justice and decency in a none too just or decent world. All honor to him. Not to read "Mountain City" will be to miss a shrewd, sharp, honest, doggedly ironic, and altogether rewarding book.

Extremities of Behavior

JEWS WITHOUT MONEY. By MICHAEL GOLD. New York: Horace Liveright. 1930. $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD EHRLICH

THE Ghetto breeds millionaires and gangsters. Philanthropists come up from its welter, procurers foul the quarter. You will get a sense, reading Michael Gold's remarkable work, of how this antithesis comes about. You will feel—for the book has a living accent, it is as real as fire or mud or heartbreak—the forces working toward this strange and terrible balance. From the story of Louis One Eye, the gunman who loved pigeons and flew them at dusk from the tenement roof; of Baruch Goldfarb, Tammany Hall politician, Zionist leader, and archetypal money-grubber; of Nigger, the gutter rat, who had the stuff of heroes but went bad because society's cards were stacked against him; of Fyfka the Miser, "fevered Rothschild in a filthy shirt," who was mad for need of a woman yet would not pay fifty cents for salvation—from each you will gain understanding of the forces bearing these human beings toward the extremities of behavior. There is a Schiff parkway, Gyp the Blood burned in the chair.

"Jews Without Money" is Michael Gold's remembrance of his own East Side childhood. Much of the evocation, set down in a series of kaleidoscopes, is incredibly ugly. Young ones, for example, grow up in the midst of life's indecencies; they are weaned in the shadow of brothels; scarce older than babes, they learn about things from street-girls and fleshmongers; they know everything, see every perversion, every monstrous growth, at an age when sheltered children are just beginning to come into consciousness. There is squalor about them, lust, obsessive ambition, disease, starvation. (Gold was a boy in the 'nineties, but the Ghetto hasn't really changed. Its contour may shift, this street being given up to the Italians, that to the Irish; its people, struggling for light, may stream in numbers to Brooklyn, or the fluxion may be Bronxward; but Jewish peasants crowd in always, and the old-world quarter keeps today its blazing, foul life.)

All this smells of the sewer; it is revolting, it is terrifying; and Michael Gold, in whom there is bitterness, means it to be so. But where there is shadow, there is light; extremes harbor the normal; and he has tenderness for the beautiful and pathetic commonplaces of the Ghetto life. The portrait of his mother, "a funny dark little woman with bright eyes, who hobbled about all day in bare feet, cursing in Elizabethan Yiddish," and had compassion for all the world even the Goyim, glows with it; so too the unearthly Reb Samuel, with a beard white as Siberian snow, and eyes, in the midst of unbelief, "calm with spiritual certainties;" and the pale young doctor with the skeleton body, who loved his wretched people, serving them without pay, and dreamed of being a farmer. Perhaps in their stories is one of the secrets of this strange people—their frantic hold upon the good in life, their maintenance of the spirit's integrity in the midst of debasement. In his pages Gold gets down the feel of this saving constancy. It is plain that he has lived through it, that this book, with so special and flush a racial savor, had its root in an intense communal participation.

It is a social document, with authenticity its power, poetry its grace, and prejudice its blemish. (Gold is a Communist and has a convictional bias.) For the main part the book is written in a lean, stabbing prose, electric often as Gold's picture of two gunmen shooting in a moonlit tenement yard. But there is a moving poetic overtone. "I cash clothes!" a pale old Jew wails, "and it made one's heart ache strangely, like the synagogue prayers at Yom Kippur. 'I cash clothes, I cash clothes, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'" Or again:

> The tenement sleeps, the streets mutter in their sleep. Darkness the old Mother has not forgotten my East Side. We are at peace in her womb. The pimps sleep. The cops sleep. The old Talmud dreamers sleep. The Rocky Mountains, the Atlantic Ocean, my Christie Street and Bronx Park are in darkness.

"Jews Without Money" bears such a complement of ache and stir and torn beauty, that surely only from the heart could it have been written down. It has, I think, enduring qualities.

And So It Goes

THE COMPANY. By EDWIN SEAVER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MR. SEAVER presents his characters first as automata hurrying to their mechanical positions in the office where half their meager and vulgar lives are spent. But as they powder their noses before the washroom mirror, or lean luxuriously back in their limousines deep in contemplation of the physical charms of their secretaries, or stop to set their watches by office clock, or press with slow, aroused intent against the next, strange flesh in subways, they gradually emerge as individual human beings, more interesting in their circumscribed activities than the bolder characters just now swashbuckling their way in such numbers through the romantic revival in fiction.

Throughout his novel Mr. Seaver has been able to maintain a surprisingly nice balance between the parts and the whole of the Company. Each member comes and goes and plays his little part as an intense, minute center of seething individual emotion and at the same time they come and go and play their little parts as the merest cogs in the machine that is the Company. The blighting efficiency of the organization that stamps all these people with the same banal inscriptions, and the ineffectual nervous energy that drags each one separately to his private misery, are the warp and the woof of the novel and are woven with a precision that leaves exactly the blurred and uneven pattern the author intended. Mr. Seaver has tethered his characters firmly to the company but he has permitted them a long rope from which they may get a false sense of freedom.

There is no story in The Company but there are stories. Stories that sometimes do not begin and almost never end, for Mr. Seaver has taken the final hurdle in the matter of suspense. He not only sustains it through the novel but beyond. He never tells. What happened to Miss Croker after her wakeful, emotional night when Mr. Randolph kissed her? A vicious circle kiss it was for if Miss Croker had not been leaving the Company there would have been no kiss, but after the kiss there was suddenly a reason for not leaving the company. And what of Mr. Mold when he finally did go home after his wife discovered the guilty secret of weeks,—that he had been demoted in the Company? And how did Mr. Reynolds return to the apartment where he had found his wife in the tabloid ideal of a situation?

Yet there is no real need to know the particular ending of particular incidents for in the last analysis the Company is the sum total of all these lives; it has sucked them in, their beginnings and their endings. A few days in the lives of a few people are covered in the novel but one knows that the Company goes on forever. Other days will come, other people will make up the Company but *It* will be the same and they will be made the same by *It*. The book seems short because it reads quickly; it never seems light for the weight of all standardization and mechanization hangs heavy over it.

Mr. Seaver made his style for his subject. The sentences run on, short, simple, unadorned, and unemotional. Often they are as dull and inane as the thoughts of the characters. As a matter of fact parts of the book might have been written by the people in it so completely does the author let himself be lost in the backwash of his material. Occasionally, and unfortunately, there are parts where this objectivity is missed. The section on "The Jew" (as legitimate as it is in showing the one man who is not completely enmeshed by the Company) has a

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commendatory flavor that flats a little with the tone of the whole. And in "Saturnalia," certainly one of the best and most revolting chapters, describing the American business man at play where the guests all wear buttons telling their names and their Companies, and where the height of inspired saturnalia is reached in the pursuit of a little live pig under the tables and about, Mr. Seaver's distaste for the nauseous details so gets the better of him that he steps in for just one sentence which shatters momentarily the mood of this morons' holiday.

Mr. Seaver has written with sincerity where others have had recourse to flippancy, of one of the most powerful American machines and one not made of steel or iron,—The Company. And his foreword is taken from the *Christian Business Man's Magazine,* "Omnipresent Christ, substance, quicken, and prosper me."

An Italian Sees Spain

UNROMANTIC SPAIN. By MURIO PRAZ. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1930. $4.

Reviewed by R. SELDEN ROSE
Yale University

MR. PRAZ has written a brilliant book about some of the less-brilliant features of what he calls "the stumpiest and earthiest of peninsulas."

His title and his Introduction indicate clearly that his solemn purpose is to complete the debunking of Gautier, Irving, de Amicis and Thomas Cook, for the benefit of the innocents who "dream of finding in Spain another Italy." A foreign knight, then, would tilt at the ill-founded edifice of these books of romance, hated by some and praised by many more. The romantics are routed in these brilliant chapters, but when Mr. Praz would break a lance with the realities he is futile. Does he realize that Spaniards have themselves been debunking Spain for several centuries, that it is their favorite occupation? Sancho Panza still lives.

When Mr. Praz would debunk the country itself, after impaling the wet-eyed enthusiasts, he is quite at a loss, in fact he avoids the issue. "The essence of the country lies in a grandiose overwhelming monotony." Now let's prove it. Literature? We shall dismiss Cervantes as the "least varied of the European worthies," and then as nobody understands the mystics, we'll have a go at them. A liking for the drama is only infatuation, so we shall just mention Calderón and drop it. Architecture? We shall discuss only the Moorish and plateresque, because if I so much as mention the Gothic I saw in Toledo, Seville, and León it would spoil my monotony thesis. As a frontispiece we shall have Philip II's hopelessly monotonous Escorial. (Please, Mr. Praz, Philip was the monotonous grandson of "Crazy Jane," not her nephew. It has never been established that Philip was his father's first cousin.) Of course, "to feel near God I need a romanesque cathedral," but I have no time to run up to Santiago de Campostela. Painting? That is easy. All the great painters did flesh and bone human figures, so I shall criticize their conventional backgrounds; and Velázquez horses do look like pincushions. Sculpture? As I am not mentioning any Gothic cathedrals I cannot send the innocents to Seville to see any of Martinez Montañés' (not Montañéz—there is a difference) work, but they shall go to the Kaiser Friedrich Museum to see his Mater Dolorosa.

Since in spite of all outward demonstrations there is "no real friendliness in Spaniards,"—even for an Italian who quite obviously detests them—Mr. Praz sees Holy Week in Seville through the eyes of a "Broadway Blonde" and finds it monotonous. (So is she, by the way.) The Blonde shows him a bullfight. And here the book is marred by the utterly un-Spanish erotic vagaries of Henri de Montherlant and the sensuality of Maurice Barrès. Mr. Praz's own prose is so fine that one resents these intrusions.

Occasionally Mr. Praz almost forgets his grudge in a particularly vibrant paragraph:

> Then suddenly one of the girls, with a wild flash in her eyes, shook the castanets, and started one of those *coplas*, plaintive and at the same time so swift, monotonous as the song of the canary, soaring through the usual progression of singsong, up to the final snap, sudden, unexpected—and the song went out as would a torch dipped in water; the dance stopped; the spell was broken with the last beat of the castanets.

Mr. Praz's profound disappointment in Spain together with his devoted loyalty to Italy have inspired him to write a magnificent libel of Spain and a burning panegyric of his native land. A Spanish proverb runs: "A little bitterness can spoil a lot of honey."

An Indomitable Fanatic

THE LETTERS OF VINCENT VAN GOGH TO HIS BROTHER, 1872-1886, with a Memoir by His Sister-in-law, J. van Gogh-Bonger. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1929. 3 vols.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER

TO read this bulky mass of fraternal letters is singularly like reading a novel by Theodore Dreiser. There is a dogged dreariness about them, haltings, returns, repeats, an odd smallness of touch, with flashes of greatness. Even the sufficient, but slightly exotic English of the translator recalls Dreiser. And again the cumulative building of interest and character into something massively and importantly there is very Dreiser-like. A limping progress ends in a kind of apotheosis. One recalls God's utterance in the "Prologue in Heaven" of "Faust":

> Ein guter Mensch in seinem dunkeln Drange
> Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewusst.

The hardness of the way for Vincent was mostly due to inner and inevitable causes. We meet him at nineteen, a salesman at Goupil's, in London, cheerful enough, and with an undiscriminating admiration for the best and worst painters of the moment. An amazing list in letter thirteen brackets Millais, George Boughton, Ludwig Knaus, and Koekkoek with Delacroix, Corot, Millet, Decamps, and Rousseau. At the moment Vincent had apparently the invaluable attitude in a salesman of admiring the entire stock of the firm. Six months later there falls with the unexpectedness of a sinister bolt from the blue a deeply religious and prophetic letter on the theme of the Magdalene purified by repentance. After that letter we doubt if any psychiatrist would have given him a bill of sound mental health. Whether the immediate cause was a frustration in love or too vehement effort as an amateur evangelist, something had released in the young woman those angels and demons which it is the business of consciousness to control. This wove inevitably that thread of tragedy which runs through all these letters to his brother Théodore—the sense that the younger and deeply loved brother, an unstintedly loyal supporter, did not after all believe in Vincent's art. There was actually a year of alienation, 1879-1880, from this cause, but the breach was mercifully closed. A lesser, but still a grievous wound was the distrust of the most worthy and affectionate of parents. Henceforth the dark struggle was to be made in spiritual solitude, without understanding, real sympathy, or comradeship. Whoever was strong enough to maintain the struggle long enough must attain some form of intense lyrical self-expression exclusively his own and of very limited availability. Here no blame is to be imputed. Nature had made Van Gogh incorrigibly self-seeking, if on a lofty plane, and incapable of that reciprocity which is the price of friendship. He failed repeatedly, and for years his painting showed little promise. What his last guardian, the alienist, Dr. Gachet, was to call his "faith," could only have seemed his stubbornness to the most loving of kinsmen. To commonsense it still seems his stubbornness, for it is clear that with any capacity for seeking and receiving help the dark struggle might have been shortened and might have had a less tragically premature ending.

At twenty-two, after seven years as a picture salesman at the Hague and London, Vincent was dismissed and thrown on the world. For a year he held on in England as an unpaid assistant in a school and occasional lay preacher. The letters breathe a devout and simple evangelicism. Through the year and earlier appears that enthusiasm for Millet's drawings, which was soon to be directive, and there are many hints of a genuine love of landscape.

> It is very beautiful here, especially in the streets in the evening, when it is more or less hazy and the lamps are lit, and also in the park about which I wrote to you. A few days ago I saw the sun setting behind the elm trees, the leaves of which have now the color of bronze. Over the grass was the mist about which Anna wrote, and the brook in which the swans swim runs through the park. The acacia trees on the playground have almost lost their leaves. I see them through the window before my desk, sometimes they stand out dark against the sky, sometimes I see the sun rise red in the mist behind them. It will soon be winter now. I am so glad Christmas comes in winter, therefore I like winter best of all seasons.

There are many such passages in the letters from now on, and soon these scenes are associated with Millet and Rembrandt. The painter is stirring unconsciously in the shell of the evangelist.

Returned to Holland, Vincent failed to maintain the studies for the regular ministry, failed to qualify as an evangelist, went on his own responsibility as a missionary to the coal miners of the Borinage, received from the church a limited sanction of his mission, and soon had it annuled for "undue zeal," meaning neglect of his personal appearance and a sensational indulgence in evangelical poverty. Again no blame should be imputed. Vincent as one of his fellow students of theology once said, "did not know what submission was," while the synod was undoubtedly right in feeling that he had impaired his usefulness by neglecting St. Paul's sensible caution against being "righteous overmuch."

But at least the Borinage had uncovered the artist in him. He had begun to sketch with a certain rude power the miners and peasants, Millet being always in mind. At twenty-eight he decided to train himself as a painter. For a few months he lived as a sort of tolerated suspect in the paternal parsonage at Etten. There he underwent a second and far graver disappointment in love. Etten he quit in a rage, telling his deeply pious parents that he "thought their whole system of religion horrible," and fled to the Hague where for two years he worked at Théodore's costs. There he took in the street-walker, Sien, and her infant. Usually he treats the affair as a supreme act of Christian charity. This motive inspires some of his most beautiful letters. Once he admits an incidental motive in "hygiene." Of his more than Christian patience with her there is no question. The relation naturally did not, as he had hoped it would, bring about her redemption. There ensued a temporary simulacrum of wedded happiness, a moment of perilous stability in a harassed life, and from her nude form he made one of his finest drawings, Sorrow. There was again a retreat to his father, now pastor at Nuenen. Again it ended soon and tragically. It is commemorated in the most terrible letter that a son ever wrote about parents:

> They feel the same dread about taking me in the house, as they would about taking a big rough dog. He would run into the room with wet paws—and he is so rough. He will be in everybody's way. And he barks so loud. In short, he is a dirty beast.

There is an awful truthfulness here. Vincent had made himself about as impossible as a housemate as any filthy Stylite saint from the desert.

There was a brief sojourn at Antwerp, and in 1886 when Vincent joined Théo at Paris the letters cease. He was thirty-three years old, haggard, pretty well burnt out, in appearance an old man, but his best work was still in him. During the four bitter years of self-training, his art had advanced uncertainly, but still had advanced. The Potato Eaters was still his best picture. He had not achieved his characteristic splendor of color—that awaited his contact with the Impressionists—but he already had it in mind. Every stage of his growth is written down in these letters, which form a unique documentation for an artist's soul.

The last letters, from Arles, (vol. III) cover his great period, and give limits of his feverish production. How believe that such a marvel in decoration and characterization as L'Arlésienne was "slashed on in an hour," yet there is Letter 559 to prove it. The last letters abound in expressions of artistic admirations, among which are notable those concerning the men of 1830 and even Meissonier. These are the years of the long planned, but brief and unhappy, partnership with Gauguin, of the first attack of madness, and frequent retreats to the asylum. His sore afflictions he treats with stoical fortitude as a disease like another. In the considerable intervals between acute seizures he paints in the asylum some of his best pictures and writes some of his best letters. Suddenly there falls upon him the conviction that he must escape. He is taken to Anvers, and after a short interlude of contentment, finds release in suicide, burnt out by his inner fires at the age of thirty-seven.

It is impossible to exhaust the human interest of these extraordinary letters. They abound in surprises. Who would expect to find that Vincent was a gluttonous and yet discriminating reader, a shrewd and just critic of the painting of his contemporaries? Indeed he seems at once a fool of God, a sage, a saint, and a fanatic. In the same series of letters he chides Théo for not selling his sketches, while imploring him to give up art dealing and become

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a landscape painter. One can equally find precedents for Vincent in "Alice in Wonderland" and in the "Lives of the Desert Fathers."

Indeed the reviewers are pretty generally making these letters the vouchers for a canonization. It is hard to go so far. A complete saint learns the world with which he deals. A fanatic is therefore never a complete saint. And Vincent was an indomitable fanatic, with velleities of saintliness. For that fanatic form of genius which to madness is allied these letters constitute an incomparably instructive source of study. They should easily join the "Confessions of Rousseau" in a somewhat sinister immortality.

A Dream

By Stella Benson

THIS is an exact account of a dream I had last night. It was a dream about a third person; myself did not enter into it. I sometimes have these impersonal dreams, and whenever, I do, they give me, while still sleeping, an extraordinary sense of urgency and adventure, and leave me, when awake, with a deep excitement that does not seem to be accounted for by the matter of the dream. I have not consciously invented any detail in writing down this dream. But words to express the rarefied and exciting quality of all that happened in the dream are hard to find, and, for this reason, so far from anything being added in this account, it seems to me that much has been left out.

Mrs. Wander was a chronically frightened person, so it was fortunate that this time, when she really had something to be afraid of, she should have had such a short time to be afraid in. Only an hour or two ago she had been told that she must have an immediate operation to relieve this pain in the side of her head and numbness down one side of her body. And now here she was, holding the hand of her protecting friend, Mary, and facing the surgeon and nurse, who were both in glittering white. She had hoped that Mary would somehow keep terror away behind the wall of her square, prosaic friendliness, but the wall was not thick enough to be a safe shield—arrows of terror glanced round it—terrors, like a horde of cannibals, grimaced from behind the square figure of Mary. Mrs. Wander's own doctor was here, and there was something that Mrs. Wander was absolutely determined to say to him, but her chin was trembling so much that the words twittered out in a silly order.

"Doctor, it isn't my brain you're going to operate on, is it? No, of course it isn't—I'd never consent to that . . . any interference like that I'd never consent to—you see, doctor, I'm the only *me* I have—so I'm important to me . . . you can't be expected to feel the same about my *me*, of course . . . so you *must* tell me what you and the surgeon intend to do . . . I have a right to know. I'm not a fool—I'll bear anything—anything—except, of course, an operation to my brain—you couldn't expect me to consent to that. . . ."

Her doctor said soothing things—"Now, Mrs. Wander, you must *trust* me . . . you always have trusted me . . . surely you know I think simply of your good. . . ."

"Yes—yes—but you haven't said yet—I'm not distrusting any one—I just want to be sure that this operation is nothing to do with my brain. . . ."

The doctor laid his hand on her arm, the nurse made gentle cheerful noises, the surgeon drummed his fingers on the table in time to a tune that the anæsthetist seemed to be dumbly whistling. It seemed to Mrs. Wander that they all had a dreadful, wily look. It did not once occur to her that they really were going to do the operation she so much feared; this fear was so great that it had no place in her range of possibilities. It simply seemed to her that some unexplained but spiteful obstinacy was restraining them from uttering the words she was determined to wring from them.

"I have a legal right to know . . . I can bring the matter into the courts . . . you have no right not to answer me. . . . It's *my* body—not yours. . . . Mary—Mary—help me—just tell me they're not going to touch my brain—that's all I ask. . . ."

But Mary was there to be staunch, not subtle. Mary could think of nothing more reassuring than to stroke Mrs. Wander's hand in silence. Mrs. Wander watched Mary's closed, compassionate mouth incredulously—was there no way to drag the simple words she needed from behind those lips? Such very easy words—they would hardly take ten seconds to say. . . . "No my dear, of course not—they won't touch your brain. . . . It's simply a matter of adenoids . . . teeth . . . glands. . . ." What could be easier to give than such comfort?—it was all she asked.

"Well then, I won't consent," cried Mrs. Wander in a high, strangled voice, amazed at their obstinacy. "I won't lie down on the table. You can't make me."

"Nobody's going to make you do anything, dear," said the nurse after a moment. "Just sit down here and relax in this nice, comfy chair. Think of something else. Relax. How pretty your hair is, dear—just the color of autumn leaves."

But neither Mary nor the doctor let go of Mrs. Wander's hands, and, looking behind her, she saw the anæsthetist holding something ready.

"I won't—I won't—I won't . . ." screamed Mrs. Wander. "Mary—Mary—help me—is nobody on my side?" She tore her kimono as she struggled. So great was her hysterical strength that the restraining hands seemed to melt from her arms. She was free; the door was open. She could see the free world. She ran out; her bare feet sprang over the stones without feeling bruises. No one passed her in the road; no one pursued her. "They understand now . . . they've got to leave me alone." She ran rapturously along a path between burnt and leafless shrubs.

Yet after a moment, she began almost to regret being left so extravagantly alone, for this valley, which she did not recognize at all, seemed to have no air—no contents at all, but an intense, rarefied loneliness. Not only was there no living thing in sight, but there seemed to be no possibility of any living thing. To expect to see a breathing creature in this numb, burnished light would have been as absurd as to look down through the clear water of the sea and expect to see a child playing among the corals. The sky was a bright, lurid gold, and from the sky itself—for there was no sun to be seen—a hot light blazed down. From the sky also seemed to come a metallic rhythmic resonance, which had the same diffused quality as the light, and invoked no breath of an echo in the same way as the light threw no shadow. The valley lay open like a spread yet slightly bent fan; it widened, fanlike, in front of the traveler; here, shallow red hills bounded it right and left, but, far in front, the path rose to the level of the hills about it—rose to be sharply cut off at last by a skyline like a copper blade, that was pressed to the armored brass breast of the sky. No trees were in sight—only the burnt, clay-red skeletons of leafless shrubs. Round, riven boulders were sown about the valley.

"If I could only see a rabbit," thought Mrs. Wander, "or a mouse . . . even the print of a dangerous lion's foot in this sand . . . even a blade of living grass. . . . If I could only hear a little living sound from somewhere—instead of this wide, regular clanging from everywhere." She looked sharply and desperately about, but even as she looked, she knew it was hopeless. What lungs could breathe this air—this burning air that was composed only of remote yet imminent sound? "What a long, lonely walk," thought Mrs. Wander, panting, trying to be brave. "Why can't I remember this road, I wonder—why don't I know where it leads to?"

She was quite near the skyline now. The limit of her sight of the path was only a short way in front of her. She could pass the great, breathless, crouching boulders bravely now, for soon she would be done with them—soon she would see a new view. She would dominate this desolate world and throw it behind her, soon.

"Perhaps I shall see cottages—deer in a park—dogs biting their fleas in the sun—children playing—cats sitting curled on gateposts. . . . Perhaps I shall see home . . . perhaps I shall suddenly know where I am."

She reached the top of the ridge quite as abruptly as she had expected, and the change was as complete as she had hoped. For here in front of her was a quiet, dull green valley under a low, rain-threatening sky. The heat had gone instantly out of the earth she trod on; green fields breathed damp air and the scents of damp field-flowers; silence swallowed the pulsing gongs in her hearing. And here, a hundred yards away, was a low cottage, brown as an old leaf. It was sunken among fruit trees, framed in a humble, muddled garden smelling of sweet peas. "I *almost* know—I almost know where I am now," said Mrs. Wander. "I shall quite know in a minute." And as she reached the garden gate, she found that her hand knew by itself the trick of that defective, home-made latch. She ran up the garden path to the cottage door.

And just before the door was opened, Mrs. Wander knew who was coming to open it. "*Zillah*, of course," she thought, delighted and comforted. She had time, while an unseen hand fumbled at the door, to know what she would see—Zillah's old, gentle, seamed face sunken in her fat, sagging shoulders and bust—thin hair with yellow skin showing cleanly through it—a clean print dress—a clean apron on which Zillah would be wiping her hands preparatory to taking her darling Mrs. Wander's hand in hers. "My Lambie," Zillah would say, "You're just in time—the kettle's just on the boil." A thousand times had Mrs. Wander come to this door through the scent of the sweet peas, and always she was just in time for Zillah.

Directly Zillah had opened the door, Mrs. Wander became conscious that something was wrong. "My lambie," said Zillah, looking just as she used to look. "Just in time . . . The kettles just on the boil." Yet Mrs. Wander could see that Zillah too was conscious of something wrong. They kissed tenderly; they held hands; they uttered no misgiving—yet Mrs. Wander knew more and more certainly that something was wrong. This visit was wrong; something that ought not to be happening was happening. An immorality—a sin, Mrs. Wander asked herself in bewilderment. How could there be anything wrong in a visit to Zillah—this sinless, spotless, loving old woman? Mrs. Wander had so often crossed that red-tiled floor, kissed that soft cheek, settled herself in that lumpy, lame armchair—it had never been wrong before.

Zillah made the tea. There was a delicious, sticky-looking gingerbread cake on the table. "My lambie," murmured Zillah, uneasily yet lovingly as she poked the fire. Mrs. Wander listened for village gossip; it began . . . faltered . . . stopped. Silence fell between them. Zillah averted her eyes from Mrs. Wander's.

"Oh, Zillah," said Mrs. Wander. "I got so badly lost. I feel at home now. . . . But that burning path—I couldn't recognize it at all . . . you don't know how *lost* I've been feeling. . . . The doctor—Mary—the nurse—they all suddenly stopped being on my side. Oh that valley—so dry—so loud—so dead. When I saw your darling garden gate, Zillah, and the yellow curtains drawn across the upstairs windows—" A silence suddenly stepped in upon her words, like a prison warder interrupting one who had tried to believe himself free. Zillah shook her old head from side to side, not meeting Mrs. Wander's eyes.

"The yellow curtains drawn—" All at once Mrs. Wander knew what was wrong. A channel seemed cleared through her brain for the passage of a thought. "Why—Zillah," she cried, inexpressibly shocked. "I know what's wrong. All this *can't* be true. All this *can't* be happening. It's all a mistake. I'm still lost—still alone. You're not on my side either. You can't be making tea for me—cutting cake for me—you *mustn't*. It's wrong. Zillah—don't you remember—your fall downstairs—your stroke—those white violets I put by your cheek after the curtains were drawn. . . . Zillah—I know what's wrong now—you're dead. . . ."

Zillah looked up at last, gravely and urgently.

"So are you," she said.

A remarkable tribute was paid recently at the House of Commons to the work for international peace of Norman Angell, M. P. It was the twenty-first anniversary of the publication of his famous book "The Great Illusion." Mr. Angell was the guest at a luncheon over which Lord Cecil presided. The Prime Minister sent a message and Mr. Arthur Henderson, Mr. Philip Snowden, Lord Passfield, Mr. H. B. Lees-Smith, Lord Thomson, Sir Charles Trevelyan, and other members of the Ministry were present as part of a representative gathering of those who have been associated with Mr. Angell in his work.

Not so very long ago a fine autographed copy of Rouget de Lisle's great song, La Marseillaise, turned up in Sotheby's auction room. It was catalogued "as the property of a gentleman," an anonymity which gave rise to the belief that its owner had probably been a Frenchman who feared the protests of his countrymen at his letting it leave their land.

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The Bowling Green

Translations from the Chinese

AN ADVANTAGE

THE best Chinese novels
(Remarked the old Mandarin)
Have usually been anonymous; which is wise,
For fiction of any potency
Inflicts upon its perpetrator
Distressing requests for autographs.

MAXIM FOR COLLECTORS

The autograph most worth having
Is one that was never intended as such.

RECANTATION

Forgive me, Gooseberry Blossom,
(Wrote Small Octavo, the Mongolian lyrist)
For those much too confident words this afternoon.
Tonight, I said, I shall love my work above all:
And as I sit with my lonely manuscript
I see thy level eyebrows
In every small dark line—
Such little little things to interfere
In the History of Manchu Poetry.

QUERY

If every other poet
Means as much more than he says in his verses
As I do in mine
How shall I read poetry intelligently?

TO AN INDOLENT PUPIL

Joseph Conrad, one of the greatest of their romancers,
Has said that only three days after finishing
The Nigger of the Narcissus
He began "on a sudden impulse"
Another tale.
Yet, after those noble last pages of the *Nigger*
He might well have earned some ease.
Mark you, son of the Manchus,
In the dynasty of Emperors
There is no rest.

BELOW THE DEADLINE

On Fulton Street I saw a limousine
With five bullet-holes in the windshield.
A policeman and a throng of citizens
Were looking at it
And the bystanders were chiefly interested to argue
Whether the bullets
Were fired from without or within.
Dear boy, I admit
This civilization of yours
Sometimes frightens me.

COMPENSATION

As the children grow older
(Confessed a Mandarin in his Middle Period)
They go to bed later and later
Thus progressively postponing
The evening meditations
That console me for much.
But perhaps, in mere weariness,
They will then sleep later in the mornings.

A PEACEFUL INTERIM

But in the general uproar
Of your American life
There is still one small interim
Of singular peace.
All casual clatter
Is universally suspended
And without interruption
I can say my prayers
From 7 to 7.15 p. m., while the American Folk
Is listening to Amos 'n' Andy.

HUSH MONEY

I have a friend, an author,
Who happens to have the same name
As one of the accountants
In his publisher's Book-keeping Department
And one day, by some confusion of the mail
There were sent to my friend
A batch of work sheets of Statements to Authors
Showing, as by a flash of lightning,
What erosions may take place
In a Royalty Account.
There, with growing agitation, the humble scrivener
Observed ominous classifications:—
Reprint Royalties Withheld
Syndicate Royalties Withheld
Withheld for Taxes
Unearned Advances
Statements Withheld
And now he wonders
How much Hush Money it should be worth
Not to blab to the Authors' League.

THOUGHTS IN A VACANT LOT

In a suburban rubbish region
Among hideous waste of scrap-metal,
Abandoned flivvers, tin cans, trash, and junk-heaps
One observer sees only
The pricklesome irony of a signboard

ARTISTIC FRAMING OUR SPECIALTY

But another notices also
The workmen's sandwich packets and bottles of coffee
Neatly ranged along the fence
Showing that transformation is underway.

A TONIC

Faithful student of all arts of ink
The old Mandarin would never do without
His weekly copy of *Variety*
In which the jovial moon-pitcher advertising
Rebuilds his morale, and is beef, iron and wine
To a sluggish humor.
Who, he says to me gravely,
Could feel depressed after reading
So lively a bravura as this:—

MONSTER RADIO AIR JAMBOREE
TO MAKE WORLD CUCKOO-MINDED

Radio Titan Will Own the Air
The Night of April 8th
48 N. B. C. Stations in Spectacular Stunt
To Sell the World—Hook, Line and Sinker—
Titan Gods of Mirth
Hurling Mighty Bolts of Laughter
Turn Chuckles Into Bull Roars
And Titters Into Belly Laughs
Day of Days
Night of Nights
Hour of Hours
Greatest Stroke of Show Salesmanship
Ever Accomplished.

LETTER TO A MYSTIC

We all have our darknesses.
Let us not too often enter them
Simultaneously.

TOM COLLINS

In the first warm April dusk of spring
We sat, a tall pale drink in degustation.
The always rational old Oriental
Inquired, Why is the medicament so-called?
Who was Tom Collins?
In your varied literature of sentiment
There was, I now recall, a certain Collins,
Who wrote an *Ode to Evening*
Where bat and beetle, like the New York taxis
Utter a "short shrill shriek,"
A "small but sullen horn."
Is it he this gin commemorates?
The hideaway agreed, it was not he.
Another Collins also, William Wilkie,
Writer of supreme detective stories . . .
I knew a man and wife, in a summer cottage,
Who used a set of Wilkie Collins' works
As proxies to leg up a broken bedstead,
But learned by chance the magic of *The Moonstone*,
Began to read, and totally absorbed
Abandoned bedding and couched on the floor.
This draught is much the color of a moonstone—
Glory to that Collins! Was it he?
The convives scratched their heads, but thought, not he.
Even in the old Bartenders' Manual
We could not learn, to tell our Chinese guest,
The identity of Blessèd Thomas Collins—
But found at least this sentence (worth preserving)
Of good bartending prose:—
"*This drink must be drank as soon as mixed*
In order not to let it get too stale
And lose its flavor."
Which counsel we observed. Skoal, Thomas Collins!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

A New History of France

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE. By CHARLES GUIGNEBERT. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by JOHN M. S. ALLISON

NATIONAL histories are in vogue today. Many of them are little more than patriotic attempts to apologize for a country and to explain away its undesirable qualities. Such, however, is not the purpose of Professor Guignebert in his latest two-volume history of France. At the outset, Monsieur Guignebert states his problem, and it is one that challenges our interest and our thought —"What is the French people?"

The question alone is a difficult one for France affords so many varied sides to her nature and to her accomplishments. The difficulty is that most of the histories that one reads treat France as if the French people had been, almost from the beginning, a homogeneous race. France, however, has, so far as one knows, never been an island shut off by seas. Even her mountain ranges have not been without easy passes. For very many centuries, Frenchmen were a nation only in name, and, even today, Frenchmen present a perplexing problem. United in loyalty to their ideal, France, capable of making the most tremendous sacrifices for that ideal, they display, at the same time, a variety and confusion of types, of thought, and of customs that make them and their country hard to understand. One forgets too often that they themselves, their ideals, and their manners are the results of a great heritage of diverse ethnological, geographical, and spiritual influences. The modern Anglo-Saxon loves to pigeonhole things. He worships so profoundly "the law of the blessed average." He desires uniformity in all things, but that, thank a merciful Providence, France will never have. Some, it is true, find in the variety of scenery, architecture, and temperament that this nation affords, a sign of disintegration. Others, some few, at least, find in it infinite relief and inspiration. A country that produces a Mistral, a Clemenceau, an Anatole France, and a Sainte Thérèse all in one-half century perplexes, nay, even horrifies us. Some explain it by the nasty word—insincerity, others, by anarchy.

Throughout her history, France has challenged our modern taste for sameness in manners, in thought, and in deed. Against this code of modern chivalry, she, perhaps more than other countries, is the greatest offender. And even today as one passes from Touraine to Berry, from Burgundy to Poitou, our sense of order is shocked by the differences of accent, and of physical appearance. But this diversity is not limited to the matter of physical characteristics; it extends to all categories of human activity. It is not even confined to spaces of time.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, the French people produced great cathedrals, but one does not know French Gothic if one limits oneself to Chartres. There are cathedrals at Bourges, at Le Mans—too little visited—and at Amiens. Bourges and Amiens, even, have the same theme of the Last Judgment over their portals, but the treatment is not the same and the spirit is entirely different. And yet, by knowing them all, one may know this part of the real France. And then, one beholds, in spite of these shades of difference, a real unity, a really harmonious metaphysical expression of a nation. And this is true of all phases of French life.

It is to the explanation of the process of such a development towards unity that Professor Guignebert devotes himself in these two well-written and excellently translated volumes. He begins with the earliest settlements and a study of the general topography of the country. In clear, brief, but careful fashion, he relates the influences of the various invaders that came in and that have left their indelible marks upon sections of the country; the Roman, the Teuton, and the Christian whom Professor Guignebert regards as the most foreign invaders of the land of Gaul. And then comes the story of the slow and relentless forging out of this strange unity that consisted of so many localisms, but that has finally evolved with that strange combination of "complexity and harmony" that Professor Guignebert finds in the French people.

This study is primarily for the layman. Much that Monsieur Guignebert has written will not be new to the scholar, but even the scholar may profit from a careful perusal of the History. It will afford him an aspect and a synthesis of which he, with his mass of facts so often poorly coördinated, may stand in need.

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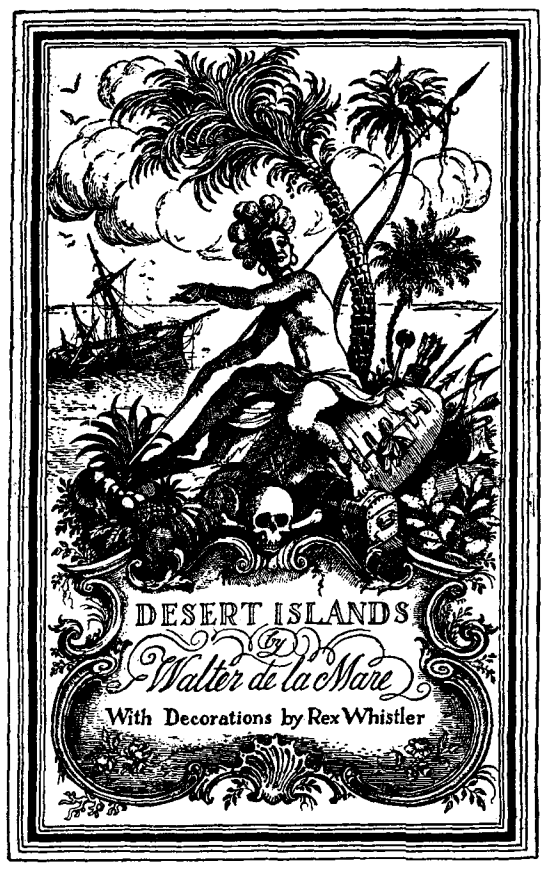
Tales of Adventure



THE mere cadence of the six syllables, A Tale of Adventure, instantly conjures up in the mind a jumbled and motley host of memories. Memories not only personal but, as we may suspect, racial; and these not only racial but primeval. Ages before history learned its letters, there being no letters to learn; ages before the children of men builded the city and the tower called Babel and their language was confounded and they were scattered, the rudiments of this kind of oral narrative must have begun to flourish. Indeed the greater part of even the largest of dictionaries, with every page in the most comprehensive of atlases, consists of relics and records in the concisest shorthand from bygone chapters in the tale whereof we know neither the beginning nor the end—that of Man's supreme venture into the world without, and into the world within.

The mountains, the oceans, the stars bear witness to it—at least in name. And, whether it has been passed on from mouth to mouth or from hand to hand, not only has this order of fiction proved by far the most prolific, but it bids fair to continue to stuff our remotest descendants with rapture, envy, aspiration, and nightmare, until humanity and the planet it occupies are no more.

Within its kind its range is almost illimitable. It ascends by steady gradations from the anecdote to the epic. It includes not only the penny plain and the twopence colored, broadside and chapbook, but such masterpieces as the "Odyssey," the "Golden Ass," "Don Quixote," "Simplicissimus," and the Scottish Ballads. Sweeney Todd and Sinbad the Sailor are as welcome in its vast hostelry as the Knights of the Round Table, Baron Munchausen and the hunters of the Snark; and some of the best of the "flickers" or "movies—though their medium of expression is solely the play of light on a game of Let's Pretend, with what could not be too meagre a commentary in words—are still after the same pattern.

Its place in literature varies with its quality, its equivalent on the stage being melodrama, from "The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus" at one extreme to that of poor, gay Mr. Punch and his dog Toby at the other. In its relation to poetry and *belles lettres* it is usually pretty much what earthenware is by comparison with porcelain, or the brass in an orchestra with the strings. In marrow and matter it appeals straight to whatever vestiges of the boy we have left in us rather than to what faint memorials we may still treasure of the child. Its chief concern is with the activities of the body; far less with the workings of the mind or the state of the soul. Yet its order of morals is rigid if primitive. The bad man abounds in it, and less frequently the bad female also, but its hero invariably has "his principles" to steer by, however crazy a helmsman he may be. Apart from this, the author's attention is fixed not on what in humanity is a little lower than the angels but on what is akin to the higher animals. And if he preach at all, it is usually by way of wholesome practice rather than of precept; while the virtues he instils are those of the ready hand, the nimble tongue, and quick wits.

Hunger and thirst, danger and difficulty, the strange, the far-fetched, the outlandish, these are its chief incentives. And its reward, the adventure over, something not only of a material but of a solid order—a few sacks, say, of moidores, doubloons, and precious stones; and, for makeweight, a ravishingly beautiful señorita from some castle in Spain, who was wooed perhaps in the first chapter, and thereafter only dreamed of until she is won in the last. All but all her joys, however, should await an untold epilogue. As positive cargo she is, I think, supererogatory.

Though not exactly hostile to them, the tale of adventure is for the most part indifferent to social or domestic interests. These are at best but its background and its foil, and even at that, it much prefers their primary colors to their finer shades. For in this blood-and-thunder type of fiction anything may happen at any moment. In the novel of manners, or of the ichor-and-Psyche type, very little (and to some tastes even that little may be too much), happens at all. In the one, character is of supreme importance; in the other a character, and that character need be nothing more complicated than merely a man—raw *homo*, that is, with little admixture of *sapiens*. Such a tale, then, is apt to be rather coarse fare for the truly sophisticated.

Yet, in its latest variant, the detective story, even philosophers have found a way of "escape," and of one great divine at least it is recorded that he was kept up most of the small hours one night in 1882 in pursuit of a young person named Jim Hawkins. What wonder, indeed, if out of a continual twilight of abstractions and formulæ (even though it may be suddenly irradiated at last with Sunrise), the metaphysically minded should pine at times for the grosser actualities; what wonder if many such tales have been the work of "dreamers" who have been prevented or are by nature averse to seeking adventure in three dimensions; or of wanderers who having gone to and fro in the world have at length returned home yet still pine on for the wild and far.

The rapid narrowing in, alas, of our earthly area effected by modern invention suggests that there will soon be no wild and far for which to pine. A world measured by flying is a far smaller place than a world measured by walking; and out of sight was once out of hearing. Not so—and, for humane reasons, one must suppress a natural alas!—now. Changes of circumstance such as our new facilities provide—inveterate foes of those who prefer travel with travail—affect not only the fancy but the imagination, and it is *distance* that lends enchantment to the view.

Definite statistics are not available, but it seems probable not only that adventures in the usual meaning of the term were more frequent in less crowded, secure, and gregarious ages than our own, but also that per head of the population, they are at present on a richer scale than they are likely to be in the future. Once upon a time almost any journey by land or sea was at least an invitation to hazard, and a hazard strange, not familiar. Nowadays, though we are most of us more habitually in motion than our ancestors, the enfeebling slogan is "safety first." Otherwise we stay at home (more or less at ease), and dabble in physical extremes at second hand. Chiefly—dingy and dubious though most of such records are—in our newspapers. Our adventurings are less, that is, of the body than of the mind and imagination, though few of us even faintly realize the potential scope of the latter.

Still, even in the dullest of existences, this spicy flavor of adventuring cannot be entirely absent. It is the salt that keeps life sweet, it is the savor that preserves it from putrefaction; and we welcome every fleeting taste of it. Contrast is much; novelty is more; the unforeseen, if it refrain from the tragic, is seldom without its charm; and a gay heart is hospitable even when its giddiest up or its dismalest down verges on an ordeal. A crooked sixpence on a crooked stile, a noise in the night, a new hat, a kiss under the mistletoe, a forty-to-one chance, to fall asleep in the wrong train, to break one's leg, to lose one's heart—or one's head, to drink two bottles of wine where one would serve, to be a worm—and turn: all such little experiences may be tinged with the adventurous. And a tinge is enough.

Yet another ingredient either in essence or in tincture is seldom absent from the tale of adventure—the romantic. And whatever else this battered term may signify, romance is invariably flavored with the extreme. It flowers in the mind when life is being lived not merely at an uncustomary but at a hazardous poise. It must come of itself, yet is so much sought after that we talk of the romance of commerce and of Big Business, though for the most part such talk is only flattery. One hears less of the romance of slow failure, the romance of growing old, the romance of disease and death.

The romantic is a thing of moments rather than of hours. Repetition or monotony dulls the appropriate nerve. A novelty, then, may or may not be romantic, but singularity almost always is. In part for this reason, perhaps, a piece of handicraft with all its defects is preferable to anything flawless turned out by a machine. What other charm, except indeed of the homely order, has the home-made? We dull life by a mechanical repetition and imitation. We dull it still more if we submit it to mere system and if we ourselves become machines. In the game of follow-my-leader little depends on the led.

So with science.

We boast, of the stupefaction of our grandfathers if they could be roused from their graveyard slumbers to marvel at our automobiles and our gramophones, our submarines and aeroplanes, our wireless, our poison gases. They might—for an hour or two. And then perhaps they would begin to marvel at our smoke and our smells, our nerves and our newspapers. For singularity soon wears off and mere novelty soon stales. And after that sad mutation things must wait awhile—and not always in vain—for the most beguiling change of all, since it is Time itself that sheds on all things human, even on the velocipede, the antimacassar, the bustle, and the Piccadilly weeper, the last and loveliest iridescence—that of romance.

For an object which is not of a perishing nature becomes first old, then old-fashioned, then antique, then antiquated, then archaic, then ancient; and at last may be drenched with a romanticalness of which its original owner had not the faintest inkling—Noah's gangway, Absalom's hair, Cleopatra's looking-glass, Tutankhamen's slippers, Cæsar's sword. Our newest of novelties, our very last things out, even our youngest poets, are all on their way to this home of rest. We pine for the curious, the bizarre. We return to find our peace in the familiar and the near. For which reason—as Edward Thomas, faithful lover of all things old and English, realized—such simple ancient familiar things as a plough, a ship, or a farm-wagon continue to shed, for the eye that can see and dream together, a romance which is shared by the ruins of Babylon, the songs of the Sirens, and the roses of Damascus.

IT may be observed, however, that what to a secure onlooker is a pleasingly romantic situation may be grim matter-of-fact to those actually engaged in it. To be besieged with Helen in Troy; to be congealed amid the icy wastes of the Arctic, or lost in the Sahara; to be a royal fugitive in an oak tree, a Colonel Lawrence in Mecca, a Charles Doughty in the sandy wilds of Arabia, a Mallory on the ultimate peak of Everest; all these are probably more romantic situations to contemplate than to share. And one of their chief conditions is that of the precarious and fleeting. The sword hangs suspended by a thread. That harlequin, Luck, is as capricious as genius. That siren, Fortune, sings sweetest among rocks.

Perhaps the chief charm of the "Thousand and One," the "Arabian Nights," for example—one of the very few books in the world, I suppose, of little account in the country of its origin, and a classic abroad—is, first, the peculiar density of its romance, and, next, the extraordinary penalties bestowed on the characters who indulge in it. To have one's

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by Walter de la Mare

thumbs lopped off as a punishment for an innocent attachment to garlic; to be flayed alive for ogling a princess; to submit to such indignities as did Sinbad the Sailor—ordeals like these so related belong rather to the romantic than to the classic order of events and show a glint on their imaginative surface like the colors on a stagnant pool.

Strangely enough, too, gregarious by instinct though we humans are, and though two in a garden may make a paradise of the everywhere: a complete solitude, also, may be saturated with the romantic.

Is not this great globe itself a celestial solitary?

> Hope, fear, false joy and trouble.
> These the four winds which daily toss this Bubble.
> His breath's a vapor and his life a span,
> 'Tis glorious misery to be born a man.

That bubble floats on in the severing ether, voyaging, as I have read somewhere, towards a remote (and somewhat inscrutable) goal in the void of space called *Mu* in Leo. And as with the world, so with the conscious beings that inhabit it—possibly the only beings of their specific nature, as our modern astronomers surmise, in the complete stellar and physical universe. Almost impassably cut off as we now are from the natural trust and fellowship of unhumanized beast and bird, so too in some degree we are severed even from our nearest and dearest. By means of those frail tentacles, our senses, we explore the outward semblance of our fellow-creatures; but flesh is flesh and bone is bone, and only by insight and by divination can we pierce inward to the citadel of the mind and soul. We can only translate their touch, their gestures, the words they use, the changing looks on their faces into terms of our own consciousness and spirit. We believe them to be in all essential things like ourselves—whatever their arresting and delightful differences. We trust them not to be mere deceiving automata. Nevertheless, the inmost self of each one of us is a livelong recluse.

> Yes: in the sea of life enisled,
> With echoing straits between us thrown,
> Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
> We mortal millions live *alone*.
> The islands feel the enclasping flow,
> And then their endless bounds they know.
>
> But when the moon their hollows lights,
> And they are swept by balms of spring,
> And in their glens, on starry nights,
> The nightingales divinely sing;
> And lovely notes, from shore to shore,
> Across the sounds and channels pour;
>
> O then a longing like despair
> Is to their farthest caverns sent!
> For surely once, they feel, we were
> Parts of a single continent. . . .

The vivid and positive realization of this may come seldom, but, when it does, it is sharp and appalling. The moment falls, unforeseen, inexplicable, and as if at the insidious wave of an enchanter's wand, the faces, the voices of the believed-in and beloved seem to be nothing but the creation of our own fantasy, and we are "enisled." Even the "echoes" then, like the languageless scream of sea-bird and the drumming of wave on rock, are nothing but a mockery. We may work or play away most of our lives in evading this realization, but in the end we shall become our own Showman's boy and know that as mortals we are alone.

And though, before that end come, and in spite of the ramifications of butcher, baker, postman, and tax-collector, the kind of solitude one may pine for is to be found even in the England of our own day, and that of the astronomer, the bookworm, the miser, the lover, and the king are not beyond imagining; of the extreme spiritual solitudes familiar to many of our fellow-creatures we can be but vaguely aware. What spectres share the small hours with a criminal hemmed in at every turn by the physical and moral forces of law and order—an animal rejected of its kind? The solitude of the lunatic, the devil-haunted, the habitually drugged. One savors a taste of this world's romance indeed with the realization that the cold relics on the dissecting tables and in the brinetanks of our hospitals, of which there appears to be an unfailing supply, are the refuse of men and women abandoned by life to so desolate a loneliness that there is no one on earth who will spare the time or the few shillings necessary to secure them a friendly burial.

We may now and again, too, encounter in our walks abroad a fellow-creature touched with a certain cast of strangeness and aloofness. We scan the fleshly house, but the windows are darkened. He or she was born, we may assume, to at least a concerned mother, into some imitation of a home, and lived for a while in childhood and youth within call of humanity. But by slow and infinite degrees, whether because of eccentricities of mind and character, pride, grief, aversion, fear, weakness, poverty, or riches, that human being has gradually become more and more withdrawn and insulated, and lives on, enringed ever more and more inaccessibly with barriers that divide the living one within from the natural advances, the active fellowship, the compassion, even the mere interest of mankind.

There are some, like Katherine Mansfield's charwoman, who have no place quiet or solitary enough to cry in; there are some to whom the insect-like hosts of London seem nothing but the bodiless and hostile spectres of a nightmare; and but a moment's divining thought of them assures us that the whole world's fiction and autobiography can tell us only a fraction of what mortal life at such extremes may come to mean.

And some there are of a mind so self-secure it needs but little company; and some of a heart all-welcoming, all-hospitable, who, though never less alone than when alone, shed on the world around them a peace and lovingkindness of a source as fresh and sweet as it is inexhaustible.

BUT apart from the life of the actual, of life at first hand, there are few experiences which we can so easily share and enjoy, by proxy, as that of physical solitude. What other theme in fiction is more deeply saturated with the romantic and the adventurous? Stories of this kind abound; and particularly in English fiction. What in general are their conditions?

First, the victim and the hero of such a fate must fight—not, as we all do, for life—but for a bare existence. And unlike many of his fellow-creatures in real life he must not fight in vain. His one problem, his one craving and desire (however irrational it may be), must be merely to continue to keep alive. He must, then, have courage and enterprise. No mere dreamer, thinker, or philosopher need apply.

Next, since he is to be—and for some time to remain—alone, his place of exile should be remote from the thronging haunts and highways of mankind and dangerous of access though not quite inaccessible. A naked and waterless waste from which no escape is possible would admit of but the briefest period of physical torture and a morbid activity of the mind. His resort then must offer some hospitality to its guest, though it should be well this side of the luxurious, since he must spend in it a quick and lively existence. And though the odds against his survival must not be overwhelming, they should at least appear to be long. He must indeed survive to tell us his tale; for of the solitude of the grave, whether in St. Innocent's churchyard or beneath the sands of Egypt, we can retrieve no direct tidings, or at best—tidings dubious, meagre, and unsatisfying.

Our solitary, too—if his record is to be moving—should be more or less continually aware of his isolation. So much the better if from some point of vantage amid his wild and barbarous scenery he can keep watch on the horizon whence at length rescue will come. Finally, he may effect his own rescue. But to see him merely walk out of his trap is an eventuality not quite romantic enough. A profoundly sundering yet traversable medium must sever him, then, from his fellow-creatures.

The sands of the Sahara or of the Gobi desert would keep such a secret, or, failing these, some green and peaceful oasis in a region encircled by an unintermittent cyclone, or by a ring of subterranean fire. Jules Verne, for example, may not have completely explored the monster-haunted deeps in the centre of the earth; and the practicability of voyaging into space seems to be once more engaging the speculations not of mere visionaries only but even of the matter-of-fact.

Short of the subterranean, the submarine, and the wild vacancies of space, however, the conditions of an ideal retreat from the tumult and artificialities of man are fulfilled—solitude, danger, strangeness, the unknown, the discoverable, the eventual means of escape—if our hermitage is an island. An island volcanic or coralline, an island that out of the mists of daybreak, or in the cheating lights of evening, lifts itself from the snows of its surges, serene, strange, aloof in its forlorn beauty, dumb clock of countless ages, the haven of a few birds and roving brutes, the kindly nursery of seal and sea lion, and green with palm and tamarisk.

An island let it be, say three or four hundred to a thousand miles or so from the nearest habitations of humanity and well out of the usual sea trade routes, preferably uncharted, fairly commodious, say thirteen miles by four, of a climate whose extremes are not of a pitiless severity, an island which Nature's bounty has endowed with shade, fresh water, shelter, and food fit for human consumption. And there—our recluse.

Every seaman, every wanderer on the deep, has hearkened to the decoy of that ideal island; and where is the landsman with soul so dead—even though his eye has been lifted over no greater expanse of salt water than can be scanned from the steps of a bathing-machine—who in his homesick moments has never caught its enchanting echo? The English in particular are as a people naturally beguiled by the thought of the smallest strip or patch of land that is surrounded by water. How could it be otherwise, since theirs is that notorious little three-cornered island of "a natural bravery . . . with rocks unscaleable and roaring waters," against whose western coasts for ever beats the prodigious Atlantic? The seas are in their blood. They have been scoffed at as a nation of shop-keepers; "merchant adventurers" is their politer term. They have been eyed askance as a horde of money-hunting land-grabbers; freeborn crusading colonists is a pleasanter way of putting it. Again and again they have had to face the charge of insularity, but then, was there ever a national shortcoming so inevitable? What wonder that, rather greedily maybe and not always with too nice a gesture, they have "sucked of the abundance of the seas and of treasures hid in the sand?"

Man's longed-for heavens indeed are for the most part curiously simple in structure. But though the sweet, spoon-fed, simple *dolce far niente* of the South Seas may for a while allure his weary or indolent body, his true happiness must consort with desires of the mind. It is not the gemlike gates of Jerusalem but what they are the symbols of that will bring him peace in the blissful plains of Paradise, where there will be no more sea and therefore no more islands. Meanwhile he may cheat himself with the pretty illusion that if only he could secure a modest freehold of *terra firma* surrounded by water he would be at peace—not entirely perhaps with the self which it was impracticable to leave behind him, but at any rate with the world at large.

The foregoing article will eventually constitute part of the opening section of Mr. de la Mare's "Desert Island or Robinson Crusoe" which is to be published by Farrar & Rinehart in October. The book, which germinated in a lecture, has developed into an exhaustive and illuminating study. Like everything that comes from Mr. de la Mare's pen it has a high distinction of thought and expression. The author himself says that he had "nothing but the candle of curiosity and the will-o'-the-wisp of inquiring ignorance to light him on his way"; how admirably they served him those who read may see. Mr. de la Mare is the author of numerous works both in prose and verse among which are "Songs of Childhood," "The Three Mullar-Mulgars," "Peacock Pie," "The Memoirs of a Midget," and "Broomsticks and Other Tales." Delicacy, fancy, and fantasy characterize them all.

The will of Wilfred Michael Voynich, the bibliographer, lecturer, and writer, a naturalized British subject, whose death occurred recently, provides that his famous Bacon Cipher Manuscript may be sold to any public institution for $100,000 (£20,000), but may never go to a private collector at any price.

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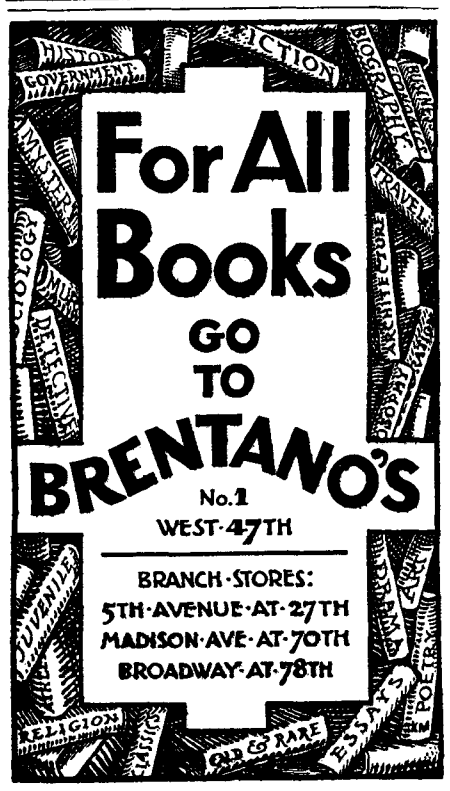

Books of Special Interest

Popular Songs

BRITISH BALLADS FROM MAINE: THE DEVELOPMENT OF POPULAR SONGS WITH TEXTS AND AIRS. By PHILLIPS BARRY, FANNIE HARDY ECKSTORM, and MARY WINSLOW SMYTH. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1929. $6.

Reviewed by LOUISE POUND

THE past few years have seen an unusual number of notable publications in the field of traditional song. Among them are works like J. H. Cox's "Folk-Songs of the South," L. C. Wimberly's "Folklore in the English and Scottish Ballads," and Newman I. White's "American Negro Folk-Songs." Now comes an imposing anthology from the Yale University Press, issued as the eighth work on the Oliver Baty Cunningham Memorial Publication Fund. This sizable volume of more than four hundred pages, in beautiful format, has more than ordinary interest and value for the ballad lover. In 1927 Fanny Hardy Eckstorm and Mary Winslow Symth published "Minstrelsy of Maine," a book given over to songs of the sea and shore: deep sea songs, chanteys, pirate songs, and songs of pioneers, gathered mainly from oral sources. The texts were interspersed with discussions of such matters as how the folk rewrite a song, the function of the singers, and ballads and ballad-makers. The result was a book of novel character that ranked at once among valuable collections of American folk-song.

In their later and more ambitious volume, the authors of "Minstrelsy of Maine" have brought together for comparison and study the versions of the British ballads surviving in Maine—British ballads that are contained in the collection of Professor F. J. Child. These are texts that their first anthology, devoted mainly to indigenous songs, did not take into account. And the authors have associated themselves in their undertaking with that excellent ballad scholar, Phillips Barry. Mr. Barry provides an introduction on the music of the ballads and supplies occasional texts. His hand may also be detected in valuable notes throughout the volume. The three names on the title page are sufficient guarantee of the competence of the book.

An anthology from the Maine region has peculiar interest since hitherto the completest collections of British ballads existing in the United States have come from the South. Except for the collections of W. R. Mackenzie in Nova Scotia and of the late A. H. Tolman from Indiana and Illinois, there has been nothing from the North or the Central West to correspond in adequacy to the gleanings of Cecil J. Sharp and Mrs. Campbell in the general Appalachian region, of the late C. A. Smith and A. K. Davis in Virginia, and of Reed Smith in South Carolina, J. H. Cox in West Virginia, and A. P. Hudson in Mississippi. Now a body of Northeastern texts, old like those of the South, is made available. That it should be of great help in determining problems of ballad age and distribution is obvious. If anthologies for New England have not existed hitherto, it is not because of the dearth of ballads there but because little effort has been made to collect them.

Of importance, too, is the fact that, for the first time in an American anthology, texts and melodies receive equal attention, such attention as is accorded to them in the late Gavin Greig's "Last Leaves of Traditional Ballads and Ballad Airs" or in the English *Journal of the Folk-Song Society*. For help with the musical notation of their songs the authors of "British Ballads in Maine" acknowledge special indebtedness to George Herzog, a skilled transcriber, whose assistance was made possible through the generosity of Mary Cabot Wheelwright of Boston.

The term British is extended by the anthologists to include Irish songs not in the Child collection, since in Maine the Irish element is very strong and very old. Fifty-six in all of the Child ballads, and many secondary ballads, have been recovered from Maine and across the border in Nova Scotia, while traces of twenty-five more Child ballads have been found. Since the southeast counties of Maine have not yet been adequately canvassed, this is an excellent showing. It is to be compared with the thirty-seven texts recovered by Mrs. Campbell and C. J. Sharp, the sixteen by Mackenzie from Nova Scotia, the thirty-three by Cox in West Virginia, the fourteen by Reed Smith in South Carolina, and the twenty-four by Hudson in Mississippi. The Maine texts are so old and in such good condition that they have unusual interest. The age of certain ballads can hardly be doubted when there are striking coincidences in texts of them from the Southern Appalachians and from the outer islands of the Maine coast, where they could scarcely have entered through the chances of later commercial intrusion.

The initial fine discussion of ballad music, the comparisons of the Maine texts with those of the Child collection, the comments on the relative age of the texts and on their groupings, and the notation of features that belong to some texts and not to others combine to make the book the model of scholarship to be expected of a volume bearing the imprint of the Yale University Press.

We are told in an appendix that it was planned to end the volume with an essay on "The Problems of Balladry," balancing the study of ballad melodies at the opening by a corresponding study of ballad texts, to be illustrated by three studies of Child ballads. All the known texts of these ballads, published or unpublished, were to be compared, with an evaluation of the American texts. The appended essay was to show how scientific methods, applied to ballad study, produce results that could not have been anticipated by mere theorizing. But this material proved to be too long for its place in the volume and could not be included. Possibly we may look for something more from the authors of "British Ballads in Maine," for the omitted essay would greatly interest students of traditional song.

Two Critics

THE FINE ART OF LIVING. By ISAAC GOLDBERG. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.50.

LITERARY CRITICISM. By PHILO BUCK, JR. New York: Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES DAVID ABBOTT
University of Buffalo

"THE Smiths are too critical; they are so busy finding fault that they never enjoy themselves." Remarks like this are heard so frequently that they almost succeed in convincing us that to be happy we must surrender ourselves to the loose appreciation of whatever our neighbors find pleasing. Criticism applied to life will lead us to a fastidiousness that dislikes not only the mediocre but also the good; therefore, to be agreeable, we must bask in the ubiquitous sunshine of the indiscriminate. *Carpe diem*, and enjoy all that the day includes, but don't make the mistake of questioning. This popular misconception of the critical attitude is attacked by Mr. Goldberg. To him, music, literature, the fine arts, the movies are all parts and phases of the reality of life, all to be mastered and enjoyed by the critical spirit, who alone can receive from them the delights which they promise. And life itself requires also the critical attitude, if we are to find in it any meaning, any purpose. We must learn to enjoy by learning to feel and to discriminate. Mr. Goldberg's criticism is broad and inclusive of all sides of existence; it is advice meant to be practical. Professor Buck, whose book appears simultaneously with Mr. Goldberg's, is less wide in his aims; he deals with literary criticism, and with esthetics only in so far as they embrace the field of literature. Both books are for the novice; both are explanations of what other men have thought.

Mr. Goldberg is a follower of Havelock Ellis, and his book is really an Ellis primer. He presents in a lively but rambling manner the doctrines of the master. His purpose, as he says in the preface, is to sketch in the background of esthetics, considered not only as a theory of the beautiful but also as a practice, and this he does, for the benefit of the uninitiated. He dwells at length on the place in life of morality, or rather of "the new immorality," and he compares the old with the modern attitude towards sex. These considerations are the wisest and most stimulating parts of his argument, but it is a little difficult to see just what connection, other than a very distant one, they have with his theory of criticism. The book, in spite of an apparent lack of unity and a diffuseness which is occasionally exhausting, ought to be interesting and helpful to the beginner, for whom the author says it is intended. It expresses, certainly, a creed which is not marred by any narrow dogmatisms, and it honestly strives to open the eyes of those of us who too placidly and too quickly accept life as it appears.

Professor Buck's study of values in literature is intent upon explaining the principles of criticism, but it is so replete with the names and sayings of critics that the principles are hard to find. The book is obviously meant for use in the classroom, but to the majority of students it is likely to prove more confusing than clarifying. In his effort to synthesize the views of so many critics and philosophers, the author has succeeded rather in obscuring the points at issue. His erudition is catholic and diverse, and he shows no hesitation in drawing upon the whole of it, but at the same time he seems not thoroughly to have subjugated his vast learning. It is one thing to quote a multitude of authorities; it is another to quote them appositely. Professor Buck aims to show how to read, how to understand fully what lies in all great literature, and he himself, in his illustrations, misreads so frequently that the wary student will certainly grow distrustful, even of the places where Professor Buck has been accurate. Some critics, Hazlitt among them, have misquoted with impunity, because they have not changed essentially the meaning or character of their original, but Professor Buck in his misquotations has not Hazlitt's ability. When we twice read "Stains the white radiance of infinity," we are likely to forgive it as an unconscious blunder, until we find that it is infinitude rather than eternity which the passage has left in the critic's mind. Nor is this the only place where an error in quotation has somewhat colored the mental reaction of the author. There are marks of carelessness throughout, especially in the biblography, but these would undoubtedly be minor matters and easily overlooked, if the book as a whole were not so pedestrian, so devastatingly commonplace. The mind wanders with such ease from the meaning of what Professor Buck is saying, that the errors of his words stand out in high relief.

Britain's Merchant Marine

MERCHANTMEN-AT-ARMS. By DAVID W. BONE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1929. $5.

Reviewed by EDWARD PULLING

DO you ever take an unnecessary and surreptitious ferry boat trip to the New Jersey shore or Staten Island just to have a look at the shipping in the harbor. Are you ever excited by the sound of a big liner's fog horn as she backs out into the West River at midnight? Is the shipping news an essential part of your daily newspaper reading? If you can answer "Yes" to any of these questions, you will certainly enjoy Captain Bone's "Merchantmen-at-Arms."

This book was originally published in England in 1919 to give the British public the story of their merchant marine during the World War. It was written by the captain of a famous transport ship from notes set down at sea in the intervals between torpedo attacks by German submarines, and naturally enough gave evidence in places of the bitterness of war-time feeling. But in this revised edition the author has "eradicated some weeds of thought," as he puts it in his preface, explaining that "Father Time has laid a keen scythe at the root of our indignations."

The effectiveness of Captain Bone's writing depends chiefly on a combination of first-hand knowledge and a restraint in its use too seldom found in books of this kind. It is at once obvious to the reader that the author has himself run the whole gamut of war experiences at sea, that he could fill a book many times the size of this one with stories he has left untold and with the details of incidents at which he only hints. In its complete freedom from the sensational and journalistic style characteristic of the majority of recent books about ships and the sea in war time, "Merchantmen-at-Arms" reminds one of John Masefield's epic account of the Gallipoli expedition. Even the description of the dramatic sinking of the author's own "Cameronia" is as restrained as the entries in a ship's log.

Captain Bone's most important achievement is to give proper credit to the unobtrusive heroism of British merchant sailors in their exhausting struggle against mine and torpedo during the War, and it is for this reason that English readers must feel most indebted to him. But his book will be enjoyed by all lovers of ships and the sea, as well as by those whose only nautical interest is in dockyards, marine salvage, or the art of camouflage.

The author's brother, Muirhead Bone, has supplied sixteen excellent illustrations from his well known collection of drawings now in the possession of the Imperial War Museum in London. These illustrations add greatly to the fascination of the book.

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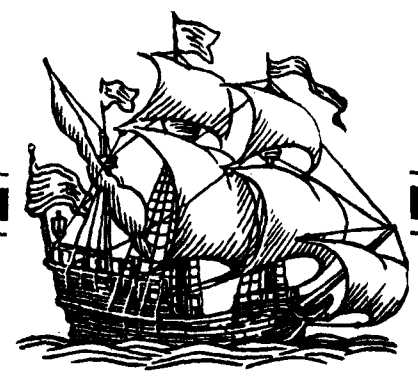

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Books of Special Interest

A Language of Many Dialects

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE LANGUAGE OF DRAWING AND PAINTING. Vol. I, The Painter's Terms. By ARTHUR POPE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1929. $3.

Reviewed by MEYRIC R. ROGERS
City Art Museum of St. Louis

A LOT of water has passed under bridges and paint on to canvases since the French Revolution abolished the Academies in the name of Liberty and Equality. Though both the Royal Academy and the Academy of St. Luke had been in the process of decay during the eighteenth century and had in the main lost their usefulness, their passing marks the end of a tradition of technical education in the arts which cannot be entered entirely on the credit side of the books of progress. Their termination marks, in fact, the final dissolution of the guild tradition which in its heyday imposed not merely a moral but a legal obligation upon the corporation to exact a high standard of craftsmanship from its members who before admission were compelled to learn their *métier* in a systematic manner from an initiate master. It is true that the conservatism implicit in such a system led almost inevitably to autointoxication in times out of sympathy with the social organization which called the guilds into existence. The accumulated precepts and inhibitions of successive generations plus the corrosion that occurs in all systems where petty politics uses regulation for its own ends gradually transformed traditional method into a series of obstacles which made a labyrinth for genius and an assortment of pedestals for mediocrity. This was the doom of the idea which lay behind that of the Academies but it came not because of the existence of methods but because it was apparently impossible to keep these methods in focus.

The traditionalists of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance produced a high average not because they were supermen but because they profited by the experience of successive intelligences. The inspirationalists of the nineteenth century produced such a large amount of futility because in the main they followed only as much as they could understand of a single powerful personality. The points of possible contact in this case were, of course, far fewer. It is quite reasonable to assume that the average academic painter of the nineteenth century was quite as innately capable as his fifteenth or sixteenth century predecessor. He probably had as much to say, but instead of using all his energies to say it as well as possible in a traditional manner he spent them largely in inventing and elaborating tricks and mannerisms which kept him more or less in a state of perennial apprenticeship. The nineteenth century was not entirely unaware of its shortcomings. William Morris tried to revive the guilds and various efforts were made to recapture the secrets of lost serenity. Probably the photograph did more than anything else to point out the way to possible salvation by exposing the futility of imitation and forcing upon the artist the necessity of intelligent selection and a consideration of the powers and limitations of his particular medium. The semi-scientific approach of the impressionists opening a wider horizon showed also renewed possibilities of convention still further emphasized by their successors. The modern painter has taken off or been deprived of the blinders of accepted tradition and his prospect is marvelously unhindered, but the paths open are so many that to make an effective journey he needs the guidance of a self imposed discipline which must be created and enforced by intelligence as well as instinct. The application of scientific principle shows pretty clearly that the painter's means of expression is a language of many dialects with definite syntax and modes which is, of course, another way of saying that it is the result of an ordered process of thought. Here is the central idea of "The Painter's Terms" and of the series which it heralds.

In Professor Pope's work no attempt is made to create a recipe for a work of art, a fallacy which vitiates so many expositions of the painter's craft. The volume gives a terse and complete statement of fact, analyzing and classifying the material which the artists must use. It holds no brief for any "ism" but points out some logical ways in which the facts stated may be turned to practical account. The work is the result of many years of teaching and experiment in the craft of painting and the ideas have been carefully strained of all extraneous matter. Statements are clear and precise. A proof of the fact that it deals with a language other than verbal lies in the fact that the ideas cannot be understood without some actual experiments with the painter's media. It is not a literary essay but a manual for the student's laboratory where the diagrams can be translated into tonal nouns and verbs. The first two chapters discuss in detail these tonal parts of speech. The following two sections analyze the possibilities of their ordered arrangement and the last offers some practical suggestions of direct ways to attain this order.

Probably nothing of greater permanent value to the painter and critic has appeared in print of late years. The early works of Dr. Denman Ross, and others to whom the author acknowledges his indebtedness, contain similar ideas but perhaps not so completely stated and consequently less understandable to those not already familiar in some degree with them. The average painter's disdain for theoretical analysis is only too well known but it is at last beginning to be realized that this attitude is a "cut off my nose to spite my face" reaction. It is devoutly to be hoped that sooner or later more students on both the creative and critical sides will learn from such lucid expositions as this that less paint and words and more clear thinking within the physical limitations of the painter's vocabulary will bring them more speedily along the desired road.

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All Kinds of Bridges

BRIDGES. By CHARLES S. WHITNEY. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1929. $20.

Reviewed by PHILIP G. LAURSON
Yale University

THE appearance within three years of three books concerned with the esthetics of bridge design is significant of a new day for bridges. Until two centuries ago bridge building was an art. During the past century it has been predominantly a science. There is reason to hope that an age has begun during which science and art will share in the building of bridges.

It is to strengthen this hope that Charles S. Whitney has produced a book bearing the simple title, "Bridges," and dedicated "to the memory of those pioneer engineers who created beautiful bridges to join together the devious paths of men." Mr. Whitney is a consulting engineer who has demonstrated convincingly that science and art will mix. His fellow engineers know him as the writer of profound technical treatises appearing occasionally in the thick transactions of engineering societies. This volume is convincing evidence that his learning is tempered with an appreciation of the beauty that has been an inseparable part of so many of the great bridges in the past.

"A pontist, or devotee of bridges," wrote Walter Shaw Sparrow fifteen years ago in beginning his "Book of Bridges," "ought to be both envied and pitied; his work is marvellously attractive, but he cannot hope to learn a twentieth part of the discoverable history which has circulated along highways." Mr. Whitney, as a pontist, has shown admirable restraint and discrimination in what he says and leaves unsaid. The author professes a threefold purpose: to present the fundamental architectural principles and a method for their application to bridges, to outline the development of bridges, showing conditions which influenced their forms and, last, to picture bridges of artistic merit worthy of study.

To attempt to state the esthetic principles of architecture is a brave undertaking. It is here that the author's judicious restraint is apparent. Only such principles are mentioned as can be concretely illustrated by admittedly successful existing structures. In the field of esthetics, "one picture is worth a thousand words"—and in pictures this is indeed an eloquent volume. The historical section of the book is admirably limited to broad aspects of bridge development. It is written under five headings: The Roman Genius, the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, the Eighteenth Century, and the Modern Bridge. Part II is a short dissertation on the influence of materials on bridge forms, followed by nearly two hundred pictures of all types of bridges of stone, wood, steel, and concrete. The author shows these without comment or criticism, hoping that the reader will study them and discover for himself their flaws and their beauty. From tiny garden and park foot bridges to the most monumental spans, they are all exemplified here. "Bridges" is largely a collection of pictures. These number four hundred, and many of them cover the full page. All but a few are half-tone reproductions of photographs. For a frontispiece the author has chosen Hedley Fitton's etching of the Pont Marie in Paris.

Those who know the three score and twelve drawings made by Frank Brangwyn for "The Book of Bridges" may expect to find in Mr. Whitney's book only a little less beauty and possibly more of truth. The recent large volume, "Bridges of Old France," by Emerson and Gromort is far more luxurious with its drawings and water colors, but it is restricted to a score of bridges of closely related types. "Bridge Architecture," by Wilbur J. Watson, resembles Mr. Whitney's "Bridges" closely and in many ways; but it contains only about half as many pictures and is perhaps a little more technical and biographical.

Altogether Mr. Whitney, with the able cooperation of the press of William Rudge, has produced a book to delight the heart and eye of a pontist whether he be an admirer and lover of bridges or a designer and builder. Clear type in widely spaced lines, and the large page with wide margins contribute to easy reading and luxurious appearance. "Bridges" is a work with a wide appeal. This is summed up in the final sentence: "No one can escape the spell of the Bridge, for there are all kinds of bridges to please all kinds of people."

Annals of Culture

A HISTORY OF MODERN CULTURE. By PRESERVED SMITH. Vol I., The Great Renewal, 1543-1687. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1930. $5.

Reviewed by HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR

THIS is a serviceable and interesting book, the first volume of a survey of the various components of modern culture in their historical setting. After an illuminating introduction, it takes up the sciences, Astronomy, Physics, Mathematics, Geography, Anatomy, Method and The Scientific Revolution. Next, under the head of The Humanities, come Philosophy, Political Theory, Historiography, Biblical and Classical Scholarship. These topics make Parts I and II. Part III, entitled Social Control, discusses Education, Religion, Free-thought, Superstition, Persecution, and Tolerance, and Laws. The concluding Part embraces morals and manners, Literature, Art, and an Epilogue on The Character of the Age. Quite apparent is the conscientious endeavor to omit no important cultural element.

Naturally the author is more at home in some fields than in others. He has been primarily a student of the Protestant Reformation and the phases of social and religious activity which throw light upon its causal setting. Perhaps more recently he has given himself to the history of science, and the portions of the book devoted to it are excellent—that is, excellent on the whole, considering that the writer is not a scientist by vocation and seems occasionally unaware of pitfalls lying beneath striking and popularly intelligible assertions. As might be expected, he shows least aptitude in *belles lettres* and art. The book is pleasantly and clearly written, and its attractiveness will be raised rather than lowered by many profitable reflections not above the grasp of readers who like to think that they too are thinking.

A Correction

By a regrettable oversight a misprint occurred in a letter from the Encyclopædia Britannica recently printed in the correspondence columns. The letter should have read as follows:

The Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., regrets that the article on "Dramatic Criticism" which appears on pages 619 and 620 of volume 7 of the 14th edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica was inadvertently attributed in the index of authors to Professor Jules Isaacs of the Lycée of Lyons. The author of the article is in fact Mr. Jacob Isaacs, M.A. (Oxon), Lecturer in English Literature and Languages in the University of London, King's College.

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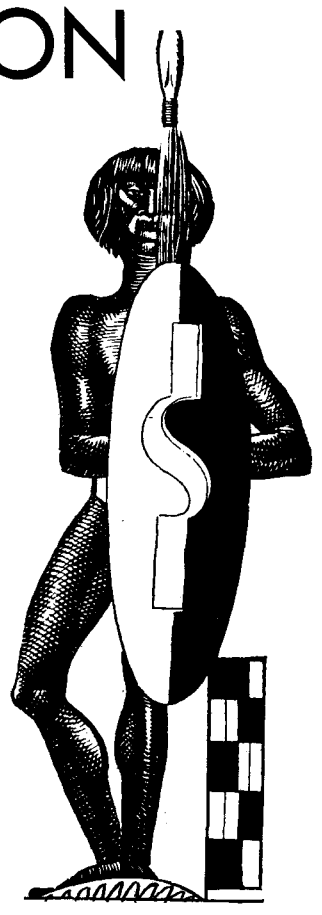

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A Letter from London

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

YOU are, I believe, somewhat behind with London book news, so I will try to cover the last three months, that is, the greater part of what is still called the "Spring Season," in this one letter. The period has been chiefly memorable for three things, namely, the fuss about war books, the unusual number of deaths, and an exciting event in weekly literary journalism. I will discuss them in that order.

Early in the year, several more English novels of the war came out. The best of them was perhaps "Her Privates We." Then Douglas Jerrold, an able young writer and publisher who was in the war, brought out a sort of pamphlet protesting against this constant treatment of the war as a nightmare instead of as a piece of history. Then followed the discussions in the daily and weekly press and on the wireless, in which nightmare-mongers and history-mongers slanged one another and enjoyed themselves but, of course, reached no conclusion. It was impossible that they should, being, as they were, all at cross-purposes. The point is, of course, that the war as an experience was so gigantic that each man, in recording it, merely selects what suits his temperament. Meanwhile, my own opinion —and I write as a man who was with the infantry for four and a half years—is that the great English war novel has still to be written. Whether it ever will be written is another matter. I do not know how the very young feel about it, but most readers of my age are now rather bored by the subject.

The death of D. H. Lawrence hardly came as a surprise, because he had been very ill for some time. He is a difficult writer to discuss. In many quarters he was unfairly vituperated and condemned as a sort of sexual lunatic, and in other quarters he was monstrously over-praised. The obituary notices as a whole gave the impression that his work was spoiled by his eroticism. But it would be more just to say that what did his work most harm was its narrowness, bitterness, peevish egoism, and these qualities undoubtedly ruined his later fiction. There can, however, be no question of his genius. I am wondering if America noticed the death of Romer Wilson, who was married to an American, Edward O'Brien, the short story anthologist. It was hardly noticed at all here, yet there was a time, not many years ago, when Romer Wilson was regarded as the most promising of all our younger women novelists. Her "Death of Society" received the Hawthornden Prize. She combined, in a curious fashion, the modern subjective novel with a sort of fairy tale atmosphere. Then, with the passing of Scott-Moncrieff, we lost our best translator. His Proust and Stendhal are not merely competent translations; they are real creations. Charles Whibley, who died recently at the age of seventy, had done his work, but with him goes one of the last links with Henley and his bold young men. Meanwhile, Augustine Birrell, who was born the year after Henley and in the same year as Stevenson, has just brought out a new book, as wise and witty as ever.

The exciting event in our weekly literary journalism has been the appearance of *The Week End Review*, and the history of its sudden creation is of considerable significance. Some weeks ago, when the two newspaper magnates, Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, began their Empire Free Trade campaign, the proprietor of our oldest weekly review, the *Saturday*, announced his conversion to their creed. But the editor of the *Saturday Review*, Gerald Barry had not been converted, so he protested and then promptly resigned. There followed him into exile not only all the chief contributors but even the very secretaries and typists, and then, within a fortnight, a new paper, *The Week End Review*, was not merely announced but brought out and sold out. So far it has been very successful indeed; all the chief contributors to the old *Saturday Review* are writing for it, and in addition writers like Shaw and Bennett have lent a hand; the appearance of the new weekly is an improvement on the *Saturday;* and it looks as if Barry's independence, courage, and initiative, are to be amply rewarded. For those who care about the independent spirit of weekly journalism, it is a heartening little story, and it confounds the pessimists.

The output of fiction has been as large as ever these last few weeks, but only a few novels have been outstanding. The big fellow at the time of writing is, of course, "Rogue Herries," Hugh Walpole's long eighteenth century novel, which is undoubtedly having a great success. So long as they have the right stuff in them, there can be no doubt that the reading public here likes these big novels. This should not surprise anybody. There is nothing freakish about a novel that contains 200,000 instead of 60,000 to 80,000 words. Nearly all the great English novels are considerably longer than this. What is odd and freakish is not the long novel but the standardized article that has been imposed both on writers and readers these last thirty years by "the trade." It is obviously absurd that all works of fiction should be somewhere between 60,000 and 80,000 words long, and I can see no reason why they should not be anything between 30,000 and 300,000 words long. (I am not disinterested in this matter, of course, being the author of one very long novel that still goes on selling briskly here and of another that is nearly ready for the printer.) Reviewers—poor fellows!—groan when they see another of these big books, but there is no question now that the reading public has not the slighest objection to them, indeed, welcomes them.

The cleverest first novel of the season so far has been "Three Daughters" by "Jane Dashwood," who is really a woman essayist and critic of some experience. It is chiefly a study of three sisters in fashionable Edwardian London, and it is notable because it combines real wit with excellent emotional writing. I imagine that it is largely autobiographical. The funniest and most daring novel has been young Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies." He is a young man to watch. Of the American novels published here, Myron Brinig's "Singermann" has had the most enthusiastic press.

Earlier in the year, Lord David Cecil's "The Stricken Deer," a life of Cowper, was easily the best critical biography. Now we have Edith Sitwell's "Alexander Pope," which contains some good technical criticism but is marred by too many slapdash generalizations about men and periods. Harold Nicolson's life of his father, Lord Carnock, the diplomat, is a first-rate piece of writing, and gives a better idea of the general drift towards war during 1900-1914 than any other book I know.

Two of the most delightful new books are Somerset Maugham's "The Gentleman in the Parlor," in which Maugham, rambling about the East, gives us really exquisite description with some entertaining studies of people; and "Theatre Street," by Karsavina, the Russian Ballet star, who describes her early years of training in Russia in the most enchanting fashion, with a wealth of delightful detail. And all American playgoers should also look out for Sir Nigel Playfair's reminiscences, "Hammersmith Hoy," for Nigel Playfair has not only made theatrical history (it was he who brought back the eighteenth century—or something like it—to our stage, beginning with his famous production of the "Beggars' Opera"), but is also a most shrewd, lively, and agreeable writer.

There has just been published a most odd little piece of fiction that may not find its way across the Atlantic. It is called "White Jade," is by Maude Meagher (I don't know who she is), and is all about ancient China and the beauty and charm of the Emperor's mistress, the lovely Yang Kuei-fei. It is a little book, very quiet, but it is at once original and delightful. I commend it to the notice of Joseph Hergesheimer, for it contains an ideal theme for him.

German Literature Today

DAS LITERARISCHE ANTLITZ DER GEGENWART. By HEINZ KINDERMANN. Halle: Max Niemeyer. 1930.

Reviewed by A. W. G. RANDALL

ONE of the most prominent of the youngest German writers, Klaus Mann, son of the author of "Buddenbrooks" and the "Magic Mountain," said some time ago:

> Our young men have been too proud of their problems and of their complications. At bottom, however, we are the least bothered with problems of any young men, perhaps. We talk about problems, but we do not believe in them. We believe only in one thing, in life—and in death.

This defiant assertion of normal mental health and objective belief stands in as strong a contrast as could well be imagined to the credo of the younger German writers of ten or twelve years ago. Gone is the self-torturing of the Expressionist to which poor Wedekind pointed the way, gone the violence concealing despair, gone the desperate attempt to express oneself down to the very last convolution of the brain. For the youngest generation of all Life is something more than the scourings of the slum, Death something more than the experience of the cancer-ward; there seems to have come about a reaction against the philosophy of Expressionism, and a desire to see life steadily and see it whole seems to be replacing the apocalyptic intensity, the violent partisanship, and narrow introspection which marked so many of the writers who came to maturity during the war or soon after its close.

The reader of German books and reviews has long had a pretty definite impression that such a change is taking place. This little book by Herr Kindermann is a useful and precise description of the process. German literature of today, he says, is dominated by the two watchwords, "Ueberwindung des Expressionismus" and "Durchbruch der neuen Sachlichkeit"—the overcoming of Expressionism and the breakthrough of the new objectivity. Just as Expressionism, *Ausdruckskunst*, was a reaction against Impressionism, *Eindruckskunst*, an attempt to get behind the superficial appearances of things, so the former, in its turn, has caused a reaction. Its violence, its ruthless political radicalism, its glorification of a revolutionary internationalism, its rhetorical merging of the individual into the mass, *Masse-Mensch* (the title of one of Ernst Toller's expressionist dramas)—all these were bound, in a generation which could escape the war-psychosis, and was released from the fever of the inflation-period, to bring about a revulsion of feeling. It is exemplified in several of the Expressionists themselves. A number of interesting contrasting quotations are given by Herr Kindermann. Here, for example, is Herr Kasimir Edschmid's summary of Expressionist aspiration:

> *Reality must be created by us. The picture* of the world must be reflected, pure and without distortion. But that is only in ourselves. Therefore is vision the whole of the scope of the expressionist artist. . . . The great divine garden lies like a Paradise at the back of the world of things as seen by our mortal eyes. . . .

The extreme subjectivity which this proclaims led to sentimentalism, a vague kind of cosmic eloquence, an anæmic art whose lack of blood was disguised by a violence of movement. Expressionism, in a word—and the charge has been brought by Franz Werfel himself, one of the leaders and best of the Expressionist poets and dramatists—degenerated into an inferior type of Romanticism. Paul Kornfeld, also a prominent Expressionist, well sets forth the change by two quotations. The first:

> Long live chaos, long live the bleeding heart, the hymn of the human soul, and the thunderous shout of feeling;

the second:

> No more of war and revolution and salvation of the world! Let us be modest and turn our attention to smaller things. . . . Let us contemplate man, a soul, an idiot, let us play a little, reflect a little, and, if we can, let us laugh a little, or at least smile.

The last is significant; its stoutest defenders could hardly maintain that the Expressionist movement—whose vivifying influence in German literature was probably profounder and more beneficial than its actual works would lead one to believe—was gifted with humor, except of the grim, intensely ironical order.

Humor, kindliness, sympathy, concern with the simpler emotions, these are all coming back. Love of country, admiration for heroic character, the beauty of the German landscape, a comprehension of authority, in both politics and religion—these are the marks of many of the most recent works. The individual, too, is asserting himself more, and is trying to establish a synthesis of the two elements which Impressionism and Expressionism emphasized to excess. He seems to say that man is not all body, not all soul, but body and soul together. This new tendency Herr Kindermann sums up in the label "Idealrealismus," and he finds its influence in many of the recent war-books, above all Ludwig Renn's "Krieg," in the modern mystery-plays of the Austrian Catholic dramatist, Max Mell, in the poems of the Austrian Billinger, in the novels of Frank Thiess, in the story "Brackwasser" of Heinrich Hauser—both the latter have been translated into English—yes, and in the historical novel to which the popularity of Lion Feuchtwanger's "Jud Süss" gave such an impetus. In the present flood of translations from the German it is useful to have a guide, an index to their significance in relation to modern German literature as a whole. This, Herr Kindermann has given.

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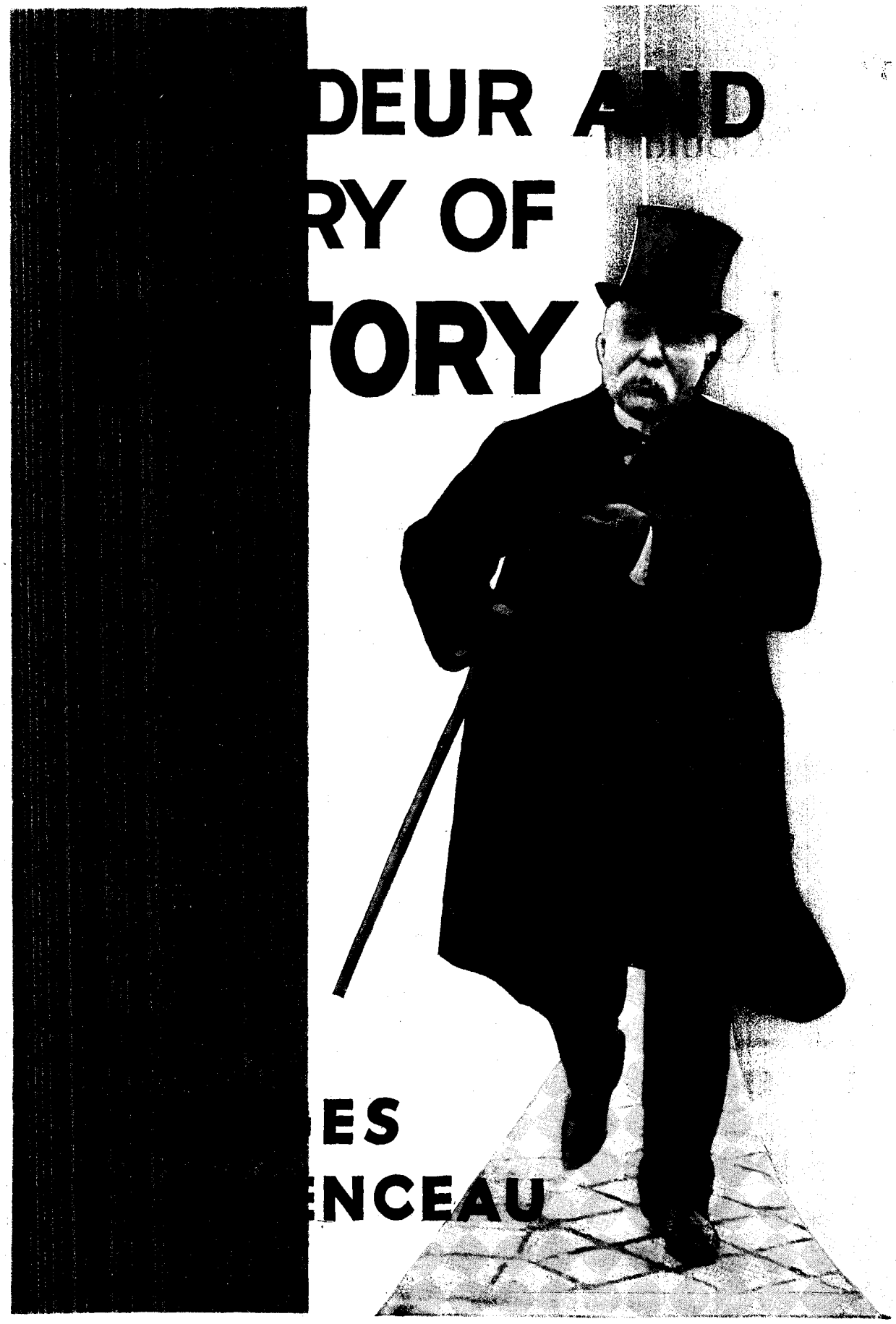

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A Triumph of Rich Variety

John Erskine's Uncle Sam

A Review by

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Author of THE BRIMMING CUP, HER SON'S WIFE, *etc. Her latest novel* THE DEEPENING STREAM *is announced for publication this fall by Harcourt, Brace and Company.*

HERE is a book which combines several kinds of excellences, which seldom keep house together. In this it probably reflects the unusually complex and varied character of the author who in himself combines a rich variety of qualities seldom seen in one person. It reflects, too, his maturity, the wideness of his experience. For it is a book that could have been written only by a man at once wise, witty, and tolerant, with a powerful, informed, and disciplined mind which has made its own the culture of several nations, and moreover with a warm, stout heart, unchilled by learning, which is capable of real affection.

★ ★ ★

For this novel is based on—I won't say patriotism, a word which is coming to have some unfortunate associations of ideas connected with it and is likely to be misunderstood—on an American's affection for his own country. The present literary situation, full of farewells to America by writers too civilized and artistic to go on living here, creates what might be called a scarcity-value for this story-allegory composed by a writer, civilized, cosmopolitan, subtle, who yet loves These States. Mr. Erskine has put into this odd novel, which is as excellent an allegory as it is a story, much of what has been in the hearts of many Americans who see the faults of our civilization, but who also see some good points in it.

★ ★ ★

But before another word is said, the matter of the allegory must be faced. I am sure that everyone who has read this review as far as here, has been making a wry face at the word "allegory". I know because I did myself. I had been one of those who thought of the allegory as a lifeless, artificial, literary conceit, as impossible to revive as the horse and buggy. As I began this book I was sure Mr. Erskine had made a mistake in trying to personify the United States as Uncle Sam, France as Antoinette, Germany as Frederick, New England as Priscilla, England as John, and so forth. I positively knew that he could not make a success of a story double-and-twisted as these personifications would inevitably make it.

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Well I was wrong. He did make a success of it. The

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tty and tolerant, with a powerful mind and a stout heart"

novel is an excellent one, an allegory delightful, thought-provoking, deep. It expresses truth in a way impossible to any other art-form. Each character is both a living person and a stimulating comment on the national traits of the nation he represents. None of the rules for good-novel-writing have been broken. The allegory is allowed to grow out of the story in an astonishingly dextrous manner. The different characters live and move, and grow and change with years and the changing circumstances as real people do. They are recognizably real people, making the mistakes, achieving the successes, showing the good and bad qualities of real people. And every one of them adds to our understanding of this or that modern nation.

The particular triumph of the book, as the author undoubtedly intended, is the character of Uncle Sam. There is magic in the presentation of that wistful, inarticulate figure, which grows from the gawky, keen-witted, independent adolescent of the beginning to be the powerful, middle-aged magnate of the land—still himself, still wistful, still inarticulate, still half-regretting that he disappoints his family so, but taking their disappointment with his own salty kind of humor. He is surer of himself, now, surer that he cannot have anything without giving up something else, surer that what he is after is worth the loss of some of the qualities so highly prized by his upright Puritanical wife, and some of the others beloved by his sophisticated, cultivated brothers and sisters.

It is seldom one encounters a book into which such an immense amount of thought and labor and prearrangement and selection must have gone which shows so little outward trace of such effort. The story reads as smoothly as any other good novel of American life; it is, in fact, a sound, well-constructed, and very interesting narrative concerned with living Americans to anyone who reads it merely as a novel. There is no conscientious heavy-handedness visible which one would have thought inevitable in charging each part of a story with symbolism. Perhaps this danger is averted by the infinite variety of the devices used, one of the most successful of which is the adroit choice of just the right characteristic action which expresses, with no explanations needed, a trait of character—like the dogged persistence with which the young Sam, on coming to school and finding his seat uncomfortable refuses to acquiesce in a tradition of discomfort which has nothing but its age to recommend it.

The reader can take as much or as little of the allegory as he wishes. It seems to run into smaller details, but nobody is forced to follow it there in order to enjoy the story.

And every reader, I should think, except perhaps the exclusive and confirmed esthetic, part of whose creed is that no good can come out of the United States, will follow with sincere affection the life-story of Uncle Sam, so unornamental, but so sincere, so unconventional in his thinking and so sound, and above all so heartily devoted to what is the goal of his life, the rise in value of "Western Common."

—DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

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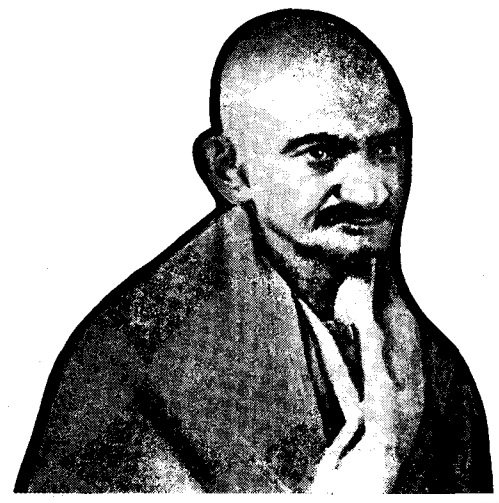

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Books of the Spring

By Amy Loveman

HUSHED be every thought that springs
From out the bitterness of things.

Alas, resignation is a fine virtue, but it is cold comfort. To read of travel and not to taste it, to have the appetite whetted for Italy, and Scotland, and Germany and then be able to let it batten only on description, that truly is what we deem the bitterness of things. If at least we could believe that the path of duty, which is abstracting the book lists, led to glory, we might be able to stomach duty, but in our experience it leads only to misprints and omitted titles and disgruntled printers. Well, at any rate we've started this particular book list with a pleasant experience, for we had to turn to our Tennyson to verify our quotation as to duty, and having thus renewed acquaintance with the fine sonority of "The Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," we slid into "Locksley Hall," and then, taking "The Brook" as a fillip to our enjoyment on the way, into "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." And then we kept on reading and wishing that some of our present-day poets were more Victorian, and wondering how many of them could approach the laureate at his best, and thinking thus we dipped a little into Browning, and then just by way of variety we read a snatch of Goldsmith, and quite considerably of Pope, who seemed almost as much all quotations as Shakespeare. And now it's midnight and we're not even on the first lap of our survey, and we've already made certain the disgruntlement of the printers by assuring the lateness of our copy.

The worst of it all is that we started out to write first of travel books, and now we find ourselves in a dilemma, for by speaking of poetry we have opened the way to mention "The Testament of Beauty" (Oxford University Press), by Robert Bridges, and by bringing in the name of Pope we have made possible reference to the new life of that poet by Edith Sitwell (Cosmopolitan). We didn't intend to speak of them here, but now perhaps we had better. Mr. Bridges's long philosophical poem is one of the noteworthy productions of recent years, profound, lofty, and at times noble in diction as well as in content. Eighty years of age and over, the laureate has a freshness of interest, a resilience of mind, and a youthfulness of spirit that many a younger man could well strive for. Miss Sitwell's "Alexander Pope," though it contains no particularly new material, is a brilliant and discriminating study of a figure which lends itself dramatically to discussion. As long as we've been sidetracked into considering it at all just here we might as well linger on the subject of the poets long enough to call attention to another vivid and highly interesting portrayal, that of Cowper, in the book which Lord David Cecil has entitled, "The Stricken Deer" (Bobbs-Merrill), and in which he presents not only a delineation of the man but a fascinating description of the eighteenth cenaury. Of Maurois's "Byron" (Appleton) it is hardly necessary to speak. Its public was made and waiting for it before it appeared.

But now to get back to our travel books. Ah, we have it! After all we haven't been so wide of the field in talking of poets, for we can make our return to travel via Louis Untermeyer. He has just issued an informal guide to one of the most charming portions of Germany, "Blue Rhine—Black Forest" (Harcourt, Brace) he calls it, and into it he puts description and enthusiasm both. If you're planning a trip to that part of Europe, it would be a convenient volume to have on hand, as would also Clara E. Laughlin's "So You're Going to Germany and Austria" (Houghton Mifflin). But if instead of preparing to visit what not so many years ago we were referring to as the Central Empires, you're contemplating journeying in France, then read Anne Bosworth Greene's "A Light-Hearted Journey" (Century, or Raymond Escholier's "Paris" (Dial). Perhaps it's Scandinavia that is your destination? Well, Harry A. Franck, a seasoned traveller if ever there was one, has blazed a path for you in "A Scandinavian Summer" (Century). Great Britain? Now truly you are served. For M. V. Hughes has prepared a book especially designed (as its title, "America's England" [Morrow], would indicate) for Americans in quest of their past. It will lead you to the tombs of your ancestors, or at least to those of the ancestors of some of your national heroes. Then, Katharine Lee Bates has arranged in "From Gretna Green to Land's End" (Crowell) what the publishers term "a reading journey through literary centers," by which we take it they mean that she conducts her readers through towns and villages that serve as background for books. And H V. Morton has so delectably described Scotland in his "In Search of Scotland" (Dodd, Mead) that it requires all the resolution one can summon to keep from setting sail for Glasgow to-morrow. If you should by any chance start for it you might take along for further reference "Seeing England and Scotland," by E. M. Newman (Funk & Wagnalls). And don't forget that there is a new edition of Baedeker's "England" (Scribners), just off the press.

We're in danger of forgetting for the nonce ourselves, now that we've left Germany and France behind and have got on the subject of the British Isles, that there's a Europe across the Channel, and that beyond the Alps lies Italy. If you're going there, there's a new book that will take you "Down the Tiber and Up to Rome" (Lippincott). It's by Harold Donald Eberlein, Geoffrey Marks, and Frank A. Wallis, fortunate gentlemen who have recently made the trip.

After all, however, the world is larger than Europe. It contains Morocco, for instance, a land of fascination, of novelty, and charm. If all countries were as fortunate as it in their chronicler, how lucky would they be! But there are few R. B. Cunninghame Grahams, and so few books of travel as delightful as "Mogreb-el-Acksa," which the Viking Press has just issued in the first American edition, though in England the work has long since won the recognition it deserves. And not far from Morocco, of course, there's Egypt, and who wouldn't go to Egypt, though perhaps this is not the season for it? Well, if you don't go you can't do better than to read Gérard de Nerval's "Women of Cairo" (Harcourt, Brace). The book, it seems to us, had a much more fitting title when it appeared now more than three-quarters of a century ago, in France under the name of "Scenes from Life in the Orient." All the fire and fragrance of its exotic descriptions, however, still live in the only translation now available of the Symbolist poet's rich experiences. There's another book on Egypt which Harcourt, Brace is also publishing and which can confidently be counted on to be an interesting record; that is "Egyptian Days," by Princess Marthe Bibesco. Perhaps it will interest you sufficiently in the African continent to incline you to read John Cudahy's "African Horizons" (Duffield), and Fred Puleston's "African Drums" (Farrar & Rinehart). Or if Asia allures you as well as Africa there's "Around the Coasts of Arabia" (Houghton Mifflin), by Ameen Rihani, ready for your reading.

You would make your vicarious escape to even less accessible places? Then read "Byrd's Great Adventures" (Winston), by Francis Trevelyan Miller, a record not only of the last attack upon the South Pole but of other assaults on the Arctic and Antarctic regions, or Apsley Cherry-Garrard's "The Worst Journey in the World" (Dial). Then by way of variety you might journey to the Galapagos, Marquesas, and Tuamotu islands in the company of Gifford Pinchot, whose "In the South Seas" (Winston) is shortly to be published. The book is full of the most beautiful photographs and is interesting in its descriptions.

But we can no longer talk of travel. Terrible to be discussing it and dwelling in fancy only on foreign lands now when the hedgerows are sweet in England, when the country between Cherbourg and Paris is yellow with the genesta, a veritable field of the cloth of gold, when the slopes above Lucerne's lake are pink and blue with a wild profusion of tiny flowerets, and when the almond trees are ablush about the white pillars of Girgenti. No, the world of fact is too beautiful to contemplate; we shall pass on to the world of fiction.

But, in beginning to enumerate the novels of spring that are specially worthy of attention, we cannot help speaking out our feeling in regard to the general output of the season. It is, on the whole, unwontedly commonplace. Not that there are not books, and good books, by the novelists whose mere name upon a volume insures interesting reading, but that there seems to be more than the usual quota of indifferent tales, and even the better of the stories lack the highest distinction. We don't know why it is, but so it is. Well, having made our generalization, we shall proceed to particularize, and in so doing probably appear to belie our own statements. For we are about to begin with enthusiasm, with enthusiasm for a first novel that seems to us to have outstanding merit. "Gallows' Orchard" (Cape-Smith), by Claire Spencer, a story laid in a small Scotch village, where a rigid conventionality makes opinion not only hostile but vicious toward the beautiful woman who has sinned against its code, is one of those books which bear the indubitable marks of a fresh and vigorous talent. It is vivid, unaffected, and veracious, and has a beauty of style together with a glow and restraint of emotion, that are all too seldom found. We commend it to you. On the other hand, we do not need to commend "All Our Yesterdays" (Harpers), for anyone who has read earlier works by H. M. Tomlinson will realize that here is a book that is the product of a fine and brooding mind and a heart that yearns over humanity. It is hardly a novel in the ordinary sense of the term, but it is a moving and beautifully written chronicle in which war and friendship and high hopes and suffering are blent as in a rich and lovely tapestry.

But what are we about? We write as though books were few, hours elastic, and space unlimited. We always did believe in the power of suggestion, so if we merely tell you that Joseph Hergesheimer has a new novel entitled "The Party Dress" (Knopf), that William J. Locke's "The Town of Tombarel" (Dodd, Mead) is more in the manner of his Aristide Pujol stories than were some of his recent tales, that John Erskine's "Uncle Sam" (Bobbs-Merrill) is a departure from the order of "Helen of Troy" and its successors in that though it still is symbolical, it is of the present and of America, that Thornton Wilder's "The Woman of Andros" (Boni) has the polished precision and felicity of style if less of the moving quality of "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and that Ludwig Lewisohn's "Stephen Escott" like most of its author's works is a piece of special pleading, done with artistry and subtlety, then you'll know just what to do in regard to them. Apropos of Mr. Lewisohn's novel, we'd like to add that it might be interesting to read in conjunction with it Helen Hull's "The Asking Price" (Coward-McCann), which, like it, depicts the shaping of an artist's career and personality by the ideals, or lack of ideals, as you will, of his wife.

But we cannot afford to stop for this detail, the more especially as we have to take time to say that Osbert Sitwells "The Man Who Lost Himself" (Coward-McCann), another study of the artist soul at war with itself, is a delicate and beautifully wrought portrayal which finds space in its course for some of the most vivid and haunting description of Spain which it has been our good fortune to read; and that Orio Vergani's "Poor Nigger" (Bobbs-Merrill), which has not yet been issued, but which we have been privileged to read in an advance copy, is likewise a book which aside from the intrinsic interest of its story —the chronicle of a little negro boy who is transported from Africa to grow up in France and there eventually to win the heavy-weight championship of the world—wins a vibrant effectiveness from the skill with which it conveys the exotic background of its early incidents. Whew! what a sentence—almost as interminable as the list of novels that stretches before us. But out upon asides. They may relieve our feelings but otherwise they get us nowhere. Henceforth, for a brief space at least, we stick to mere titles which we have grouped together for no other reason than that their authors are well enough known to make comment upon their work unnecessary by way of introduction. And now when we see how much space we have spent upon explaining ourselves we think that we might to better advantage have spent it on explaining them. But we'll on to our titles. "Apples Be Ripe" (Harcourt, Brace), by Llewelyn Powys, "The Selbys" (Dutton), by Anne Green, who is a sister of Julian Green, "A Short History of Julia" (Knopf), by Isa Glenn, "The Sweet Cheat Gone" (Boni), by Marcel Proust, next to the last of the volumes of "La Recherche du Temps Perdu," and the last, alas! that will be translated by the gifted pen of Scott-Moncrief, "Les Enfants Terribles," (Brewer & Warren), by Jean Cocteau, a study of the child mind, and "The Immoralist" (Knopf), by André Gide. There! We've rolled them off with hardly an interpolation, or at least hardly an interpolation long enough to count, and we've ended quite by accident with the books of French authors. That, you see, gives us the chance to make an easy transition to those novels which are the product of the non-English speaking nations, and which, coming as they do in constantly increasing numbers, are holding an ever more important place in our publishing lists.

To begin with there's Maxim Gorki's "Bystander" (Cape-Smith), which is a Literary Guild selection, and which is a great, sprawling work, hardly a novel, and hardly an autobiography, but a fictionized reflection of the author's reactions to recent and present-day Russia, and Axel Eggebrecth's "Pilgrim to the Abyss" (King), also with Russia for a background. Then there's "The Revolt of the Fishermen" (Longmans, Green), by Anna Seghers, a book that is salt with the sea and simple with the simplicity of humble lives, and Balder Olden's "On Virgin Soil" (Macaulay), a tale of South Africa whose interest lies in its picture of a white people amidst a primitive race. Schnitzler's "Dr. Graesler" (Simon & Schuster), which was originally published in English translation some years ago, has now been reissued; it is a slight story but one that shows the finish and clever technique of its author. The theatre audiences of New York which have had opportunity during the past winter to follow Leonhard Frank's "Carl and Anna" on the stage will be interested to find that it now appears in novel form (Putnams). We have not had a chance to read it ourselves, but we are told that the drama makes a novel of high interest.

There is no slackening in the number of German novels that are finding translation into English. Here this season, for instance, are Hermann Sudermann's "The Excursion to Tilsit" (Liveright), Gustav Frenssen's "The Anvil" (Houghton Mifflin), a book wherein is recorded the rise of a German peasant to affluence and influence, "The Woman with a Thousand Children" (Appleton), by Clara Viebig, who for years has piled up sales in Germany that would fill the heart of any publisher with envy, "King Haber" (King), by Alfred Neumann, "The Man of God" (Macaulay), by Count Edouard von Keyserling, the story of a pastor who finds himself torn by the same passions and guilty of the same lapses as his parishioners, and "The Royal Woman" (Macaulay), by Heinrich Mann. So much for Germany. France's Colette, whose popularity in her own country is no whit less great than that of Clara Viebig in Germany, has had a second book translated into English. "Mitsou" (Boni), as are most of her romances, is the study of a woman's soul. An interesting volume of rather novel character is Sigfrid Siwert's "Goldman's" (Cosmopolitan), in which the hero, if so it can be designated, is not a person but a department store.

Now as in the beginning we are distracted. We have made an opening for ourselves which would allow us easily to introduce detective stories, before, alas, we have finished with translations. Howsomever, as the old farmer said, we shall let the latter wait, and begin on the former.

Perhaps you are wondering why department stores should lead up to detective stories? Well, we'll tell you. It's all on account of Vernon Loder's "The Shop Window Murder" (Morrow) which opens with a situation quite new to our extensive knowledge of mystery story gambits. It's an effective situation, too, and one that might be imitated by potential criminals wishing an ingenious method of concealing their ill deeds until after they have made their escape. All that has to be done is to place the corpses of a murdered man and woman among the lay figures of a department store window. Simple enough, surely. But we won't tell you how they were put there in the story, or who put them there; that wouldn't be playing fair. Still, even though we were to give away the plot of one detective story you wouldn't be bereft of all possibility of excitement for there are a number of others that you could read in its stead. There's S. S. Van Dine's "The Scarab Murder Case" (Scribner) for one, and Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Door" (Farrar & Rinehart) for another. Then there are Isabel Briggs Myers's "Murder Yet to Come" (Stokes), Agatha Christie's "The Mysterious Mr. Quin" (Dodd, Mead), "What Happened to Forester" (Little, Brown), by E. Phillips Oppenheim, "Card 13" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Mark Lee Luther and Lillian C. Ford, "Marked Cancelled" (Appleton), by Nathalie Sumner Lincoln, and "Nightmare" (Doubleday, Doran), by Compton MacKenzie, not a detective story, but a yarn of the secret service.

Mais revenons a nos moutons. That it is to say, back to translations. And now after all this preparation, and this transition so carefully made, there are no more translations. Or rather the rest of the translations we prefer to group with the stories that have a real or simulated historical background. Thus we place Felix Salten's "The Hound of Florence" (Simon & Schuster), Alfred Neumann's "Guerra" (Knopf), Robert Neumann's "Flood" (Covici-Friede), Felix Timmerman's "Droll Peter" (Coward-McCann), a fictionized biography of Peter Breughel, and Walter von Molo's "Brother Luther" (Appleton), a tale in which Martin Luther takes the leading rôle. Von Molo is another of the German authors who has been immensely popular in his own country and is only now being introduced

(*Continued on page* 966)

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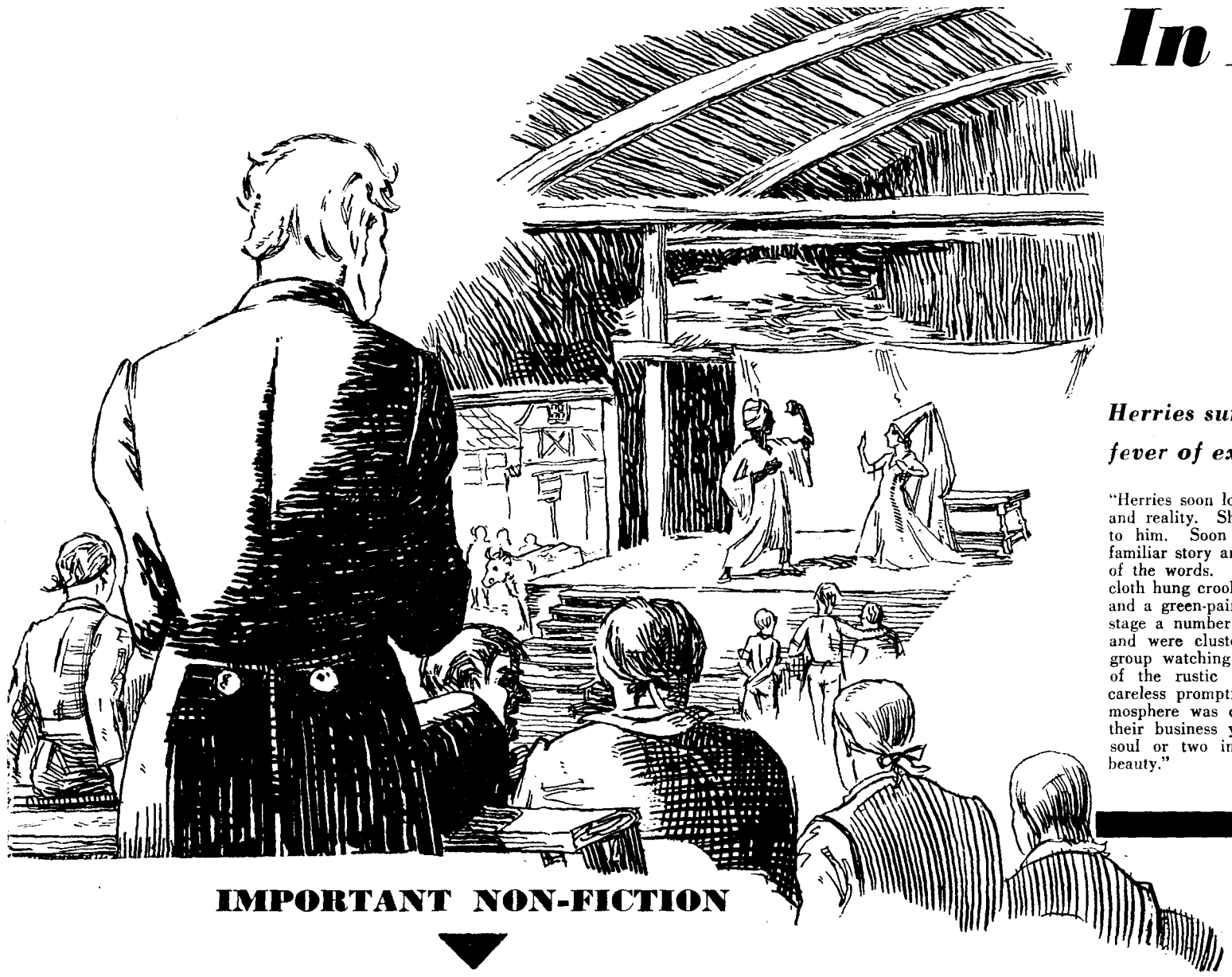

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Flight Without End

by Joseph Roth

One of the most brilliant of the younger German novelists tells the story of a soul torn from its moorings. Bruno Frank says, "His despair is that of the demi-gods. In the same spiritual state as he, Swift wrote *Gulliver* and Shakespeare *Timon*. $2.50

A Generation Missing

by Carroll Carstairs

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Garden

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...acclaimed as his GREATEST Novel

Rogue Herries
by HUGH WALPOLE

All of England is tumbled into this novel—her valleys, her rivers, her ancient towns, her lakes like bowls of pale blue glass, cracked with silver splinters. England is the heroine. England sits for her portrait . . . through the character of Francis Herries, who reeled and caroused through the world that is, bitter with desire for the world that might be.

And England, according to reviews brought over by the *Mauretania*, has taken ROGUE HERRIES to her heart. Here are some of the most prominent: *Daily Telegraph:* "A most moving and unforgettable romance . . . Mr. Walpole's MASTERPIECE." *Daily News:* "This is one of the novels that 'Waverly' forgot to write . . . a fine pageant of the England of witchcraft and rebellion, county fairs and strolling players." *The Spectator:* "Mr. Walpole has never turned his varied gifts to better purpose." *Morning Post:* "The story of Rogue Herries might have been set in any wild spot where a man would become infatuate with a house and a gypsy, plagued by dreams and sunk by the earthly passions he himself despises . . . strange, interesting, full of beauty, tenderness, and romantic episodes." *Times:* "It is big and full-blooded and picturesque, with a wild beauty all its own. . . . *It is Mr. Walpole's greatest achievement.*" *Saturday Review:* "A fine and memorable portrait." *British Weekly:* "Like a panorama of the many-colored life of the Hanoverian age."

To these reviews from England, the New York *Times* adds America's first tribute: "It is a deeply conceived and faithfully and consistently executed character that Mr. Walpole has given readers in the person of Francis Herries . . . a strange, weird book, with a strain of madness in it." *At all bookstores.* $2.50.

ED FICTION

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A new Albert Campion story by the author of *The Black Dudley Murders.* This gaily irresponsible young detective, concealing his highly expert activities behind a mask of laughter, finally outwits the dreaded Simister. *Crime Club selection for April.* $2.00

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CONTEMPORARY LETTERS

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Conducted by MARION PONSONBY

Going A'Journeying

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

SINCE the year began, some eight hundred young people, in almost every State, have told me—with an honesty for which I cannot be sufficiently grateful—what books they really like to read and in many instances why they like to read them. It might surprise an older booklover to find how often travel books appear on this list, unless he knew that the subject most often demanded at this time of life is bound to be "adventure and romance," and that under this loose and lovely classification reports from real life are quite as welcome as fiction. At any rate, the travel books favored by the 'teens are at once adventurous and romantic, to be used rather as a substitute than as a preparation for actual journeys. Those of William Beebe are preferred, under water or in the jungle; travels in the Arctic or in the air; "The Royal Road to Romance" and its successors. Most of us like to think that some day we shall really cut loose and go to the ends of the earth; young Mr. Halliburton picks up his feet and goes. All of us like to dress up and play we are someone great; most of us get no further than a fancy-dress ball, but Mr. Halliburton plays he is Byron and swims the Hellespont, dresses up like Crusoe and rents an island complete with goats, impersonates stout Cortez and climbs the wrong peak in Darien. This touches the 'teens; whether is will start them roving on their own account I do not know, but it certainly does make a young person feel as if he would like a chance to travel.

Actual preparation, however, is another matter. It should, I suppose, begin about as soon as the child listens to stories, and should take the form of stories about foreign lands, more especially about their heroes and history. I hate to think that one of the reasons my only daughter is now so comfortably settled on the other side of the ocean may be that when I ran out of fairy-tale material for bed-time stories, some years since, I took to telling her English history straight through, and as I recall the occasions, it made grand stories. Possibly it was "Puck of Pook's Hill" and "Rewards and Fairies," taken a trifle later, that made

Jacket design by Lynd Ward for "Wonder Flights of Long Ago" (Appleton).

her so at home in English yesterdays. Anyway, a cheerful acquaintance with history of the more picturesque and romantic type makes the best basis for a young person's travel preparations, especially if it is laid early and for its own sake as entertainment. I suppose Stephen King-Hall's "Child's Story of Civilization" (Morrow) would be the best world-history for a start, and V. M. Hillyer's "Child's Geography of the World" (Century) the best introduction to the globe. A good big map, handily hung, may make a child feel at home in the world.

If I were preparing young children to go abroad, I should see that they took in as much history as they could conveniently manage, whether pure or in fictional form, a reasonable amount of geography of the right sort, and as much evidence as I could find, in the form of stories and the like, that life could be immensely interesting and valuable elsewhere than at home, even if it were different. If I bear down on what may seem all-too-obvious advice, it is because I have seen too often the results of the perfect defense-mechanism with which so many of our young people protect themselves against an education, when this system is taken abroad and applied in the course of a European tour. I met one boy last summer who had gone almost through one of our best schools with his mind unimpaired by one new idea; it was uncanny the way he kept his antennæ out to detect information and avoid it. So I hope that the preparation of the young person whom this advice is keeping in mind may begin with cultivation of the spirit of pilgrimage—which may be defined, and indeed has been, as humility at the end of a journey.

Travel literature prepared especially for young readers is so new an enterprise as yet to be experimental in form and in content. Even the experienced and successful travel authority, Miss Clara Laughlin, has had to depart from the tried method of her "So You're Going" books, in her series for young travellers, and work out a new technique in her "Where It All Comes True" (Houghton Mifflin), one volume for Scandinavia, one for France, and so on across the map in time, in guide-books with a conversational tone. Anne Merriam Peck took a wider field in "Storybook Europe" (Harper), an illustrated introduction to the countries likely to be taken in on a first trip. There were last year several stories of families going abroad, Daisy Neumann's "Timothy Travels" (Coward-McCann), a little boy in Central Europe; Marjorie Greenbie's and Helen Davis's "Young America Travels Abroad" (Stokes), two in their 'teens and a young uncle over the grand tour, and several others. But of these the most persuasive and provocative was—and is still—"Ports and Happy Places," by Cornelia Stratton Parker (Liveright), and its successor, "More Ports, More Happy Places" (Liveright), which have probably started many a family on Continental tours who might otherwise have been kept at home until they were "old enough to appreciate it." This made me especially interested in Mrs. Parker's new idea, as soon as she told me about it; this is to take a boy and girl with an intelligent uncle, start them in Rome where they look for evidences of civilization as it was at the beginning of the Christian era, and then move them, as the great ages of history moved, from country to country, looking in each country for the signs of that great time, until at the end of the trip they are in Geneva at the League of Nations. This is just out; it is called "Watching Europe Grow" (Liveright) and is a combination of history-on-the-spot and travel-guide such as might interest a stay-at-home almost as much as one preparing to go abroad. The bibliography attached is the latest and best yet made for travelling with young people.

Younger children are well provided with stories meant to create an *entente* beforehand; France comes off well in such literature. Even a very little child gets a sense of kinship with French children through the enchanting pictures and text of "Nos Enfants," joint effort of Anatole France and Boutet de Monval, especially if this be followed by the peerless "Malheurs de Sophie" of Mme. de Ségur, now in English as "Sophie" (Knopf). "The Golden Goat," by Helen Hill and Violet Maxwell (Macmillan), is a set of fairy-tales of old Provence. It is not often that actual sight-seeing can be planned by means of a book for little children, but it is quite possible to arrange a fairly long stay with daily walks in a marvellous city, by means of Anna Bird Stewart's "Three White Cats of Avignon" (Doubleday, Doran). These animals are taken about to see the sights, by the way. Marguerite Clement's "Once in France" (Doubleday, Doran) is a model for historical stories for children, meant to induce a friendly frame of mind. "The Treasure of Carcassonne," by Robida (Longman's, Green) is about a French family who in the time of Francis I search for the treasure of the Visigoths; it is amusing, rich in color, and strong in sense of the city. Albert Bigelow Paine's "The Girl in White Armor" (Macmillan) is arranged from his grown-up life of Joan of Arc, and like that could be used as a companion for travel. "The Town Crier of Gevney," by Estelle Kess (Macmillan), tells about a French village in war-time when the author lived there. For Italy one naturally thinks of Amicis's "Cuore"; there is a good story of the time of Garibaldi, "Nimble Legs," by Capuana (Longmans, Green); "Mario's Castle," by Helen Forbes (Macmillan), and of course "Pinocchio." "Knights of Charlemagne," by Ula Waterhouse Echols (Longmans, Green), is good for any country where marionettes may be found or for an Italian journey; it is the only book I know—certainly the only book for children—that straightens out the complicated stories of the paladins into a continuous narrative on the order of the puppet-plays. As for stories about England, I have found that there is nothing like Scott for travel purposes, unless it may be Kipling, Blackmore, or Conan Doyle. Indeed, I can safely put this matter into the charge of the best introduction to England that I have yet found, "America's England," by M. V. Hughes (Morrow), one of whose admirable features is the attention it pays to "literary associations."

I do not see how a little child could be more favorably introduced to Hungary than through the Petershams' "Miki" (Doubleday, Doran), and Roumania comes in through the Queen Dowager's "The Magic Doll" (Stokes). "Olaf the Glorious," by Robert Leighton (Macmillan), is a new edition of a life of the first Christian king of Norway, brought out with this year's one thousandth anniversary in mind; "Olaf, Lofoten Fisherman," by C. W. Schram (Longmans, Green), is based on actual experience and praised by no less an authority than O. E. Rolvaag; and of course there is always "The Wonderful Journey of Nils."

I wish all children going abroad could have Miss Gibson's "The Goldsmith of Florence" (Macmillan) long enough ahead to take in its spirit of craftsmanship, and "A Voyage to Treasure Land," by Anna Curtis Chandler (Harper), may serve the purpose that a guide to appreciation does for older travelers in art-galleries. It will be well for the parent to read up on saints and their emblems, and on mythology, if he expects to answer questions while in these apartments.

The experiment of setting children to write travel books for children is one with which I have only a faint sympathy. It seems like stamping on a daisy to discourage a fifteen-year old girl from writing about a summer's trip to Ireland, but Ireland is no country that lends itself readily to interpretation, least of all to a child. Irish folklore is grown-up; there is nothing naïve about Ireland; it takes an Irishman to introduce her, and several of them—notably Padraic Colum in "The Road 'Round Ireland"—have done so. We have too many unimportant travel books by adults now, to permit us to encourage their production by children. Fortunately we have also some books of travel that are not unimportant, and a parent equipped with some of these may safely take abroad children acquainted with some of those I have just named, and feel reasonably certain that they will "appreciate" what they see.

Reviews

THE JAW-BREAKERS ALPHABET. By EUNICE and JANET TIETJENS. Illustrated by HERMANN POST. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1930.

Reviewed by DOROTHY WITHINGTON

MRS. EUNICE TIETJENS has devised a way of impressing names and images at the same time. Wishing to pass on to her children her interest in the prodigalities of this ancient life, she has made an alphabet with a creature and a verse for each letter. It is hard to believe that such jaw-breakers could ever roll so easily off the tongue as in these settings. The meter of the verses gives the necessary running start and a pronouncing table at the end will do the rest. Thus—

A's for Archaeop'teryx,
Of whom perhaps you've heard,
The up and coming reptile,
Who first became a bird.

Each letter of the alphabet has a picture to go with it, done by Mr. Hermann Post. There is something amusing about using the most modern types and illustrations to tell about these extinct animals. The type in this book is a very modern importation from modernistic Germany, very readable in the small masses which the short stanzas require.

The pictures are done in that sort of air-brush technique so affected by "Us Moderns"—a style usually pretty poor. But in the case of Mr. Post's illustrations, the style has real merit; it serves to throw an unearthly aura about Pterodactyl and Diplodocus which no amount of detailed reconstruction could possibly do. They emerge from the uniform gray background as though from the primal ooze, with amazing vitality of tail and claw and wing. Several of the pictures stand out sharply in the memory: the Pteranodon, a huge, batlike creature with a fantastic head, flying over the waters of that early chaos with the moon shining on his wings; the Hesperornis, a water bird with no wings and teeth in his enormous beak, diving deep in the ocean with the most malignant intent after a prehistoric fish; and a cave family crawling away in terror on their stomachs at the onrush of a herd of unconcerned Wooly Mammoths. It is an unusually good piece of illustrating.

One of the illustrations by Hermann Post for "The Jaw-Breakers Alphabet."

TEA TIME TALES. By ROSE FYLEMAN. Illustrated by ERICK BERRY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by MARGERY BIANCO

THERE are two kinds of fairy tales, those in which the action takes place in some remote enchanted realms, and those in which the magic is brought boldly home and produced from everyday familiar objects, as the rabbit is taken from the conjuror's silk hat. The latter type is the one that will endear itself to children every time, possibly because it is so much easier to believe in. No one can really hope to rescue princesses from glass mountains, but almost anyone might unexpectedly discover that they owned a bewitched door-knocker or a magic broom.

Miss Fyleman has a perfect instinct for just this kind of tale; the ready invention, the whimsical turn and—most indispensable—the logic that makes the story inevitable. Whether she writes about cats, kings, or saucepans, you feel the authoritative touch; the story really did happen, and it happened just like that. The twenty brief tales in this volume are of the kind that small children will most appreciate, and they would be especially good for reading aloud. The length is just right, and their style lends itself so easily to dramatization that even in the hands of an unskilled story reader they could not fail in effect.

THE STORY OF THE PILGRIMS. By ROLAND P. USHER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1930. $1.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

MR. USHER'S narrative, which loses nothing in vividness by being historical rather than romantic, deserves this reissue. Recognizing that "events must be personalized for small children," he has not hesitated to depict certain scenes in words for which, as he acknowledges, there is no "literal warrant" in the authorities, but even in these scenes he has been careful to make the general impression accurate by basing the imagined conversation and descriptions upon the persons concerned as contemporary accounts reveal them. The romanticism which he has eschewed is such as that which envelops the figures of John Alden and Priscilla. These personages appear, but they are presented as they were, so far as that is known, rather than as they have been made to seem by story tellers. The value and the interest of the little book are enhanced by numerous illustrations from contemporary sources, the subjects ranging from tomahawks to a colonial kitchen and including a few relating to the life of the Pilgrims in England and Holland prior to their great adventure.

(*Continued on page* 964)

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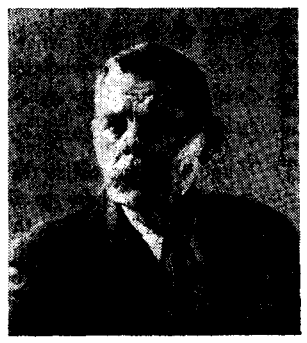

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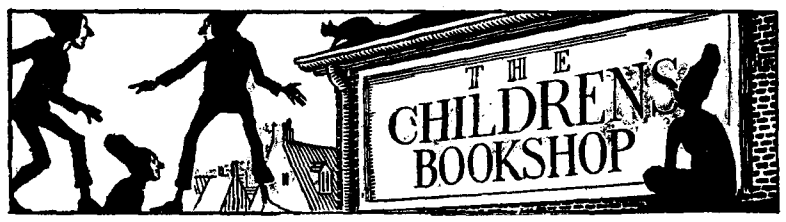

The Gossip Shop

By RACHEL FIELD

APRIL again—the birthday month of Hans Andersen, Dorothy P. Lathrop, Emily Street, and William Shakespeare. Hans Andersen had his one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary celebrated at an evening meeting of music and story-telling in the Children's Room of the Library at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. Dorothy Lathrop will celebrate her anniversary by having an exhibition of her paintings open in New York, and Emily Street will almost be leaving her desk in the F. A. Stokes & Company offices to step aboard the steamer that will be taking her to England along with Helen Fish, also of Stokes, and Bertha Gunterman, head of the juvenile department of Longmans, Green. We have long been hearing of and envying them this trip, for are not Miss Fish and Miss Street planning to join Miss Eleanor Farjeon (one of our favorite writers of children's prose and poetry), and are they not all three going on a walking trip over the Sussex Downs? This will be under Miss Farjeon's guidance, and gladly would we trust ourselves in her hands, since this is her own particular corner of England. Indeed, it was this countryside which was responsible for her enchanting and spirited verses in "A Sussex Alphabet" and for all of "Martin Pippin," that tale of spring and youth and romance that remains as perennially fresh and gay and charming as your first sight of early marsh-marigolds. Yes, Miss Farjeon has as much difficulty keeping Sussex out of her books as we have in managing not to let the State of Maine in ours. Helen Fish assures me that they will visit the little cottage near Amberley where "Martin Pippin" was written. More we cannot write, since it sets us *hankering*.

To return to Dorothy Lathrop and her exhibition. It will not be entirely hers, because she comes of a family of artists and this time must divide the honors with her mother, I. Pulis Lathrop, and with her sister, Gertrude K. Lathrop. As we understand it, there will be three rooms, one for Mrs. Lathrop to show her decorative still lifes and portraits; one for Dorothy's flower paintings and original illustrations; and still another for Gertrude's sculptures. We expect to experience our old difficulties when attending three-ringed circuses, for memories of the work of these very different artists from our visit to their Albany studio still haunt us. Incidentally we had better not forget to give the dates in our pleasure over the coming event. Here they are,—April 14th to 26th at the Fifty-sixth Street Galleries, 6 East 56th Street. The exhibit opens with a tea given by Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt, an enthusiastic Albany neighbor.

Speaking of artists, we cannot keep from crowing over Pamela Bianco's winning a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative work in painting next year. The only thing that troubles us about this is that it will probably mean not so many illustrations from her pen and brush for the next year or two. We shall miss that, but at least we can be sure of a book of hers next Fall, because Josiah Titzell told us that it is nearly done, and he has seen many of the pictures with his own eyes. These are for Mrs. Ewing's "Three Christmas Trees," to be reissued in this new format by the Macmillan Company. We are all agog to see what Pamela will do to Mrs. Ewing, especially since we learn from our same source of information that she has temporarily abandoned her fine line for heavier massings of black and white. Incidentally the above mentioned informant has done a delightful prose portrait of this gifted ex-child prodigy which may be found in the *Publishers' Weekly* for March 29th.

A very pleasant, unpretentious little book from the Macrae, Smith Company is Inez Hogan's "The Little Toy Airplane" at $1.50. Here is a really modern picture book story for very young readers. It proves that this sort of thing can be done with imagination and without the informational quality which so often obtrudes when people write or picture modern inventions. We like the simple, direct way Miss Hogan tells her stories. At times there is quite a Hans Andersen flavor about them without their being too derivative. Another of her picture story books will be brought out next Fall by the Macmillan Company. This one is to be called "The White Kitten and the Blue Plate," and we like it very much already.

Louise Seaman showed it to us, but she won't show us many more for the next month or so, she being off to far quarters—at least they seem far to us. By the time this is in print she and her husband will be half across the desert most likely and off by pack train to Rainbow Bridge and other places with almost as nice names. But Miss Seaman will not give books and book dummies a complete rest, as she is to speak at the Western Booksellers' Convention in Los Angeles on April 25th. We shouldn't mind being there to hear her ourselves.

From L. G. Painter of the Mississippi State College for Women at Columbus, Mississippi, has come a most flattering letter which we cannot quote, and a copy of "The Tree Named John," authentic stories of a child on a Southern plantation by John B. Sale. Mr. Painter writes that he helped the author in the arrangement of his material, and between them, and with the added help of an excellent silhouettist, Joseph Cranston Jones, they have produced a very rare and attractive small volume with a genuine American background. Many of the stories have to do with Negro superstitions and customs. It is not quite another "Uncle Remus," but it can go on the same shelf with that classic. It is published by the University of North Carolina Press of Chapel Hill at $2.

Chapel Hill sets us thinking of Elizabeth Madox Roberts, whose book of children's poems, "Under the Tree," we mentioned in last month's Gossip Shop. There is just space enough left to add that we spent an evening with her a week or so ago. We hope some day she will do a book of personal reminiscence about her own childhood in a small town. That would be a book.

CHAPEL HILL ANNOUNCES SIX NEW BOOKS FOR SPRING 1930

MATERIALS FOR THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE

By PIERCE BUTLER

The most important source materials brought together compactly and readably in a narrative, rather than an outline form. April 20. $2.00.

THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY IN NORTH CAROLINA

By CLARENCE CLIFFORD NORTON

An account covering one of the most important periods in our history—1835-1861—during which were developed the issues culminating in the Civil War. It discloses also the origin and progression of much party machinery familiar to us today.
May 15. $3.00.

SOME SOUTHERN COTTON MILL WORKERS AND THEIR VILLAGES

By JENNINGS J. RHYNE

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By CYRUS HARRELD KARRAKER

A study from first-hand sources of the position and importance of the sheriff in Colonial Virginia and Maryland and in the mother-country.
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NORTH CAROLINA: ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL

By SAMUEL HUNTINGTON HOBBS, JR.

A thorough survey of the state, based on the author's close study of it for 15 years and on official statistical data. An informing book about one of the most interesting states in the Union. May 30. $3.00.

RELEASED

By ANNE BLACKWELL PAYNE

A book of verse. April 1. $1.50.

We particularly recommend these books, published recently

THE VIRGINIA PLUTARCH

By Philip Alexander Bruce

In thirty-six biographical sketches of Virginia's great sons, from colonial times to the present, this well-known Virginian manages to account not only for Virginia's greatness, but for the greatness of America. A thoroughly enjoyable book beautifully printed, profusely illustrated.
Two volumes, boxed. $9.00.

THE LIFE OF MIRANDA

By William Spence Robertson

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THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

By Norman Foerster

The "humanistic" point of view applied to scholarship as it is practised in America today, with some proposals for a remedy of the situation in the training of young students. The book has aroused much controversy and should be read by everyone interested in graduate study and in the current discussions of humanism. $1.00.

THE TREE NAMED JOHN

By John B. Sale

If you like Uncle Remus, you will like this book—even better. It has humor, poignancy, fascinating lore—and it breathes the life it portrays—a little boy's "raising" on a Mississippi plantation 30 years ago, much influenced by the old-time Aunty who "ran" the family. With silhouettes by Joseph C. Jones. $2.00.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA PRESS

Reviews

GARRAM THE HUNTER. By HERBERT BEST. Illustrated by ERICK BERRY. Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by BATA KINDAI AMGOZA IBN LOBAGOLA

LIKE my own story in my book called "LoBagola," this volume tells about the adventures of a boy in Africa, but I smile when I think what a difference there is between the two books. My story tells about what I and other boys did in my native jungles in the West African Bush, where the land is flat and covered with thick forest. "Garram the Hunter" tells about a boy of the hills, and the open, unforested country. It is a good story. It holds the reader fairly trembling with interest. Every boy will like to read it. The boy in the story is such a brave warrior, such a quick thinker, so able to do anything, that I like him. The warrior in Africa is not a fool. He is a good fighter. Boys will like "Garram the Hunter."

Some of the Fulani live not far from my own home in Africa, and they are a great and a brave people. The man who wrote the book knows what he writes about. So does the artist who drew the pictures. This is the same artist who drew the pictures for my own next book, to be published in August, "Folk Tales of an African Savage." That artist traveled in West Africa and knows how to draw pictures of our wild land. Many things in "Garram the Hunter" made me think of Africa: the narrow paths, the sweet bees, the natives standing on one foot, the wise old Rainmaker with his bags and charms, the cactus hedges around the villages, the guinea fowl, the big war drum, the spears, and the bows and arrows. In my book I tell how I and fourteen other boys ran away from our village, and what adventures we had. Then I tell how I and my good follower, Enfiki, went wandering through the Bush, among the cannibal dwarfs. But dear me! Our adventures were not half so terrible as Garram's. Garram is a good story, but it sounds like a story. It is good, but it is just a very, very good made-up story.

RED COATS AND BLUE. By HARRIETTE R. CAMPBELL. New York: Harper & Bros. 1930. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS book is characteristic of a period that tries to be all things to all men and all at once. The author has availed herself of reference books, now so easily accessible, she has learned from the movies that something should happen every instant, and she has acquired from the air, which is heavy with it, the art of propaganda. Hence an eighteenth-century story that attempts in three hundred pages of large type to give Georgian England, wild Scotland; life on the roads, life on the sea, revolutionary Boston, battle, escape, and life in Tory New York. As a film it might pass, for the scenes are well chosen, but as narrative it is clogged with incident and background, and not free of anachronisms and errors in geography. The story of a little girl's adventures with her soldier father is well enough, but by the time she reaches the warring colonies there are so many threads that twice this number of pages would never weave them all into a convincing fabric. The author has industry, and it is a novelty to show the Tory side of the Revolution, but why make costume history (always dubious history) so laborious in a child's book, and why complicate the plot with three potential lovers before the age of sixteen! There was a story—of Gretta and Denis—which Miss Campbell conceived of, and how they learned what war was really like. But she has buried this simple story.

THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY APPLESEED. By HENRY CHAPIN. Illustrated by JAMES DAUGHERTY. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

IN this ribald age, when sentiment has lost its virtue and simplicity its honor, we all, young and old, gain something from meeting Mr. Chapin's "Johnny Appleseed," who, as a youth, in the westward expansion days following the Revolution set out a-faring, like a St. Francis, from his home in Connecticut, distributing seeds for apple orchards and, lastly, pages from his Bible, and as a worn pilgrim of over seventy ended his earthly trail at Fort Wayne, Indiana.

There was, then, a "Johnny Appleseed," born Jonathan Chapman, son of Nathaniel Chapman the carpenter and Mary Chapman, who is no fiction nor mere fireside legend. This story, as the title would imply, is not restricted biography nor fact narrative. As a story of a boy and a boy's adventures it is a story for adventure-loving boys; Johnny always was a boy in faith; but it also is a story for everyone whose mind has eyes and whose soul holds romance.

With great charm of description, ready invention of incident, and sound historical knowledge of the trails across the Alleghanies into the West and of the land and the typical people of the uneasy Ohio Valley in settlement days, Mr. Chapin accompanies Johnny upon his ten thousand miles of journeying to and fro, in heat and cold, sunshine and storm, a boy and man never too poor to be happy, sometimes alone, but frequently in strange and varied company, afoot, by wagon, and by flat-boat.

It is an Overland Trail story of those days, when the Overland Trail lay east of the Mississippi River. Few other writers could have told it as Mr. Chapin tells it. The prints from Mr. Daugherty admirably fit into the atmosphere of the text.

THE HUMS OF POOH. By A. A. MILNE. Music by H. FRASER-SIMSON. Decorations by E. H. SHEPARD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1930. $2.50.

IT was a grand idea to set the hums of Pooh to music! First, because Pooh himself is so deservedly beloved that another sight of him is always welcome. Then the Hums themselves (fruit of Pooh's more reflective moments) seem to cry to be sung. H. Fraser-Simpson, who has already identified himself with Mr. Milne in "Songs from . . . Now we are six," is quite in sympathy with the atmosphere demanded by Pooh's peculiar type of humor. He has made some melodies not too difficult for a child to sing with accompaniments that add dramatic interest. Then, Mr. Milne's notes of explanation any child would be sad to miss. E. H. Shepard has had the inspiration (and privilege we might add) of creating the visual image of Pooh and his friends, and many of these well-known pictures, without which the Milne books would be shorn of much of their charm, adorn this present volume.

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Books of the Spring

(*Continued from page 959*)

to ours. And this time we really think that finishes up the translations. . .

There is a goodly store of novels which, in Wordsworth's phrase (twisted, we'll admit, from his meaning), "bloom upon the stock of history." Indeed, the costume romance and the historical novel gain favor apace, and appear in constantly increasing numbers. Hugh Walpole's "Rogue Heries" (Doubleday, Doran), a good, roistering tale set in the eighteenth century, falls almost into the first category, while James Boyd's "Long Hunt" (Scribners), a chronicle of America's surge to the West and across the Mississippi in the early 1800's, Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" (Doubleday, Doran), a dramatic and colorful story built upon the experiences of Oklahoma, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Great Meadow" (Viking), the scene of which is "Kentuck" in the days of early pioneering life, belong in the latter.

Alas! A most disconcerting thing has happened to us. A night has intervened since last we wrestled with our list, and what with one thing or another, with much reading of proof at the printers and considerable discussion of books over the dinner table, we are somewhat at sea as to what we have actually chronicled and what we have only talked about. Certainly all possibility of consecutiveness has been shattered by the fact that we don't know where we left off. Well, all we can do is to fall back upon Shakespeare for authority for our inconsequence:

. . . I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please.

Incidentally, one of the persons with whom we held converse as to books over the coffee cups was an author himself, and one whose excellent first novel we had in mind to call to your attention. It was Jonathan Daniels, whose "Clash of Angels" Brewer & Warren recently issued. There's a book that is at once philosophical and witty, that unfolds a good tale in its chronicle of the creation of Heaven and earth and weaves some sound scholarship into its portrayal of the traffickings of Jehovah with the angels. When you have finished it you might continue your excursions into Biblical story with "Judge and Fool" (Liveright), by Vladimir Jabotinsky (Altalena), a tale of which Samson is hero. We haven't read it ourselves, but Mr. Daniels and other competent critics tell us it is well worth attention. And then, of course, there's Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures" (Farrar & Rinehart), which has stirred the New York theatre public to enthusiasm in its stage presentation, and Roark Bradford's "Ol' King David and the Philistine Boys" (Harpers), which is in the same vein as the earlier work which Mr. Connelly adapted for the purposes of his play. Somewhat similar in character, but in Gullah dialect, is "Black Genesis" by Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude M. Shelby (Macmillan). And for no reason at all to be classed with these works, except that it won a religious book prize (spring book lists, like politics, make strange bedfellows), is Lettice Ulpha Cooper's "The Ship of Truth" (Little, Brown). Oh, and since we have already strained compatibility so far we might just take occasion to mention here T. F. Powys's charming "Kindness in a Corner" (Viking), which doesn't in any sense belong in the category of books of religious purport except insomuch as its hero is a gentleman of the cloth. And a very kindly and very human and sometimes sorely perplexed gentleman he is. "There goes the parson, O illustrious spark!"

Heavens! Our quotation has taken us back to Cowper, the biography of whom under the title "The Stricken Deer" we mentioned somewhere near the beginning of our ramblings. And that, of course, offers another of those providential opportunities to slip gracefully from one field of books to another. Oh, no, we haven't nearly finished enumerating novels, but then, "variety's the spice of life," so we'll betake us for a time to biography. And since we've reached it by means of Cowper we might as well proceed by enumerating some of the new studies of other authors. But immediately we are confronted by a problem—what to do in the case of a biography whose subject is only secondarily an author. In the case, to be explicit, of a man who wrote quite a shelfful of books, and good books, too, and whose fame, which reached to the farthest confines of the world, rested entirely on his political achievements. "Riddle me, riddle me, ridddle me, ree, Who in the world is he?" Who could it be but Theodore Roosevelt? That's certainly letting him in by the back door, but you see the excuse for such unceremonious treatment is that the sketch of him we have in mind has been written by another author. By Owen Wister. It's entitled "My Friendship with Roosevelt." Too late we realize that the book hasn't yet been published; but then, since we've now made this statement, we suppose Macmillan won't mind our mentioning it. It is a lively and entertaining chronicle, beginning with reminiscences of Harvard days and continuing on until Roosevelt's death brought interruption to the friendship which had ripened through the years. But we are hopeless! Still, since we have thus let ourselves be sidetracked to one political figure instead of carrying out our intention of discussing the lives of men of letters and the arts, we shall allow ourselves further to be diverted to another. Clemenceau's memoirs, covering under the title "Grandeur and Misery of Victory" (Harcourt, Brace) reminiscences of the war years, have just this week appeared. What a man was the tiger! What a hater, what a fighter, what a lover of "the most sweet land of France"! There's a book which ought to interest all tastes. It has been issued simultaneously in all parts of the world. Fortunately, if later you have discovered the personality of the grand old man of France in his own blazing pages you want to know more of the details of his life and of how he appeared to those about him, you have the means ready to your hand in Jean Martet's "Clemenceau" (Longmans, Green) and the late George Adam's "The Tiger: Georges Clemenceau" (Harcourt, Brace). They are both good books by men who knew whereof they wrote.

But we seem to be advancing with altogether too wandering steps and slow. We'll hie us back to that group of books with which we intended to commence our biographical summary. It includes "Conversations with George Moore" (Knopf), by Geraint Goodwin; "Beaudelaire: Flesh and Spirit" (Little, Brown), by Lewis Piaget Shanks; the second volume of "The Last Years of Thomas Hardy" (Macmillan), by his wife; "Brawny Wycherley" (Scribners), by Willard Connely; "The Life of Robert Burns" (Harcourt, Brace), by Catherine Carswell; "Stendhal, the Life of an Egotist" (Holt), by Rudolf Kayser; and "Victor Hugo" (Brewer & Warren), by Raymond Escholier. Then there's "The Life of Boccaccio" (Boni), by Thomas Caldecot Chubb, a study based upon exhaustive research but not too scholarly in manner for general consumption; "Philine" (Houghton Mifflin), under which title Van Wyck Brooks has translated what the publishers term "a literary discovery," the love letters of Amiel; another group of love letters which also are a discovery, "Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet" (Little, Brown), edited by Leslie Hotson; the second volume of "The Diary of Tolstoy's Wife" (Brewer & Warren); a little book by Jean Marie Carré on "The Frail Warrior" (Coward-McCann), who is, of course, Robert Louis Stevenson, and "Balzac: The Man and Lover" (Dutton), by Francis Gribble.

A pleasant book which will rekindle sleeping memories for readers on the shady side of fifty is Charles J. Finger's "Seven Horizons" (Doubleday, Doran). Mr. Finger, who has led a life full of variety and interest, in the course of which he has enjoyed acquaintanceship with colorful and notable persons in many lands, was born in England in the days when bonnets were still *de rigueur*, when wax flowers decorated the mantelpiece, and when to be outspoken was to be vulgar. He was one of the early group of socialists who felt that wages and conditions of living and working as they then obtained in England were intolerable and who carried on an ardent battle for the betterment of the working classes. His opening chapters, as indeed those which follow and recount the author's experiences after he had left his native land, are warm with the revived enthusiasm of adventure lived strenuously at the time. Pleasant reading also is Albert Payson Terhune's "To the Best of My Memory" (Harpers) with its reminiscences of the great and near-great. Several of our American celebrities receive attention in Matthew Josephson's "Portrait of the Artist as American" (Harcourt, Brace), a study of Henry James and Whittier, Emily Dickinson and Henry Adams, Ambrose Bierce, Lafcadio Hearn, and Stephen Crane.

Fie, foh and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.

There's a biography of "Laud: Storm Center of Stuart England" (to swerve from arts and letters to Church and State) which Robert P. Tristram Coffin has written and Brentanos have published, and a life of Cardinal Newman (Dial), by J. Lewis May. Then, to continue with political biographies though no longer with studies of Britain's great, there's a life of Francis Joseph I (Harcourt, Brace), by Karl Tschuppik, whose earlier biography of "The Empress Elizabeth of Austria" (Brentanos) has won much praise; a volume of essays on "Makers of Modern Europe" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Count Carlo Sforza; "Saladin, Prince of Chivalry" (McBride), by Charles J. Rosebault; "Charlemagne" (Houghton Mifflin), by Charles E. Russell, and "The Shadow King" (Houghton Mifflin), by which term Hans Rogers Madol designates the mysterious Dauphin.

And here are ladies! We present them to you as ladies should always be presented, as their own quite sufficient justification for existence, and not because they are exemplifications of this or that. Here's "Hetty Green" (Doubleday, Doran), not the most lovable but certainly the most successfully avaricious business fanatic of her sex, whose peculiarities and abilities Messrs. Sparks and Moore have written up; here's Harriette Wilson, whose "Memoirs" (Minton, Balch) has just issued, and a very charming and inconstant lady she was, to be sure, who could wield a pen with malice and skill, and who changed her lovers with as much readiness as her gowns; here's Mata Hari, whose activities as spy in the World War Major Thomas Coulson (Harpers) has recorded at length and H. H. Berndorff in his "Espionage" (Appleton) more briefly, and here's Anne Hutchinson (Brentanos), "an American Jezebel," as her biographer, Helen Augur, calls her. Not a particularly lovable lot. We're glad that to offset them there is, first, a record of the work of one of the women of whom contemporary America is most proud,—Jane Addams's "The Second Twenty Years at Hull House" (Macmillan), and, second, Lady Hosie's charming "Portrait of a Chinese Lady" (Morrow).

After you have read the latter book, you might in order to supplement your knowledge and to get another point of view, read "A Son of China" (Norton), by Sheng Cheng. We don't believe it is out yet, but it will be soon, and it's a delightful book both inside and out, for it has a binding made of wallpaper that is delicately lovely and a content that is full of interest. And now we are back to the men. Well, to proceed with them there is "The Diary of a Country Parson" (Oxford), edited by John Beresford, an old book with the charm of quaintness, and Giovanni Papini's "Life and Myself" (Brentano) and his "Saint Augustine" (Harcourt, Brace), the latter rather disappointing. Papini is too much concerned with making out a case for the Church to be a satisfactory biographer in this instance. Then there is "The Truth about Wagner" (Stokes), by Philip Dutton Hurn and Waverley Lewis Root, and "Michael Angelo and Other Sketches" (Dutton), by Dmitri Merezhkovski, and a volume by Emil Ludwig soon to come, entitled "Three Titans" (Putnam), which contains sketches of Beethoven, Rembrandt, and Michael Angelo. And since we have mentioned Beethoven's name, we might as well, instead of saving it up until we get back to enumerating novels, insert here the fact that Samuel Chotzinoff's "Eroica" (Simon & Schuster) is a fictionized life of the composer. Mr. Chotzinoff, who is himself a musical critic, has succeeded in introducing a story element into his narrative without belying facts or straining interpretation.

Now, since by way of variety you may wish to know of some good, swashbuckling biographies, we might mention that Angel Flores has written another of these fictionized sketches, this time the life of that friar, soldier, wit, and author of whom Cervantes said: "Behold the monster of Nature, the great Lope de Vega" (Brentano). If you are looking for stir and excitement you might try Francesco Nitti's "Escape" (Putnam), or "The Memoirs of General Wrangel" (Duffield), or "My Life" (Scribners), by Leon Trotsky. This last is a surprisingly interesting book considering how much has already been written on its subject and the events of which he was a part, and is surprising, also—at least it was to us—in its revelation of the family environment and childhood of its hero.

Well, we seem to be back at the makers of political history, so "now's the day and now's the hour" to list Samuel Eliot Morison's "Builders of the Bay Colony" (Houghton Mifflin), C. L. Coleman Sellers's "Benedict Arnold" (McBride), Rupert Hughes's "George Washington: The Savior of the States" (Morrow), the final of an excellent trio of volumes, the first of which pulled Washington from the pedestal to which this last restores him, polished to greater brightness than before; John Corbin's "The Unknown Washington" (Scribners), a work which opens up some interesting new avenues of approach; "A Gentleman Rebel" (Farrar & Rinehart), an account by John Hyde Preston of the exploits of Anthony Wayne, and "Rutherford B. Hayes: Statesman of Reunion," by H. J. Eckenrode, the initial volume in the series entitled American Political Leaders which Dodd, Mead is to publish. Arthur Pound has written a biography of that interesting figure in early American annals, "Johnson of the Mohawks" (Macmillan), and Theodore Maynard has a volume entitled "De Soto and the Conquistadores" (Longmans, Green). Johnson, if we mistake not, had a numerous progeny in which ran Indian blood; they were not, however, simon-pure American such as is Plenty-Coups, whose record of his own life Frank Linderman has put into narrative form, and the John Day Company has published, under the title, "American: The Life Story of a Great Indian." Here is a genuinely interesting book.

The Greeks and Romans seem to be on the eve of a revival. Louis Couperus has written a fictionized account of the conquests of Xerxes in "Arrogance" (Farrar & Rinehart), Leo V. Jacks has brought out "Xenophon, Soldier of Fortune" (Scribners), and Arthur A. Weigall is to publish a life of Nero (Putnam). We don't know just when it will be out, but we do know that we have never seen compressed into a few chapters such an orgy of horrors as lie in the advance proofs we read. And Mr. Weigall is not bent on displaying Nero as a monster, but rather on showing what made him liked despite his lusts and cruelties. We take it Nero might have been elected Grand Master of some widespread order of his day, if there had been any such to elect him. But what was to be expected of him considering his forebears and relatives? We can only misinterpret Shakespeare instead of writing further of him:

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

As a matter of fact, now that we've written it, we think that the rack is the only thing in our quotation that has any pertinence to Nero.

But now dark fear closes in upon us. Space, which seemed so interminable when we set out, suddenly seems to be taking on bounds and limits, and here are we writing on though as columns were indefinitely elastic, and lists incompressible. Fortunately the latter's not the case. By again exerting a ruthless determination we shall manage to get the rest of our biographical titles into a paragraph. Here they are, without order or comment: "Goethals, Genius of the Panama Canal" (Harpers), by Joseph Bucklin Bishop and Farnham Bishop; "Hizzoner Big Bill Thompson" (Cape-Smith), byJohn Bright; "Larson(Duke of Mongolia" (Little, Brown), by F. A. Larson; José Antonio Paez" (Macrae-Smith), by J. B. Cunninghame Graham; "The Autobiography of a Criminal" (Duffield), by Henry Tufts; "War Nurse" (Cosmopolitan); "Simon Bolivar" (Norton), by J. Fred Rippy; and "Some Mariners of France" (Putnam), by Meade Minnigerode.

Having so admirably demonstrated how possible it is to dispatch titles in short order we shall proceed to subject our volumes of historical and international bearing to the same summary treatment which we have so effectively applied to biography. Here, then, in their turn are they: "The Crusades" (Doubleday, Doran), by Harold Lamb; "Russia To-day and Yesterday" (Doubleday, Doran), by E. J. Dillon; "Growing with the West" (Longmans, Green), by John M. Stahl; "A Short History of the French People" (Macmillan), by Charles Guignebert; "The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits" (Viking), by René Fülöp-Miller; "The Outlaw Years" (Macaulay), by Robert Coates; "Look to the East" (Dodd, Mead), by Freedrick Palmer; "England" (Harpers), by Wilhelm Dibelius; "Soviet Russia" (Little, Brown), by William Henry Chamberlin; "America Looks Abroad" (Viking), by Paul W. Mazur; "Mahatma Ghandi's Ideas" (Macmillan), by C. F. Andrews, and "Turkey Faces West" (Yale), by Halidé Edib.

And that's that. About this point in our labors we begin to groan audibly; until now we have been stifling our agony, aware that the only difference between yours and ours is that you don't have to read and we do have to write. Yet we see light ahead, for, broadening down from precedent to

(*Continued on page 968*)

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Reviewer Recommends Burning!

DOWN IN THE VALLEY

By H. W. FREEMAN

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"A simple and idyllically beautiful story."
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Books of the Spring

(*Continued from page 966*)

precedent, we think we can dismiss a number of our categories in as rapid order as the last. Still, of course, when a group of titles is as small as that we have made for drama it might be permissible to progress slowly enough to say that "The Russian Theatre" (Lippincott), by René Fülöp-Miller is a magnificent book to possess, that Paul Claudel's "Christopher Columbus" (Yale) is interesting, and that Anton Chekov's "That Worthless Fellow Platonov" had never been published in or translated into English until Dutton saw fit to bring this edition out.

It's rather a lean season for poetry, though, of course, if Robert Bridges's "The Testament of Beauty" (Oxford) is to be regarded as being part of its harvest it is a distinguished one, if by virtue of that poem alone. It has seen the publication also of Leonard Bacon's "Lost Buffalo" (Harpers), Helene Mullins's "Balm in Gilead" (Harpers), Hart Crane's "The Bridge" (Liveright), and Samuel Hoffenstein's "Year In, You're Out" (Liveright). Frank Ernest Hill's translation of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" (Longmans, Green) is shortly to appear.

From poetry to war is a wide leap, though one that has often been bridged, and we make it with a bound. And here we deliberately dull our mind to the possibilities of our category, for so numerous have been the war books during recent months that were we to allow memory free range we should have a sorry time recording them. We select almost at random from their number the following titles: "Verdun" (Dial), by Henri Philippe Pétain; "Gallipoli Memories" (Doubleday, Doran), by Compton MacKenzie; "African Drums" (Farrar & Rinehart), by Fred Puleston; "A Subaltern's War" (Minton, Balch), by Charles Edmonds; "Stepdaughters of War" (Dutton), by Helen Zenna Smith, the chronicle of the experiences of a girl ambulance driver in France; "Hey! Yellowbacks!" (Day), the war diary of a conscientious objector; "The Nineteen" (International Publishers), by A. Fadeyev, an account of the Russian civil war; "Her Privates We" (Putnam), by Private 19022, which we are glad to see is to be published under this title in America as well as in England, where it has been deservedly getting excellent reviews; "Three against Fate" (Houghton Mifflin), by Mary Agnes Hamilton, a story in which a wartime murder trial lends excitement to the narrative, and "Retreat" (Century), by C. R. Benstead, a novel portraying a chaplain and his débâcle under the stress of war.

And so, "a farewell to arms." We proceed to a miscellaneous assortment of books which we think should be brought to your attention. First, there's "Sleep" (Day). Not "pensive poets painful vigils" kept, but young students went "sleepless themselves to give their readers" "Sleep." For this is the book that chronicles the results of the experiments carried on in the psychological laboratory of Colgate University over a period of years—experiments which have been skimmed by the investigators, Donald A. Laird and Charles G. Muller, to furnish this popular discussion. It's an interesting volume, with many a startling fact and useful suggestion in it. But we are making a bad beginning. To turn it into a good end we must continue our miscellaneous list with no remarks by the way. Thus runs the unadorned chronicle:

"Typography and the Mechanics of the Newspaper," by Kenneth S. Olson (Appleton); "Pioneering on Social Frontiers," by Graham Taylor (Chicago); "Machine-Made Man," by Silas Bent (Farrar & Rinehart); "Love in the Machine Age," by Floyd Dell (Farrar & Rinehart); "The Life of the Devil," by Father Louis Coulange (Knopf); "Toward Civilization," Edited by Charles Beard (Longmans); "Numbers: The Language of Science," by Tobias Dentzig (Macmillan); "The Awakening College," by C. C. Little (Norton); "The World in the Air," by Francis Trevelyan Miller (Putnam); "The Realm of Matter," by George Santayana (Scribners); "Jump! Tales of the Caterpillar Club" (Simon & Schuster); "Believe It or Not," 2nd Series, by Robert L. Ripley (Simon & Schuster); "Beauty: An Interpretation of Art and the Imaginative Life," by Helen Huss Parkhurst (Harcourt, Brace); "Human Speech," by Sir Richard Paget (Harcourt, Brace); "The New Humanism," by Leon Samson (Washburn); "Humanism and America," edited by Norman Foerster (Farrar & Rinehart); "Treatise on the Gods," by H. L. Mencken (Knopf); and "Who Moved the Stone?" by Frank Morison (Century).

And now we'll grasp "the eel of science by the tail." (That biography of Pope has certainly made us Pope-minded in short order; we seem to be quoting him again and yet again.) John Langdon-Davies has written a most interesting volume on "Man and His Universe" (Harpers), and it's matched by another fascinating work in H. S. Jenning's "The Biological Basis of Human Nature" (Norton). Then there's "Yourself, Inc." (Brentanos), by Adolph Elwyn, and "The Materials of Life" (Norton), by T. R. Parsons, the latter, studies in bio-chemistry. If you're concerned to know more about chemistry you can further read "The Making of Chemistry" (Day), by Benjamin Harrow, and "Crucibles" (Simon & Schuster), by Bernard Jaffe. If, on the other hand, astronomy attracts you more, there's "The Great Astronomers" (Simon & Schuster), by Henry Smith Wilson, in which to slake your desire. Or, if you would have something more general, you can turn to "The New World of Physical Discovery" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Floyd L. Darrow, or "Modern Science" (Putnams), by J. Arthur Thomson. There—that eel has slipped away.

Well, "it's a long lane that has no turning," and "all roads lead to Rome," or any

(*Continued on page 976*)

Kay Cleaver Strahan . . .

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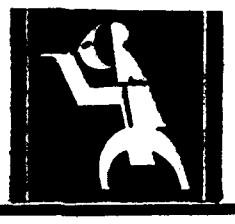

The CRIME CLUB Garden City N. Y.

Points of View

Poverty, Poverty, Poverty

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

In addition to seeking standards, many, very many of us are seeking some remedy for the terrible malady that is right now eating the heart out of eighty per cent of our population.

That disease is Poverty, Poverty, and again Poverty.

I do not refer to the pauperism that seeks bread and fuel of the public charity fund—though there is enough of that and to spare—no, I refer to the poverty that haunts and dogs the steps of the salaried man and woman, the wage earner, and those who are unsuccessfully seeking employment.

And this in the country that boast of its undeveloped natural wealth, that brags of the number of its multi-millionaires.

And does this condition affect the literature that its victims seek—that they often buy?

Certainly, it does. Those who are harassed by debt, by unpaid bills, bills made to secure necessary food and clothing, those who find themselves troubled and desperate fly to any stimulus for a release from the worry, if not for actual pleasure.

Universities, and colleges, and high schools, and many magazines and agencies have been calling to the public, "Come and pay our fees, and we will put you on the road of better wages, of increased salaries."

The fees have been rigorously collected, and the poor dupe finds in return for the money he or she found it so difficult to pay, that some high-sounding advice is offered, some of the deferred hope that sickens the heart.

The teacher, trembling that the school may close; the young clerk, whose salary is totally inadequate, fly to the latest novel; at the free library they clamor for the last detective story:—utterly desperate, and not wanting friend or foe to suspect how nearly desperate they are, they deliberately pay some of the small hoard left for a book that they hope will lull them to rest.

A little higher up in the financial scale the worried business man, the professional man and woman, finding it hard to collect bills overdue, dash after a recent biography of Sir Edward Coke and Francis Bacon, trying to forget, for a time at least, that the coal bill of last winter is unpaid, that taxes are overdue, paving charges looming large, while insurance dues threaten.

Poverty, Poverty, Poverty, of those who seem well-to-do is the cause of much of the unrest and feverish activity that—in the less well-balanced—seeks relief in sensational literature and drink.

Is there a remedy? Sure there is. And just a little bit of encouragement will result in a "mass meeting" that will bring forth some suggestions really wise, and eminently practical.

The writer has not to the present had either water or electric light turned off, but nevertheless she knows whereof she writes.

L. GRAHAM CROZIER.

Knoxville, Tennessee.

The Graduate Student Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Never have I seen a more candid statement of the growing demand that "the path of the Ph.D. be made to attract, serve, and equip the 'born writer, whether creator or critic,'" than that in your issue of some months ago. It would be as reasonable to expect that the course of instruction in the New York College for Policemen be made a path to "attract, serve, and equip" writers of detective stories, or to demand that the professor of medieval history arrange his lectures for the benefit of potential mayors of Chicago.

In undergraduate departments of literature there is a place for courses designed to train creative writers in the fundamentals of their work, and there is also a place for pure literary appreciation. I am inclined to think that if we are to grant anything to the rather misguided attack that is now being made on the Ph.D. it is that a premium should not be put on the Ph.D. in selecting teachers of creative writing.

The Ph.D. is a symbol of the mastery of a certain field of knowledge. It does not aim to fit a man to create literature, any more than an M.D. course aims to fit a man to create men, although in either case students may feel that they were "born" to the other vocation.

I believe that the tendency of young people who want to write to undertake graduate work is due to two factors which they would do well to face honestly. In the first place they feel the need for more leisure in which to enrich their acquaintance with literature. College life supplies those so inclined with more of an opportunity to "loaf and invite one's soul" than any other type of modern activity,—and the modern Milton is hard put to it for a Horton. For that reason the tendency of would-be writers to linger on at college is not particularly deplorable. But their demand that graduate work be made a continuation of undergraduate work is unfair to those students for whom graduate work is designed, that is to students of language and the history of literature. When these embryo journalists, poets, and what not, undertake to fulfil the requirements for the graduate degrees they frustrate their own ends and blame that frustration on a system that was never designed to serve their turn, and which has ends of its own, if the profession of literary historian and philologist is to be at all allowed. On the other hand I do not see what possible use a poet can have for a Ph.D. If we are to have a graduate degree for writers let it be a different degree, with an appropriate set of requirements.

But would a degree of Doctor of Poetry be worth anything? Isn't this simply a modern version of the eternal demand of the immature that experience be made available at second hand and in a hurry? They charge that professors of literature do not supply them with maturity, with understanding, even with "new" ideas. They do not understand that the "inspiration" they fail to find in the classroom cannot be transmitted from one individual to another, not even from a Socrates to a Plato. It must be born after the manner of the Phoenix.

A GRADUATE STUDENT.

A to Z

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

Will you give space to the following lines?

Our books are in the dining-room,
By chance—so runs the modern loom,
Scrambling cooks and conservatories,
Cellars with the eighteenth stories,
Beds in pantries, milk with crooks,
And Noah in our breakfast nooks.
Two shelves are Enc. Brit., 11th Edition,
Dividing regularly by fission.
So while they eat our children chaunt
This witch-rhyme to their visiting aunt:

"A to AND
AUS to BIS
BIS to CAL
ITA to KYS
CAL to CHA
CHA to CON
CON to DEM
SUB to TOM
DEM to EDW
EVA to FRA
EDW to EVA
GIC to HAR
FRA to GIB
HAR to HUR
HUS to ITA
L to LOR
PAY to POL
ODE to PAY
POL to REE
REF to SAI
LOR to MEC
MUN to ODD
MED to MUM
SHU to SUB
SAI to SHU
TON to VES
VET to ZYM
AND to AUS"

DOROTHY LEONARD.

Oneida, N. Y.

Conrad "Remainders"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*

SIR:

I am an old (yet not so old) Conradian. I used to be one of the ship's orchestra in the *Tuscania* under Captain Bone, and many a browse in the High Seas Bookshop has been mine.

I am writing to ask you if you could some time in *The Saturday Review* enlighten me and others as to the significance, if any, of the many books by and about Conrad, in brand new condition, on the fifty cent heaps in Liggett's Grand Central and other such places.

Somehow I felt a little sad to find Conrad among the publisher's remainders.

JOHN C. W. BIRD.

Bloomfield, N. J.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Biography

PINEAPPLES OF FINEST FLAVOR, or A Selection of Sundry Unpublished Letters of the English Roscius, David Garrick. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by DAVID MASON LITTLE. Harvard University Press. 1929.

Garrick was never in higher favor than at present when posterity seems to have taken sides with his friends against his enemies. The recent sales in London of many of his MSS. showed his following among collectors who eagerly parted with very large sums for anything from his hand. He has appeared successively as actor, manager, man-of-the-world, poet, and now we are invited to view him in this beautiful quarto—printed by Mr. Updike—as a letter-writer.

In spite of Mr. Little's effort to popularize his book its interest must fall outside the group he seems to be aiming at when he refers, a little unhappily, to "the unsophisticated." However interesting these letters may be to professional or amateur students, it is surely a mistake to put them into the same class with those of the great letter-writers. It is an exciting thing for the devotee to read for the first time, "do you know a Gentleman whose name is *Gibbon*, propos'd by Dr. Goldsmith, and who was blackball'd ye same Evening you was Elected?" But the interest lies in the fact stated and not—as usual with Cowper, Gray, Walpole, and even "Gilly" Williams—in the manner in which it is stated. These letters are useful and valuable, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Little will lose no time in bringing out his complete and definitive edition, but do not let us confuse them with the little works of art which are among the chief delights the eighteenth century furnishes us to-day.

MARLOWE AND HIS CIRCLE. A Biographical Survey. By FREDERICK S. BOAS. Oxford University Press. 1929. $2.50.

Dr. Boas has produced, with his customary lucidity, an excellent summary of the facts at present known concerning Christopher Marlowe and his associates during the latter portion of his life. The volume contains new material about Robert Poley, first published by the author in "The Nineteenth Century and After," October, 1928, and has a useful "List of Principal Documents."

ESCAPE. By FRANCESCO NITTI. Putnams. 1930. $2.50.

One would expect that the nephew of a pre-Fascist Premier of Italy who has been exiled for his opposition to the present régime would not be overly favorable in his opinions of Fascism. When the nephew himself has been taken from his home and, on administrative order, without trial of any kind, imprisoned on a penal island it would be surprising if his account of his misadventures did not contain something of bitterness.

It must be said, however, that the younger Nitti, the author of this book, has told his story with surprising straightforwardness. He does, it is true, make out many of the Fascists with whom he comes in contact to be either madmen or sadists. But less often than might be excusable under the circumstances does he turn aside from his narrative to indulge in diatribes against his Mussolinian enemies.

The story itself is a good one, though it suffers by attenuation. It would make a good finale to a novel during the earlier chapters of which we had been led to know and understand and love the hero—and the waiting heroine, who is entirely absent from this volume. But even the nephew of a former Italian premier is of no vital importance to the American public. And the tale of his misfortunes and his happy escape, although excellently presented, fails to bring the emotions to thrill pitch and hold them there through even the 250 thinly printed pages of this book.

The chief interest for American readers will be in the writer's exposition of the methods of the Fascist dictatorship. Here his restraint, his refusal to resort to high and fevered denunciation, in pleasing contrast to his distinguished uncle's introduction, cannot fail to impress. The recital of the facts, plain and unadorned, carries with it a conviction of truthfulness which is highly damaging to any exalted opinion of Fascist rule. The under side of any political structure is unpleasing enough; but the under side of Fascism, as exhibited in this book, is as bad as the worst.

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE TCHEKA. By BORIS CEDERHOLM. Houghton Mifflin. 1929. $4.

Boris Cederholm is a Finnish subject who went to Russia in the summer of 1923 as the representative of a South American firm which exported materials used in tanning. He was arrested in April, 1924, and after passing through various prisons, was sent to the Solovetsky concentration camp—"Solovki," as it is generally called in Russia—on an island at the edge of the Arctic Ocean. It was not until Christmas time, 1926, that the Finnish Consulate-General in Leningrad, after repeated efforts, succeeded in obtaining his release. Mr. Cederholm's book is the long and detailed—rather too long and too detailed, though interesting—account of his experiences during this hideous adventure, the precise causes for which he never, apparently, clearly understood.

To understand and explain, in terms of Western legality and justice, the acts of the Russian secret police, is, as it is perhaps unnecessary to point out, frequently impossible. Where such terms as "counter-revolution" and "economic espionage" may be stretched to include anything from one's grandfather to a harmless personal letter to a foreign friend, and arrests frequently include not only the person suspected of some offense but most of his friends and relatives, all sorts of things happen which, abominable as they might seem to a Swede, an Englishman, or an American, are accepted in Russia more or less as a matter of course.

It must be admitted that Mr. Cederholm, for one who knew Russia as well as he did, was indiscreet to say the least. He had been an officer in the Imperial Russian Fleet, quite enough in itself to make him suspect even were he coming "in" merely to see the pictures in the Hermitage. And to fancy that an ex-Naval officer, with all his background and old friends, could buzz about Moscow and Leningrad for a year or two, gunning for a monopolistic concession, and meanwhile mixing in speculative deals with dubious "Nepmen," without getting into trouble, suggests an astonishing optimism. The precise slip through which he permitted the police to get something "on" him—his secretary's harboring, for an old friend, a box of contraband typewriter ribbons—isn't particularly important. Whether or not the whole episode was the act of an *agent provocateur*, or whether the Tcheka had other evidence, they might in any case be expected, under the circumstances, to "get" him on one pretext or another, and to start the train of adventure of which his book is the story.

The significance of Mr. Cederholm's narrative lies, of course, not in the injustice of his imprisonment, but in the "news interest" of its picture of the day-to-day life of a prisoner of the Tcheka, and in particular its picture of much-talked-of Solovki. Stories of prison experience by the prisoners themselves, or their indignant friends, are much alike, whether they be Northern stories of life in Libby Prison, or George Kennan's stories of life in the prisons and prison camps of the old Czarist days, or this Finnish business man's story of his own sufferings.

Doubtless he is not the fairest and most objective of reporters. Doubtless there is another side. But in his long and circumstantial account, there must be a lot and enough that is objectively and literally true. Those who enjoy the vicarious shudders provided by such a story will not be disappointed in Mr. Cederholm's book, and those who are thinking of doing business in Soviet Russia will be helpfully reminded, perhaps, that it behooves the foreigner to watch his step.

FAMOUS GIRLS OF THE WHITE HOUSE. By *Kate Dickinson Sweetser*. Crowell. $2.50.

FORTY YEARS OF IT. By *Brand Whitlock*. Appleton. $1.

Drama

THE PLAYS OF TCHEKOV. Translated by *Constance Garnett*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

PAINTED VEILS. By *James Huneker*. Modern Library. 95 cents.

MODERN ACTING. By *Helena Chalmers*. Appleton. $2.

Fiction

PILGRIM TO THE ABYSS. By AXEL EGGEBRECHT. Translated from the German by M. M. BOZMAN. King. 1930. $2.

The life of a princess! This novel was called "Leben Einer Princessin" in the original German, and that title was good.

(*Continued on next page*)

New Scribner Books

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The amazing life story of a lifelong revolutionary, ex-chief of the army of Soviet Russia, and leader with Lenin in the upheaval that levelled an empire and startled the world. Of it Emil Ludwig says: "A great writer has here set forth his fantastic life in such a way as to make me wonder why people still read novels, or even write them. The book begins like Hamsun, and closes like a third act."

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

For Herr Eggebrecht tells the story of the stormy, harsh career of a Russian princess who, as the jacket informs us, was closely related to the family of the Czar himself. There is a vast body of information in the narrative, so vast that we often lose our way in the maze of revolutionary and counter-revolutionary intrigue. But that confusion does not prevent our getting a vivid sense of the princess's character, for her personality is more important to us than the events of her life. Her aloofness, inhumanity, intensity—her continuous growth towards a complete cynicism regarding human nature and human conduct—these qualities combined with her fantastic wealth and power make her an astounding and memorable figure.

Herr Eggebrecht writes a fictive biography rather than a novel, though we suspect that his intentions were towards the latter form. There is, in "Pilgrim to the Abyss," little suspense, little characterization (save of the princess herself), and no plot. Minor characters crowd in on each other's heels and then disappear ingloriously. Episodes occur in chaotic confusion; they are neither developed nor articulated to their greatest possible effectiveness. Yet the narrative as a whole is saved from being dull by the figure of the tragic princesss—a princess whom neither governments, nor men, nor evil itself could quite conquer. A magnificent woman—and a woman most profoundly to be pitied!

THE TICKER TAPE MURDER. By MILTON M. PROPPER. Harpers. 1930. $2.

One of the main functions of a murder story is to mystify. This novel certainly does so and coupled with this is a very readable if plain prose. The plot is reasonably complex. It deals with the discovery of a big financier after a train had run into him. All would have been well if a bright-eyed detective hadn't been on the spot to notice the man was dead before the train hit him. From this to the final discovery of the murder is a trail with many byways finishing up nowhere. The detective works with thoroughness on clues immediately available to the reader so that he has all the chances himself to spot the murderer first. If one is expert in taking hints one can do this long before the author intended—perhaps not, one never can be sure—but certainly long before the none-too-foolish detective ardously comes up to scratch.

Mr. Propper has undoubtedly done a very good job. He has played the game with the reader according to all the unwritten rules. That is, the murderer is introduced early and not kept in a bag, and all the clues available to the detective are available to the reader at the same time. When you add to this an interesting plot and efficient writing it will be seen "The Ticker Tape Murder" is a book to recommend either to experts or to others who want their excitement with their feet in the fireplace.

THE STRENGTH OF LOVERS. By HUGO WAST. Translated from the Spanish by LOUIS IMBERT and JACQUES LECLERCQ. Longmans, Green. 1930. $2.50.

Hugo Wast, the eminent South American novelist, here writes an historical romance of Sebastian Cabot and his expedition in search of a passage to the northward of the Straits of Magellan. The time is the early sixteenth century, and most of the action takes place on the shores of Brazil, where the expedition ingloriously petered out. There is a good deal of fighting, traitorous intrigue, and amorous complication. This last element in the narrative is provided by a number of Spanish ladies who were taken along—in a perfectly nice way—by Cabot. Throughout the novel, historical and fictional material is satisfactorily mixed; or, rather, the mixture would be satisfactory if the fictional material was even slightly entertaining.

Unfortunately, "The Strength of Lovers" is hopelessly dull. We never have the faintest interest in the fortunes of the characters, and usually the plot is so involved that we give up trying to straighten it out. From the evidence of this novel, Hugo Wast does not seem to be a natural story-teller, though it may be that some of the dulness is due to an unimaginative translation. But whatever the reason, the few bits of information that we do get in no way compensate for the boredom involved in getting them.

FIRST AND LAST. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. Duffield. 1930. $2.

This is a second-rate novel of glacé romance, treachery, and "fatalism." Clichés, platitudes, and unconscious humor abound. The major characters are all hopelessly mechanical, the plot obvious and pieced together by a chain of coincidences. Nevertheless, it holds the reader's attention until the bitter end,—probably by the suspense and fever which Mr. Whitechurch as a detective story-writer injects into his works.

The book is divided into two parts: prologue and body. The prologue opens in the little village of Rundleham, where live Alan Crawford, "gentleman" stepson of a poor vicar, Tom Ragless the rough and sturdy fisher lad, and Fred Rayner, an unpretentious farmer. In order to demonstrate the thesis, "once a fisher lad, always a fisher lad," Mr. Whitechurch selects Tom from this trio. Through an act of heroism displayed in a wreck, he is provided with ways and means of becoming, first educated, then a millionaire. To all appearances, he is knighted for being a war profiteer. Meanwhile, Alan Crawford has turned into a dull, sleepy, old country parson, while Fred Rayner remains the simple farmer. Around these characters the story develops.

The most concrete praise we have for "First and Last" is that it possesses unity; and such minor characters as the natives of Rundleham are excellently drawn. Despite his glib amateurishness, the author somehow does manage to amuse a weary reader.

DRUM AND MONKEY. By GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS. Liveright. 1930. $2.50.

Several disturbing questions occurred to us as we were reading "Drum and Monkey," a first novel. We found ourselves wondering why Mr. Manning-Sanders wrote in so odd a manner, with such a lack of discernible depth. Is the novel a half-hearted allegory? Is it an attempt to avoid the obvious, the traditional, an attempt to embrace novelty for the sake of mere novelty? In short, what is the point? Mr. Manning-Sanders has been, we fear, just a bit too clever for the good of his literary soul.

Yet the novel has good points. The setting, thrown at us in great hunks of local color, is fresh and memorable: a squalid street in a minor English seaport. On this street Charles Honey, central character of "Drum and Monkey," lives above his second-hand shop, and farther down on the other side is the pub from which the novel takes its name. Except for Honey, the characters evoke no sympathy; they remain grotesque silhouettes, seldom becoming real people. Honey suffers from delusions of grandeur. In his own mind, he is too good for the junk business; he thinks high thoughts and lives in a strange, self-made world. In his son he sees the possibility of a vicarious eminence; but this Bickford develops into a dull sort of lad, gullible and groping, a broken reed for Honey to support himself on. And as final irony, Honey discovers one day that Bickford is not his child. Though Honey is often an effective, interesting character, he lacks the vitality, the convincingness that might make him a first-class creation. "Drum and Monkey" is constantly in danger of being theatrical, something played by actors against a backdrop.

The novel will interest readers who are looking for the unusual instead of the satisfying. And Mr. Manning-Sanders is not to be sniffed at; we sense latent power and a certain knobby independence. It is not unlikely that he will become a good novelist, notwithstanding the fact that he is now too much in love with his own notions. Surely, there is no sense in expecting a first novel to exhibit a rounded accomplishment or an impeccable taste.

EARLY CANDLELIGHT. By MAUDE HART LOVELACE. Day. 1929. $2.50.

In this thoroughly delightful novel Mrs. Lovelace has recreated with vividness, sympathy, and charm the pioneer days of southeastern Minnesota. The time is approximately a hundred years ago; the scene is what has since become St. Paul. Few historical novels fulfil their purpose as gracefully as "Early Candlelight"; few set their period before us with such brilliant coloring or manage characters and action so persuasively. It is a pity that more scenes of our frontier life have not had a recreator as successful as Mrs. Lovelace.

Fort Snelling, at the meeting of the Mississippi and the Minnesota, was, in the 1830's, the outpost of the white man. To the eastward was civilization, to the westward the unknown. For a while the march towards the sunset had paused, and Fort Snelling was the center of a good life, neither particularly dangerous nor unbearably primitive. The community that straggled up and down the Mississippi held a varied society: the Indians in their villages, low-caste white squatters, industrious French Canadians, from whose ranks the sturdy *voyageurs* were recruited, and the wealthy traders recently come from the East—the aristocrats of the non-military. Mrs. Lovelace gives us the seasons with an almost poetic beauty; she sketches the routine of the days, she suggests the petty irritations of inevitably conflicting interests, she shows what this diverse population ate, wore, and thought about. The principal characters are excellent. There are the DuGays, an extraordinary family, of whom Dee is the competent manager and Narcisse the hardly culpable villain. And we admire Jasper Page, the chief trader and the idol of the settlement; if he is perhaps too good to be true, we forgive him, for we are in a most genial frame of mind. The actual plot, a not unconventional love story that brings together Dee DuGay and Jasper Page, does well enough and never turns sugary; it is properly subordinate to the magnificent background of the pioneer community.

Of course, it may be that the whole picture is a bit romanticized and prettified, but we doubt it, for Mrs. Lovelace is thoroughly convincing. She illuminates a complete way of life, and gives renewed vitality to one of our most precious traditions—the frontier. "Early Candlelight" is an admirable accomplishment, a novel that we shall remember warmly and gratefully.

THE DEFENDANT SOUL. By CHARLES FORREST. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

This is a murder story, but the murder is not a mystery. Arabella Cole, an English farmer woman, has killed Cissie Rouse, her husband's mistress; the husband is charged with the murder, and Arabella wonders what she shall do about it. She spends long hours in self-justification, long hours in analyzing how it happened that she, the husband, and Cissie ever got into such a mess. There is also a good deal of cheap cowardice on Arabella's part; we should like her better if she had owned up to the murder and secured by her confession George's acquittal. But she was tenacious of life, absorbed in working the truck garden from which she and George had got their modest living, and somehow she just didn't get to the point of telling the truth and clearing his name. The processes of justice as they touch George Cole do not seem to move with the thoroughness and celerity that we traditionally expect from British courts. But there is little emphasis in the novel on the legal aspects of the case; Mr. Forrest spends most of his time within the stuffy confines of Arabella's mind. He calls his novel "The Defendant Soul." In our eyes Arabella's soul was not acquitted, even though she brought in a favorable verdict upon herself; the evidence for the defense is far from conclusive. Arabella is unlovely in every way; she is loutish and disagreeable, with no redeeming qualities. Why should we forgive her for having caused her husband the embarrassment and danger of a trial for murder?

Mr. Forrest puts subtleties and coherencies of feeling and reflection into Arabella's mind that we refuse to believe in. No woman of Arabella's position would ratiocinate as widely or as deeply as Mr. Forrest asserts she did. Arabella was no Mrs. Dalloway. She was merely a not unordinary country woman, a step above the peasant, to be sure, but still not one to indulge in the particular kind of introspection that Mr. Forrest ascribes to her. By so much, the novel gives the impression of artificiality. What Mr. Forrest has done well, however, is to tell his story with a maximum of effective indirection and inference; he is often skillful in creating suspense. Furthermore, his countryfolk—gossips, tradesmen, and petty gentlemen—are vivid and appealing.

THE AGE FOR LOVE. By ERNEST PASCAL. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $2.50.

Away back in the early 'twenties Floyd Dell set the pattern for a certain type of novel dealing with modern love and marriage. "Moon-Calf" and its successors spawned a whole new breed of light fiction, along with which we can count—though we would not compare the two novelists—the books of Ernest Pascal. The chief characteristics of this type of novel are its topical interest and the opportunity it offers for a little vicarious experience in amatory affairs for its readers. All of us, the author seems to feel, are interested in the working out of other people's love affairs, and most of us will be glad to read about them at considerable length and in considerable rather intimate detail.

In his latest novel, Ernest Pascal has offered the broadest variety of situations. Jean Hurd, his chief character, goes through almost every kind of experience in love and marriage which is possible for a person of her somewhat limited intelligence to go through. She is sexually mated with one man, the object of the ideal devotion of another, and a companion to a third. In her marriage she tries adultery, separation, divorce, and remarriage. In what may be called economic problems she tries dependence and independence of her husband—she continues a business career, has an abortion, and stops going to the office after she has a child.

The story moves along fairly plausibly, but we do not find Jean herself very convincing. Sometimes she lives, sometimes she doesn't; many of her experiences and reactions are real, but they might be some other person's experiences quite as well as hers. This typical, rather than individual, conception of character is of course essential to the kind of novel Pascal is writing. No single character would—or could—ordinarily go through the various types of experiences, from the lowest to the highest, that make up "love and marriage" and that would offer some point of contact with the experience of every possible reader.

Pascal seems at times a very interesting writer. He catches some of the frustration that is inherent in his characters, and epitomizes it in brief bits of writing of considerable brilliance and emotional power. But he can also be sentimental, and the book as a whole gives the impression of thinness of material. The uncompromising end and the treatment of certain characters—especially Jean's mother—in the first chapters seem to indicate that Pascal could write a novel considerably more realistic than "The Age for Love," if less bright and fashionable.

LIQUOR, LOOT, AND LADIES. By CHESTER T. CROWELL. Knopf. 1930. $3.

In form an autobiography, this book, as Mr. Crowell is at pains to warn his readers, is in fact fiction. Yet in one respect, despite its author's disclaimer, it is autobiographical, for Mr. Crowell has put into the mouth of his fictive political boss discourses upon prohibition, crime, woman suffrage, and other subjects which obviously set forth his own ideas. At such places the fiction surface of the story becomes very thin or even wears

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through, exposing something much like a preachment. But for the most part the story is a story—a melodramatic account of the ups and downs of two bosses, but mainly of one, the lieutenant who succeeds his chief because new methods are needed which, as the chief realizes, he does not know how to employ. It is a sordid drama, with the wily and unscrupulous boss winning triumph after triumph over the well-meaning but naïve leaders of the "better element." There is a good deal of truth in the presentation, with its laying bare of human nature as it shows itself in politics, but Mr. Crowell sharpens the contrasts to the advantage of the boss and the disadvantage of the public, the result being a picture of the worst at any time and place rather than the average. It is an undeniably entertaining "show," with its picturesque characters, its intrigues, and its deeds of cunning and violence. Gangsters, barroom politicians, kid-glove reformers, candidates—these and other personages "do their stuff" in Mr. Crowell's pages. In the end the new boss also has to retire, giving way to a successor of a much rougher type, one who will be in formal alliance with some of the racketeers. Mr. Crowell himself recoils from this suggestion of progressive political degradation. "Chicago has revolted," he reminds his readers, adding the prophecy, "The day of reckoning is coming for many bosses." But that's another story.

THE SWORD IN THE SOUL. By ROGER CHAUVIRÉ. Longmans, Green. 1929. $2.50 net.

M. Chauviré has lived in Ireland long enough to know it well, and loves it enough to believe no distortion is necessary to make it pleasing. He has an insight into Irish psychology that is accurate and unbiased. His novel, "The Sword in the Soul," deals with the period around the rebellion in 1916 and contains some characteristic examples of Irish people and of their reaction to the turmoil in the country.

The story revolves about the Austin family, Imperalistic and proud, with views usual to their class. The Irishmen of 1916 who had a passionate belief in Irish nationality play their part in the tale as well as the landlords who found their sympathies divided, half tending towards the views of their class, half clinging to the country and people with whom they felt kin. Mr. Chauviré handles these people intelligently; to us, who are ourselves Irish, they are neither unreal nor unreasonable. They respond to the rebellion as many responded.

There is for those who want it a story in this novel pivoted on Beatrice Austin's love for Sir Francis. Union between the two becomes in the end impossible because of their opposing views. But "The Sword in the Soul" is largely of social and psychological interest. It is an acute study and deserves to be read by any who feel curiosity about its period. As pure fiction it is less good. Not even the expert and excellent translation by Ernest Boyd can hide the rather naïve writing of M. Chauviré. However, there is to be found here the work of a sensitive and perceptive mind. The book is as near to the truth as any that will be written about Irish reactions to the rebellion in 1916. There is no doubt the author as an observer deserves praise.

THE MISSING MASTERPIECE. By HILAIRE BELLOC. Drawings by G. K. CHESTERTON. Harpers. 1930. $2.50.

It is always enchanting to find giants condescending to play. With Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton it is a periodic pastime. We imagine it is no less refreshing and amusing to them than it is to those who read their joint books for they play and prank with a delicacy of touch and humor which must be a relief after more serious work. Indeed it is even possible they reveal themselves more here in their frivolity than they do when the mind is sternly bent upon gravity; just as a cat is better seen when it relapses to kittendom.

At any rate in "The Missing Masterpiece" the eternal kitten in the authors is gaily in evidence and one suspects in innocent looking pats that sharp claws may not be altogether absent. Art and art-dealers and those that buy from alert dealers are the balls (resembling wool to judge from following entanglements). In more detail Sir Henry Bensington—art dealer—discovers in a young French artist a genius and learns from him on his death bed of a masterpiece once painted for an English benefactor. With noteworthy acumen Sir Henry discovers the masterpiece and purchases it, not knowing two exact reproductions exist. Considerable confusion follows, made even worse by the fact that a fake theft engineered by Sir Henry turns into a real loss. More cannot be explained here, the balls having become a bit unravelled. However, everyone in the end becomes satisfied, though Sir Henry Bensington, a master of great affairs, is the only one to do well, to keep his head and his money and a lot of other peoples' money too.

This relapse from gravity, this kitten coming out in the author and illustrator, produces a great deal of wit and real amusement. There is no need to separate Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton for individual praise. In play time they combine too well to be divided. "The Missing Masterpiece" is an authentic Chesterton-Belloc. One cannot say more, one cannot wish to say more, in its favor.

GATHER THE STARS. By DIANA PATRICK. Dutton. 1930. $2.50.

This book is another indication of the tremendous vitality of the Tristram legend. In setting her story in Ireland Miss Patrick perhaps unconsciously echoes the Celtic theme of inevitable love. This time it is the lover who is Irish. An emergency brings him into contact with a lovely English lady—still youthful though fifteen years his senior, who has nothing in common with a frankly carnal husband and stolid children. It is first love for her as well as for the boy but their sudden coming upon ecstasy together gains added poignancy from the shadows of their difference in years.

The very familiarity of this theme will give it intensity or triteness according to treatment. Here Miss Patrick has attempted the fashionable stream of consciousness method without being able to sustain it through complicated action. It yields only a piecing together of details of post-war society which do not contribute any illusion of life to the narrative. The composition of the whole remains melodrama.

Against this mosaic the author throws in high relief only the two lovers, keeping the injured husband entirely in the background. With so much dependent on the two central characters, the task of delineation is particularly difficult. Miss Patrick's style is nowhere powerful enough to give her people vitality. Instead of portraying through significant action she falls back on mere description.

She seems to feel that she can be modern merely by the use of certain contemporary fashions. Her shortcoming is in that human reality which has no date because it is always fundamental.

GLADIATOR. By PHILLIP WYLIE. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

This is the third novel by Mr. Wylie to be published. The earlier two, "Heavy Laden" and "Babes and Sucklings," showed a vivid, undisciplined talent, a talent that suggested the possibility of high excellence in the future. But "Gladiator" shows neither development nor growth; it is the novel of a writer who, though obviously gifted, lacks literary common sense. That is, Mr. Wylie does not know what is practicable and what is impracticable in the writing of a novel.

The whole trouble is this: "Gladiator" is written around too good an idea. It does not, as a piece of sustained narrative, attain the slightest effectiveness; indeed, it is almost an affliction to the reader looking for entertainment. And the reason for this failure to tell a good story is that Mr. Wylie starts merrily out on the development of an idea that by its very brilliance can never be properly finished; his premises admit of no logical conclusion. "Gladiator" is satisfactorily startling in its first third, but after that Mr. Wylie no longer controls his narrative; it runs away with him—downhill. The protagonist of "Gladiator," by means of a fantastic pre-natal treatment, is far stronger and more nearly invulnerable than the average human being. He can lift tons, jump scores of feet, run at an extraordinary speed. As we might anticipate, his great prowess brings him only unhappiness; he asks merely, "What can I do to justify my power? How can I be useful?" His life is a series of disasters, spiritual and physical.

It is probable that no author (though we wish that Mr. M. P. Shiel had made the attempt) could resolve such a dilemma satisfactorily. Really, it is far from a discredit to Mr. Wylie that the novel turned sour on his hands. He was to blame, however, in his injudicious attempt to make a novel of the "strong man" notion in the first place. He ought to have seen that the idea was too good to be usable.

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL. By ANNE PUTNAM. Dodd, Mead. 1930. $2.

Covering approximately thirty years (1900-30) in the life of its several principals, this interesting, but unevenly balanced, novel deals with the disillusioned existence

(*Continued on next page*)

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(*Continued from preceding page*)

of a sensitive, unworldly woman as the wife of a self-centered, coarse-fibered man. In youth, at the time of their marriage, and later, they are both frustrated in their love for others, and the burden of these sorrows is never lightened even after they have entered middle-age. Eleanore and Sam are born of old, affluent families, settled for generations in a mid-west town where their forebears had founded a local, strait-laced aristocracy. Into this conservative circle, about 1910, when Sam and Eleanore are engaged to marry, there enters Sally, a voluptuous, prospective divorcée, a designing interloper who infatuates not only Sam but his cousin Billy, the younger rival for Eleanore's love. What occurs to them is too elaborately complicated for detailed summary in this note. The story, if at times lacking in restraint, is in the main capably told, with a skilful command of the dramatic situations arising from the peculiar bonds which bind the characters irrevocably to each other.

THE WOMAN WITH A THOUSAND CHILDREN. By CLARA VIEBIG. Translated from the German by BRIAN LUNN. Appleton. 1930. $2.50.

In the story of a Berlin schoolmistress, the veteran Clara Viebig presents a modern woman in the conflict of work and love. Marie-Luise decides in favor of her "thousand children" of the slums. We recall André Gide's portrait of a similar character in "La Porte Etroite." Gide knows the passion of the renouncing woman and, with an artist's understanding, reveals her fully. He knows the inconsistency in her selflessness, the fear that is her abstinence, and the destruction wrought by her desire for sainthood. But Mrs. Viebig's Marie-Luise is done in the devotional mood of autobiography. The sublime keeper of the "thousand children," condemning to loneliness her beloved doctor and equally beloved Fräulein Marga, can do no wrong.

A plausible narrative, a style whose directness is not lost in Mr. Lunn's translation, and a theme that Ibsen might have vitalized, do not compensate for a uniform weakness in character delineation. Nor does "The Woman with a Thousand Children" present, through an orderly construction and manipulation of incident, a coherent drama. The precocious prostitute, the seventeen-year-old murderer, and the crudely humorous Frau Schindler are inserted merely as the symbols of Marie-Luise's pity—and are intended to justify her renunciation. It would seem that, in her absorption with a preconceived notion of maternity and social goodness, Mrs. Viebig has conveyed the usual sentimental myth.

THE KRAMER GIRLS. By RUTH SUCKOW. Knopf. 1930. $2.50.

This is another of the stories of a sensible, contented life in the Middle West that Miss Suckow writes so happily. There are three of the Kramer girls, and many authors would have made their story as deep a tragedy of frustration as that of Chekhov's three sisters. The two elder girls divide their lives between a paralytic and idiotic mother and their younger sister Rose. Their duties are exacting and thankless; their pleasures few and provincial; their ambitions defeated. They are ambitious, even over-ambitious, for Rose; they are so set upon a career for her that they discourage her suitors; but she marries nevertheless, and is always very poor. Georgie, the eldest, has capacities far beyond her opportunities; Annie cherishes a secret longing for love; Rose has vague romantic impulses toward places and experiences she can never know. There are all the materials for another bitter book. And yet, such is the perversity of human beings, when observed with accuracy and sympathy, instead of being regarded by the cold light of a satiric logic that shows what people ought to feel, these women are happy. They are not perfectly happy, being mortal; but they are happy. And they are so convincingly presented that one is inclined to believe that their content with their tiny accomplishments is more true to the nature of most human beings than the rebellions and repressions of most small-town novels. That may be true or not; but while Miss Suckow speaks, one believes her.

She carries conviction by her intimacy and sympathy with her chosen material. The town of which she writes is as little and narrow as any ever satirized, but her people love it, and she makes her readers like it. Rose Kramer, the most imaginative of the three sisters, consciously in her familiarity with its smallness; she delights in knowing everybody, in being able to stand anywhere in the town and know exactly where the streets lead and how the whole town spreads about her to meet the near fields. She gets from her town a sense of being at home in the universe that many metropolitans might envy her.

It must be confessed, however, that "The Kramer Girls" is not up to Miss Suckow's best. She is here relying too much upon naturalism. The present book has not so fine a story as "The Bonney Family," nor so absorbing a character study as "Cora"; there are *longueurs* in it. The life she describes is kindly and pleasant, but its warmest friends must acknowledge that it is sometimes a little dull; and a professed admirer of Miss Suckow must admit that this book, by its great fidelity to that nook, is sometimes a little dull itself. Nevertheless, it has its author's observation and humanity, and that is high praise. Her country should be grateful to Miss Suckow for her evidence.

THE MARACOT DEEP, and other stories By ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. Doubleday, Doran. 1929. $2.

Of the four short narratives in this volume, three are extravaganzas of science. These are remarkably ingenous and are told with a surface plausibility that makes them, save for the glaring exception of the title-story, exciting reading. "When the World Screamed" is founded on the supposition that our earth is a conscious organism capable of feeling pain, once its crust has been pierced. "The Disintegration Machine" deals with the much more commonplace effort of science to disintegrate matter. Both of these stories are given considerable life and humor by the grotesque antics of Professor Challenger, the boorish but highly accomplished super-scientist.

"The Maracot Deep," the longest and most ambitious of the stories, is just a little bit too much. We find ourselves unable to swallow such a completely incredible hypothesis. A voyage to Mars would be almost more plausible than this expedition to the floor of the ocean and the finding there of the lost continent of Atlantis, with human beings living in complete comfort five miles below the surface. These Atlanteans have a civilization far more advanced than ours in matters of science; they indulge in thought-transference, projecting mental pictures on a kind of moving-picture screen. Furthermore, as an irritation to the casual reader, there is in the story a good deal of moralizing about the wickedness that caused the destruction of Atlantis, and also, to our astonishment, we meet the spirit of Evil, the Lord of the Dark Face, who is gaily killed off by the thought-waves of the scientists from the Earth. It is all very lovely and very foolish.

The single non-scientific story is a cricket episode, describing British amazement at a revolutionary method of bowling. Though lightly amusing, the whole affair means little to us in the United States.

Sir Arthur in these fables is only fairly effective. He is tempted to fly too high in the thin ether of scientific fantasy. True, he is usually urbane and resourceful and always remarkably inventive, but he will forgive us, surely, if we grieve a little for the glorious, irretrievable days of Baker Street.

NIPSYA. By GEORGE BUGNET. Carrier. 1930. $2.50.

Since Chateaubriand, the American Indian has never quite lost his place in romantic fiction. And while in the lower literary circles he has been forced into the unhappy position of a mere "biter of the dust" before the rifle expert of the Western thrillers, he has in the work of a number of French and American writers come into his idylic own. M. Bugnet's tale is both romantic and idyllic, but it has the stiffening of a very realistic natural background, which saves it from the amorphous sentimentality of so many authors who have come to love their Indians not wisely but too well. "Nipsya" has a clear, upstanding beauty of style and description and ruggedness of characterization, and yet the story is so imbued with the faraway and long ago that it gains a sort of radiance as of the legendary.

The story is of the awakening to life and love of Nipsya, the child of an Indian mother and an Irish father. Already with such a parentage she is interesting, and M. Bugnet keeps her refreshingly so throughout the book. Nipsya's love story is not the simple, happy narrative that a general description of the book might lead one to suppose. Nor is it the commonplace after-Madame Butterfly tale of a dark-skinned maiden left too lightly by her white love. Nipsya loves a white man and she loves an Indian, but Nipsya is more than either of her loves. M. Bugnet has created a heroine whose simplicities are complex enough to be interesting, and he has given her a memorable natural background.

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MR. MULLINER SPEAKING. By P. G. Wodehouse. Doubleday, Doran. 1930.

Nine more of Mr. Mulliner's yarns fill this new Wodehouse volume with gaiety and nonsense. They are of the familiar texture —brilliant with the slangy, farcical high-life that so many readers enjoy. Indeed, though it is amazing that Mr. Wodehouse can have kept his inventiveness and his high spirits through so many books, we should be grieved and surprised if he failed us, turning dull or trite. But there is no reason to anticipate the decay of his winning talent.

Of the nine stories, we preferred "Something Squishy" and "The Story of Cedric," though there is no good reason why other readers should not have other favorites. We balked only at the golf story, but that was soon over. Altogether, the collection is a perhaps unneeded assurance that Mr. Wodehouse is still immensely competent in his own particular field—sprightly comedy, broadly British, and delightfully unimportant.

THE CAR OF CRŒSUS. By Ernest Poole. Macmillan. 1930. $2.

Readers who remember Mr. Poole as the author of that serious and even somber book, "The Harbor," will be surprised to find him writing something that comes under the general head of "summer fiction." His publishers call it a satirical romance, but its only really romantic quality is its improbability, and its only satire the news that human beings are influenced by the appearance of wealth. The initial situation is not badly conceived: a Russian *émigré* and an American girl join in buying an extravagantly magnificent automobile, which they hire out at a hundred dollars an hour to people who for reasons of their own wish to seem rich for a time. But the possibilities are not well realized. The succeeding episodes are conscientiously varied, giving melodrama, farce, and human interest, but the scenes are all unaccountably flat and thin. One cannot say certainly what it is the writing lacks, but one suspects that it is the author's interest.

A CROWN FOR CARLOTTA. By Daniel Henderson. Stokes. 1929. $2.50.

The perennially romantic Charlotte and Maximilian are once more brought before the public in this novel by Mr. Henderson. The style is rapid and brittle, irritatingly so at times, and the author is careful to keep his material at enough remove from the purely historical to insure constant interest in the brilliant, illustrious figures of whom he treats. The book has the intimate approach that has come to be associated with court memoirs, but it avoids any suggestion of the back-stair gossip by maintaining a bright, objective attitude towards the events recorded. The two Americas of the Civil War period are introduced amusingly, if a little apocryphally, and in general Mr. Henderson gives his readers good entertainment, which is quite obviously what he set out to do.

REKINDLED FIRES. By Mary Crosbie. Sears. 1929. $2.50.

Mary Crosbie has a faculty for selecting an interesting theme for her novels and then writing about it adequately, but without ever getting much above that level. One finishes her novels because of their intrinsic interest, but there is the constant irritation that the author fails to realize her own possibilities. Since "Rekindled Fires" is not far from being a first novel, perhaps Miss Crosbie will write herself eventually into her own style, and her ideas will receive the treatment they deserve.

The central figure of "Rekindled Fires" is a woman who has to meet life ill-equipped owing to the changing ideals and changed facts which are forced upon her. Raised in the English North Country, she is grounded in the belief that her family is above suspicion and that any alliance with a farmer whom she loves will necessarily prelude disaster. Then she learns that a grandmother had paid lip service only to the family tradition, and that she, the granddaughter, had an errant soldier for one grandparent! Then comes London and totally different ideas and values, marriage to a man much her senior, and eventually, after the long way round, love and the north country farmer.

BLACK ROSES. By Francis Brett Young. Harpers. 1929. $2.50.

This is a remarkable short novel to come from the pen of the usually anything but brief Mr. Young. "Black Roses" is really a novelette, the only form suitable for the swift horror of the story. One might wish that Mr. Young had been content without his many-years-after beginning, that he had boldly leaped directly into the hero's young years, when the plague came down upon Naples, but once the reader is well into the story there will be no more regrets, for the author has written with the sharp outlines of a modern black and white poster his macabre tale of love amidst the plague and stalking death. This is Brett Young in new mood, and one that gives his natural idealistic and romantic tendencies more legitimate play than his sagas of English life. And one needs always to be wary in speaking of Mr. Young's idealism, for no one can come out more aptly and unemotionally with the evil and cruelty of life when occasion demands. One cannot exonerate him completely from a tendency towards sweetness and light, but whoever is satisfied to let it go at that is missing some splendid, however scattered, English writing.

OREGON DETOUR. By Nard Jones. Brewer & Warren. 1930. $2.50.

This is a sprawling first novel, with a new scene. It is laid in eastern Oregon, where a deeply agricultural community, but a generation or two removed from the pioneers, is acquiring a veneer of song-hits and Broadway fashions, thanks to the movies and the radio. Mr. Jones evidently knows his country intimately, and has a fondness for it which, when a little more disciplined, may be a very serviceable gift to him; but at present he tells too much. He is like a man so full of a trip that he insists on telling everything, interesting or not. The scenes succeed each other in great variety, —a flood, harvest, a high-school commencement, a conversation about the price of wheat, and many others,—and with almost bewildering rapidity. Their relevance is not always apparent. The plot, a tale of the love affairs and difficulties of four persons, is not suited to giving a broad picture of the whole life of the state, but many of the incidents are not suited to the development of the story. Mr. Jones writes with a vigor and gusto, and a lavishness of material, that may well take him far; but at present his work suffers badly from want of organization and design.

History

The Background of Swedish Emigration to the United States. By *John L. Lindberg*. University of Minnesota Press. $2.

The Outline of History. By *H. G. Wells*. Garden City Publishing Co.

Juvenile

(*The Children's Bookshop appears on pages 962 and 963*)

PETER PAN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS. By J. W. Barrie. Retold for Little People by May Byron. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Scribners. 1930. $1.

There is a generally accepted opinion that Mr. Barrie wrote "Peter Pan" primarily to please the "little people." If not, for whom then did he write it? It now appears that children are not going to be allowed to wait till they advance to the necessary maturity of, say, six or seven years, before the charms of Barrie's whimsical little hero are introduced to them. Here is Peter Pan simplified for the very young. It is quite nicely written down to the intelligences of those under five.

BOYS AND GIRLS WHO BECAME FAMOUS. By Amy Cruse. Harcourt, Brace. 1930. $2.50.

This is a series of anecdotes about the childhood of twenty-four famous people. The choice does not pretend to be inclusive, but it varies chronologically from Joan of Arc to Edward Bok. The stories are told in a very objective fashion, and in the main simply relate incidents without much description. While they have the interest of lives actually lived, there are too few details of the environment which shaped each character. This is particularly true in the earlier sketches so far back in history that such details have not come down to us. Exceptions are descriptions of the Brontë household, a good deal of which comes direct from "Jane Eyre" and of Sibil Thordike, where the old parsonage and its sprightly inhabitants stand out with great vividness. Montaigne and Ruskin are interesting because of exceptional upbringing, as is the momentous childhood of Helen Keller.

The most pervasive impression the book gives is of hard work, not only for success, but for the actual means of livelihood in almost every case. There are no examples of idle childhood and a great many of such hardships as few modern children have to put up with. They provide interesting contrasts of familiar childish reactions in a variety of settings.

(*Continued on next page*)

A Romance of America and France

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This is a first novel, distinguished for the compassionate quality of its prose, its sympathetic treatment of character, and its skillful handling of plot. The romance in the lives of a mother and her son is unfolded through two generations: first, of the mother who is separated, under strange circumstances, from her boy at his birth; then, of the son, who meets her years later in Paris during the war. His own love affair with an alluring French girl ends the story on an idyllic note.

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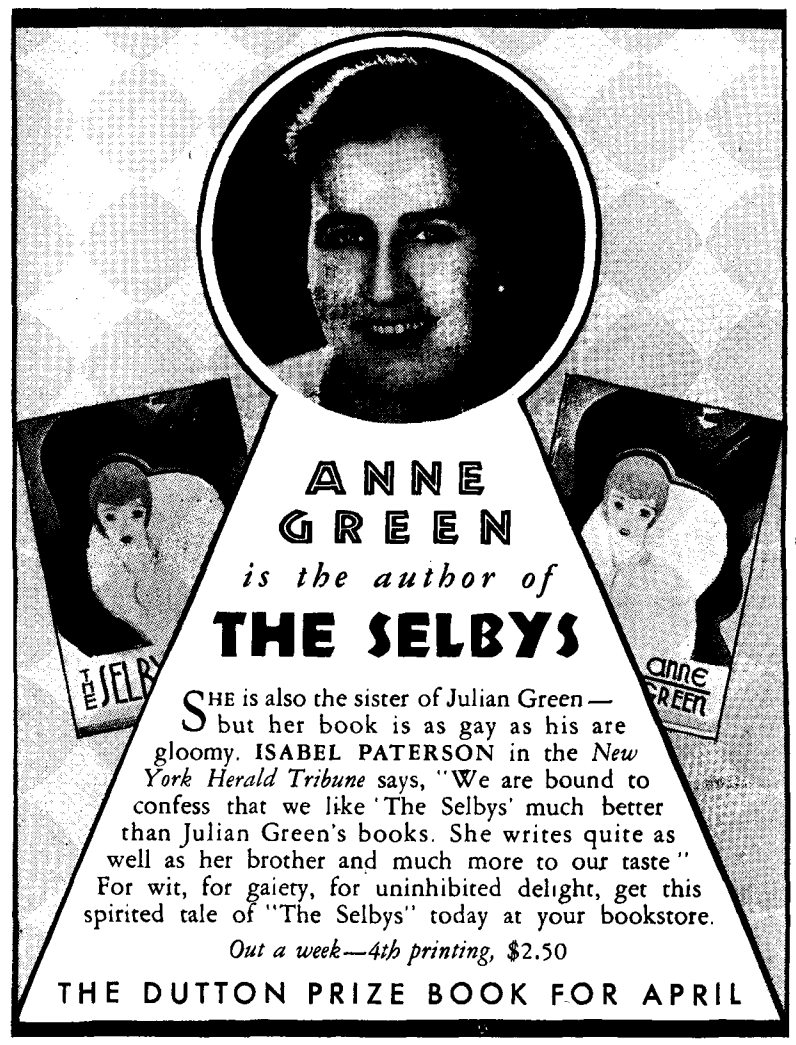
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The New Books

Juvenile

(*Continued from preceding page*)

A PICTURE BOOK OF A BIG CITY. Told and drawn by MADELEINE BUNZEL. Knopf. 1930. $1.25.

THE MONGREL PUPPY BOOK. By CECIL ALDIN. Oxford University Press. 1930. $1.25.

Pictures which are interpretations of real life are especially appealing to children. Those who have had an opportunity to see what has been done by the Soviet Government in this line, have found that modern Russia is taking thought for the artistic development of its people by giving very young children excellent picture books. These books of city and country life are so good that one is led to believe that the first-class artists of the Soviet are being called upon to make them. Children and animals and machines are presented with directness and simplicity through the medium of color printing, so that, in looking over these books, one gets a vivid impression of modern life in Russia. It is seldom that one finds in this country books that equal them in skill of reproduction or in the artistic merit of the original work.

Granted, then, that there is authority, not only in this country but also in Europe, for especial care in the matter of picture books, it is discouraging to find a book like "A Picture Book of the Great City." Simplicity and directness, the prime requisites for books of this kind, are both lacking. The pages are crowded, and the drawing is clumsy and amateurish. Doubtless the crudities are consciously done on the part of the artist, who perhaps mistakes them for the stylizations of modern art.

"The Mongrel Puppy Book" is much more successful. It will certainly appeal to small dog lovers. The dog pictures by Cecil Aldin are clever and full of affectionate humor. The whole make-up of the book is practical and pleasing and produced with taste and skill.

EVEN SARA, A Mystery Story. By GLADYS BLAKE. Appleton. 1930. $2.

AT THE SIGN OF THE WILD HORSE. By LOUISE SEYMOUR HASBROUCK. Century. 1930. $1.75.

Not so very deep a mystery, but a very good story is "Even Sara." There is a real plot, and an interesting background of early days in the city of Washington. Monroe is President when Sara's adventures begin, and Jefferson, Adams, Calhoun move greatly in the background. Highwaymen, ghosts, spies, and a mysterious young foreigner give color to the story. Moreover, Sara's most thrilling adventure of all brings her to the President himself and has not a little to do with the pronouncement of the famous Monroe Doctrine.

It is pretty safe to guess that most girls from twelve to fifteen will thoroughly enjoy "Even Sara," as will also a large proportion of their brothers of the same age.

"At the Sign of the Wild Horse" is hardly worth comment. It is a silly story of silly people, written for equally silly people to read. We are not an admirer of Mrs. Hasbrouck's stories nor of the type they represent, and this seems to us one least worthy of admiration. Publishers would do better service to "juvenile literature" by bringing out new and beautiful editions of older but worthwhile books than by spending their money on such waste as this.

AROUND A TOADSTOOL TABLE. By ROWENA BASTION BENNETT. S. Rockwell. 1930. $2.

This is a book of pleasant little verses about things that interest and amuse children. The jingles about trains and locomotives, airplanes and Zeppelins, are perhaps the most interesting in the book.

Miscellaneous

SHADOWS OF MEN. By JIM TULLY. Doubleday, Doran. 1930. $2.50.

Before this, Mr. Tully has often exhibited his profound knowledge of the seamy side of life, and his firm convictions about it, but he has never shown us anything more seamy nor about which he feels more strongly than the prison life in "Shadows of Men." As a cross section of reality, however, his book has its limitations. The fact that many of its characters have been unjustly put in jail moves Mr. Tully's Hibernian and liberty-loving soul to wrath, with the result that he accuses all judges, wardens, prison guards, and minions of the law in general, og being in league against not only the habitual criminal, but also any unfortunate individual brought into contact with them. According to Mr. Tully the law is worse than an ass—it is a persecutor of innocent men.

The unfairness of this attitude is manifest, yet it is necessarily that of anyone who has seen a prison as anything more than a casual visitor, and Mr. Tully does make out a strong case on his own grounds for many of his prison companions. While the interest of his book is therefore very considerable, it is probable that he is too easily influenced by his own experiences and surroundings to be capable of any real contribution to the question of reform in the prisons. However prejudiced, his account is valuable because it is authentic, based on actual happenings, and expressive of the author's honest, if overviolent, opinion. Horrible as many of the incidents and people in "Shadows of Men" may seem, they will no doubt serve to remind a few people that the principle of incarceration is not necessarily more merciful than that of capital punishment, and may be attacked with equal ease. It cannot be said that Mr. Tully goes deep into the question, nor that his book makes a profound impression, yet it is the product of a strong talent, never enlisted save in the cause of the underdog.

THE MODERN PARENT. By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS. Greenberg. 1930. $3.

THE GROWING BOY. By PAUL HANLY FURFEY. Macmillan. 1930. $2.

The modern parent here portrayed is a model of consideration for his and her children. It's well to have this thesis stated so readably, forcibly, unreservedly; for it is one side of an issue facing millions of parents to-day. Don't scold or nag, don't contradict or poke fun at your children; respect their rights, answer their questions, encourage their self-development. The un-modern parent was certainly at times a tyrant in the household and a stern dictator. It's amazing how many generations survived that discipline and "took it out of" the next generation. However, there is also a considerate range between unrestraint and severity. There will be many a protest against Dr. Myers's ultramodernism, questioning whether he has not carried a good cause too far. Children cannot be permitted to grow up wild. Rational discipline has a place and will always have one. Besides, parents are also people, and have some jobs as well as a few rights of their own. Let us compromise on a rational modernity.

"The Growing Boy" is quite a different kind of a book, solid, informational, a bit didactic, not exciting, somewhat overestimating the value of findings obtained by measurements and case studies. It tells little that is new, but provides a handy record of what happens between the fateful ages of six and sixteen, and how modern psychology plots the course and interprets the process.

HIGH FINANCE IN THE SIXTIES. Chapters from the Early History of the Erie Railway Told by Contemporaries. Edited by FREDERICK C. HICKS. Yale University Press, 1929.

Any time in the last ten years a reprint of "Chapters of Erie," by Henry and Charles Francis Adams, would have been a good idea. The book was out of print, rare, and full of valuable information. But this volume represents a much better idea. It contains the most essential and durable part of the older work, the three long essays, aggregating two hundred pages, which dealt directly with the weird history of the Erie in the hands of Jim Fisk, Daniel Drew, and Jay Gould. To these have been added four articles written by other hands in 1871-72 upon David Dudley Field and the Erie Railroad litigation in which he was engaged. Two of them are by Albert Stickney, then a beginning attorney and brilliant young graduate of the Harvard Law School; one by George Ticknor Curtis, lawyer and man of letters; and one by Jeremiah S. Black, former Attorney General and Secretary of State. The reviews of that day, and especially the *North American Review*, published essays far longer and more exhaustive than now appear in any American publication of general circulation. Taken together, these seven papers constitute an admirably lucid, pungent, and thorough history of the Erie during the six years, 1866-72, when the management of that unfortunate trunk line embodied all that was most reckless, brutal, and detestable in American finance.

In short, we have here something like a classic history of what was most spectacularly and riotously bad in the orgy of speculation after the Civil War. Certainly the three essays by the Adams brothers may be called classics. The first, which Charles Francis Adams wrote in the years when he was trying to make himself an expert upon American railways, narrates the great battle between Commodore Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew for control of the Erie; Drew's triumph by devious manipulations and the issue of stock in defiance of the courts; the flight of the three conspirators, Drew, Fisk, and Gould, with a wagon stuffed with money, across the river to Jersey City; and Gould's subsequent expedition to Albany to buy up the legislature and legalize the acts of the *triumvirate*. It is matched by Henry Adams's famous chapter on the New York Gold conspiracy, ending in Black Friday; a chapter upon which he spent the labor of many months, interviewing many of the most prominent figures in New York and Washington. In the third paper, "An Erie Raid," we have a history of the piratical foray made by Jim Fisk and his followers to gain control of the Albany & Susquehanna Railroad, which culminated in a battle between armed forces for the line, a collision between their trains, and the calling out of the militia. The other essays fill in the legal background of the story, and carry it slightly forward. They were called forth by Samuel Bowles's justified attack in his Springfield *Republican* upon the professional character and conduct of David Dudley Field, who was attorney for the Erie freebooters and also, a little later, for the even more notorious Boss Tweed. Field defended himself with some skill, but Albert Stickney's two thorough analyses left him standing in an exceedingly unfavorable light. There are some very dull patches in these legal arguments, and especially in Curtis's, but they are indispensable to the student.

There was nothing quite so noisome as the whole Erie mess in the 'sixties and 'seventies. Yet the Erie never owned a State and put it in its vest-pocket, as the Pennsylvania and the Camden & Amboy both came near doing; it never put its monopolistic heel on the neck of a whole population, as the Southern Pacific once did. It is too bad that there were not men like Henry and C. F. Adams to deal with these corporations and bequeath material which a skilful and careful editor like Professor Hicks might present to the modern reader.

THE THINGS SHE WROTE TO HIM. By *Richard Wightman*. Century. $1.25.

RURAL MUNICIPALITIES. By *Theodore B. Manny*. Century. $2.

THE GROWING BOY. By *Paul Hanly Furfrey*. Macmillan. $2.

THE HOME-OWNER'S MANUAL. By *Dorothy* and *Julian Olney*. Century. $2.50.

Religion

EXPLORING RELIGION WITH EIGHT-YEAR-OLDS. By HELEN FIRMAN SWEET and SOPHIA LYON FAHS. Holt. 1930. $2.50.

"The record of an experiment with the democratic method and with a life-experience approach in the religious education, made at the Union School of Religion, New York City, for thirty-two Sunday mornings by Mrs. Sweet, teacher of the class, Mrs. Fahs, director of the school, and a group of eight-year-old boys and girls."

Mrs. Sweet's method was to jot down during class such notes as she was able to, and as soon as class was over, write out in detail the morning's experiences. The result is this book, probably an almost unique experiment in first-hand recording of such a subject and with such a group. Feeling, after reading the book carefully, that here was something immensely valuable, yet distrusting our own judgment, which is based largely on theory and the observance of others' experiences rather than our own, we gave the book to a friend, the wife of a minister and a teacher of some experience in Sunday schools, and asked her to read it. She returned it with these comments:

"This seems to me an excellent study book for teachers. At first, as I started to read, I thought it too simple and unscientific for real study, but the further I went the more I was delighted, and this is why:

"It is a thinking-book. It helps one to read the mind of the child, to examine the child's attitudes and reasoning, and serves as a splendid example of how to carry on a discussion and drawing-out with and of children. It was as if I stood in the room and observed, surely the easiest way to learn.

"That is not saying that I wholly approve of all the methods and material used in the study and hand-work periods, but whatever the material, this book shows the way to help children think about their lives in connection with religious attitudes.

"I would commend it to every teacher of every age in Sunday schools. It has even helped me to see a bit more clearly into the minds of my Nursery School children."

The book should interest not only teachers in Sunday schools but in any school, and mothers who have problems of religious teaching to solve with their children. It has value also beyond the field of religious education—except as one considers religion as covering the whole of life—for questions of personal behavior, of moral principles, of every side of everyday life came up for discussion. One hardly expects eight-year-old children to be interested in a coal strike and to discuss it not emotionally but with a distinct appreciation of the underlying fundamentals, yet these boys and girls showed far more intelligence than have some far older groups whom we have heard upon this same subject. If this same idea could be followed out in connection with other age groups, with the same intelligent recording, and the same unconsciousness on the part of the groups that they were being studied, it would seem as if the results should be equally interesting, stimulating, and helpful.

Travel

SITKA. By BARRETT WILLOUGHBY. Houghton Mifflin. 1930. $3.

A chatty book, very informative nevertheless, and good reading. It is a description of Sitka in the light of its Russian and Indian past, especially its Russian past. A good piece of journalism, this book is hardly of reference grade, but might well be read by anyone contemplating the inside voyage to South Eastern Alaska.

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Competition No. 84. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing Serious Dialogue with the Devil. (Entries may be in prose—not exceeding 400 words—or verse—40 lines, but must in either case reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of May 5.)

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

I HAVE just received from Mr. Jonathan Nield, whose monumental "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" I mentioned lately, a faint and justified moan to the effect that while the new, revised, and enlarged edition of this work was published in the United States in July by Macmillan, I gave the English publisher, Elkin Mathews. This is not due to Anglomania, but to the fact that the copy I consulted was in the New York Public Library, which had evidently laid in the British edition. He also takes mild exception to the statement that it "starts off" with a quotation from Dr. Canby, for this is "the last but one of seven quotations from various writers" placed immediately after the preface to the fifth edition. "The *title-page* has (in the new edition, as in all four previous editions) a quotation from Carlyle—one that since my first bringing it forward in 1902 has again and again been quoted by writers dealing with the historical novel." But you see, the quotation from Dr. Canby was so pat that it smote me, so to speak, in the eye, and I saw it first of all. I am glad to learn, what I should have known, that Nield's "Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales" is a publication of Macmillan of New York; it is a grand work, and I don't see how any one person could do it, no matter how many others stood by. I am glad to see that Arnold Bennett appreciates it; in the matter of books he knows what is what.

M. H. W., Saint John, N. B., asks for a book on roof gardens, and just after I had quite given it up, I found that one has just been published. This is "Roof-Gardening," by I. M. Mellen (De La Mare), and it considers the subject in its city aspects. Pent-house gardeners take notice.

G. H. R., New York City, asks for recent books on Wellington.

THE fine biography of J. W. Fortescue, "Wellington," which is especially strong in its treatment of his military career, was published here by Dodd, Mead in 1925. In 1928 Oliver Brett's "Wellington" (Doubleday, Doran) appeared; a "portrait" of the new school, intending to present his character in all its aspects rather than dealing with chronology. A study of Wellington begins the volume "English Political Portraits of the Nineteenth Century," by G. R. Stirling-Taylor (Little, Brown), published in 1929, and the latest work to appear in which he figures largely. "The Sword of State," by Susan Buchan (Houghton Mifflin) came out about the same time; this is a valuable record of his career after Waterloo.

J. C., Portland, Maine, asks which edition of the letters of Charles Lamb contains the greatest number of them.

THE most satisfactory current edition of Lamb's "Letters" is the Everyman, published by Dutton. This is adequate for the general reader. The nearest to a definitive edition is the one that was published by Methuen in 1904, out of print, scarce, and expensive; it was edited by E. V. Lucas; and consisted of Lamb's works including the letters.

E. M. F., Washington, D. C., tells the inquirer for a book on esthetics that her own first choice would be Langfeld's "Æsthetic Attitude," "which gives an explanation of that curious word 'empathy,' what one might call the physical basis of esthetic appreciation, and in addition supplies a historical and technical background of the subject."

RETURNING from a ten-day lecture tour I find in the bushel-basket of mail beside my desk three calls for a brief list of American novels published since last fall, lending themselves to discussion by reading-clubs. I can do this most efficiently by naming some of those that have stood the strain of similar treatment in lectures to audiences from Minnesota to Virginia during this period.

It gives me a momentary pang to recall how many, many other novels I read to get these. Not that these others were so bad; they were dangerously well-made; all their subjects and predicates matched save those that had been deliberately divorced to spin separately after the modern manner. Some of the authors had read Hemingway, some Virginia Woolf, some Aldous Huxley, and some the advice in "Where and How to Sell Manuscripts." They had done what they set out to do, and why they ever set out I don't know. The most depressing feature of the season's American novels has been that so many of them were competent and unimportant. No doubt other countries faced the same situation, but this is my country and others can do their own worrying. I wish we had fewer unimportant successes and more important failures, books that struggled gloriously to say something or be something, that caught at beauty even if they missed it, that meant what they could not say. It cheered me vastly when Thomas Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel" (Scribner) shouldered its way into the season, clumsy with the faults of a first novel, but alive all over, wrestling with the angel until somehow it brought a blessing. The driving, desperate sincerity of "Farewell to Arms" killed every other book I read for days after, making it seem by contrast pallid, lagging, and mannered. I am tired of hearing bleats about the horrors of this book; its very name makes most young people straighten their shoulders and take an interest, for it lives, breathes, moves straight on. The only other novel I have read this year with the same drive is one in a quite different manner, Helen Carlisle's "Mother's Cry" (Harper). I sent for this under a misapprehension; I thought the cry would be the curious yodel by which the Harlem mother, leaning from the high window of a walk-up flat, summons her young from the street below. This sound has come to symbolize for me the peculiar problem and position of a city mother who is poor; she cannot open the kitchen door to reassure herself that Jane is safe in a sunny back-garden, it will be no use to call up the neighbor across the way and see if John stopped there on his way home from school. High above a network of unknown dangers, she looks for a child she cannot see and cannot reach; all she can do for him is to lift up her voice in the immemorial cry of motherhood, "Come home!" That is what I thought the title meant, and it is taken from quite another source, but for all that I think this is the very cry, poignant and helpless, that sounds in the story.

The most completely realized novel of the year seems to me "They Stooped to Folly" (Doubleday, Doran), Ellen Glasgow's reminder that time, thought, and lapidary skill are after all still used in the production of fiction. It is all the better for being "a comedy of morals," for it reaches a number of people who needed badly to be reminded that there is a comic element even in morality. For the best example of a novel with a pattern of growth rather than a plot in the stage sense, I choose Evelyn Scott's "The Wave" (Cape-Smith), and trust that the reader will take it along with "John Brown's Body." I find courageous differences in Madge Janison's "Invitation to the Dance" (Doubleday, Doran), and a laughing wisdom that stands more than one reading. I am grateful for the beauty of "Laughing Boy" and the serenity of "The Woman of Andros," the reasoned quiet of Jean Kenyon Mackenzie's "The Trader's Wife," the power and color of "Scarlet Sister Mary," and the nest of negro stories lately brought to light, from Roark Bradford's "Old Man Adam" and its successor to a new addition to Bible stories told in Gullah, "Black Genesis," by Samuel Gaillard Stoney and Gertrude Mathews Shelby (Macmillan); this book deserves more attention than I can give it at this point. "The Great Meadow," by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (Viking), stands out among our historical novels not only by reason of its fidelity to facts but for the quality of its idealism—for unless in reproducing the events of this crude, rude, perilous time one shows them in their own atmosphere, their color and meaning are all but gone. "The Methodist Faun" was worth reading as an example of what happens to the soul of a community when everyone in it save two and a half (the half being the hero) is a complete snob. In "Hudson River Bracketted" (Appleton) Edith Wharton returns to her grand manner; it reminds us that she is a major literary artist. Mr. Hergesheimer's "The Party Dress" (Knopf) reminds us that he has written another novel like it. Edna Ferber's "Cimarron" (Doubleday, Doran) is a grand good yarn for Oklahoma. Let me urge upon the city reading-club to add to this list O. E. Rolvaag's "Pure Gold" (Harper) even if it is not so encouraging to the emotions as "Peder Victorious," for this is a Minnesota novel that will last; and let me suggest that they turn back a few months to Bess Streeter Aldrich's "A Lantern in Her Hand" (Appleton), for there is no better novel by which to get into the spirit back of the lives of a large part of this country.

If this list were permitted to put in detective stories, I would utter one loud yelp for "Murder Yet to Come," the Stokes prize mystery, and then shout for Mary Robert Rinehart's "The Door" (Farrar & Rinehart). I admit without shame that I did not guess it till ten lines before the last word.

F. M. U., Pennsylvania, sends for "a bibliography or something for Ambrose Bierce."

"AMBROSE BIERCE: A Bibliography," by Vincent Starrett, was published in 1929 by the Centaur Bookshop, Philadelphia, No. 9 of the Centaur Bibliographies. The "something" works out into three recent biographies, "Bitter Bierce," by C. Hartley Grattan (Doubleday, Doran) in which he is called "a mystery of American letters;" "Portraits of Ambrose Bierce," by Adolphe de Castro (Century), and "Ambrose Bierce" by Carey Williams (Boni), the one that seems most unpartial in its judgments. He appears also in "More Contemporary Americans," by Percy H. Boynton (University of Chicago, 1929), and in any number of magazine articles.

G. D., La Grange, Ill., says that in their High School they use as a source of theme titles Mignon Wright's "Twelve Hundred Theme Assignments," published by the author, who is in the English Department of the Oak Park, Illinois, High School. It costs $1. *F. C. B., Seattle, Wash.,* thanking this department for suggestions to another reader on famous letters and for information on those of Mlle. de Lespinasse, says "My prize book is 'Love in Letters' of statesmen, warriors, and the like, containing the most characteristic, the most sincere expressions in infinite variety. It was published by Brentano about 1893 and was compiled by Henry Pene Du Bois." I may add on my own account that I have been getting pleasure and profit from "Fifty Famous Letters of History" (Crowell), edited by Curtis Gentry and ranging in authorship from Socrates and Alexander to Woodrow Wilson, touching high points of history in each instance. *C. C. T., Tuckahoe, N. Y.,* says that the Great Western Railway, London, publishes an excellent book, "The Channel Islands," inexpensive and beautifully illustrated. *K. W., New York,* adds to this list "Jersey: an Isle of Romance," by Blanche B. Elliott, published by Appleton in 1923 and the most interesting and alluring book about the Channel Islands that she knows. *Stokes tells me that* I am to receive Theodora Du Bois's first novel, "The Devil's Spoon," of which I had not learned when I praised so loudly her fine story about the unicorn (several other letters about this story have come in since that was printed) and which I am predisposed to like for this reason. *The many readers who carry* "The Gypsy Trail" anthology about with them in the summer—and it is certainly the most popular of the outdoor collections—will be glad to know that the second volume has appeared, edited by Pauline Goldmark and Mary Hopkins, and quite as good as the first.

Here are two commissions that I hand over to readers: I cannot seem to get on the tracks of the books (fiction or history) that *F. H. G., Augusta, Ga.,* wants, to help bring to life the past of the low country of South Carolina, that very beautiful stretch of coast between Georgetown and Savannah that is being so rapidly taken over by Northern sportsmen. Second, it will help *T. A., Shawnee, Oklahoma,* to bring forward the names of any novels based on the migration of the pioneer from Alabama and Georgia into Texas in the early development of the Southwest.

Oh yes, here is a question over which I have worked in vain. Can anyone find pictures and descriptions of the engines or other equipment used by the Elevated Railway in New York before it was electrified, and long before it was the Interborough. It seems that these records, some of them at least, went up in a fire some time ago. There is a charming print of a proposed elevated structure in New York, long before its rails went up, or down, in the print gallery of the New York Public Library; it is so spacious and restful that I pause and loosen my mind on it before I plunge into the subway after a strenuous day on the third floor of that institution. But this was never built. If you know where to find such information, tell me that I may tell a correspondent in California.

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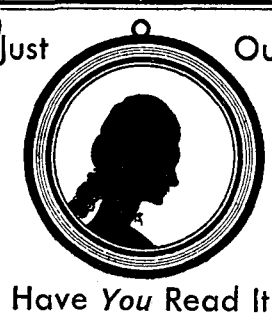

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Books of the Spring

(*Continued from page 968*)

other quotation at all that memory could supply we'd delightedly use to signify that at last after all our rambling about we are back at fiction. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* There we stay until we have exhausted our list of novels, and then, having completed their roll, we shall rest in the English sense. We would we could lie down for an æon or two, and wake to a world in which our books were in the running brooks. Then perhaps we should see good in everything. At the moment we see nothing but intolerable duty stretching before us. Ah, duty whispers low, "Thou must," so we meekly return to our recording.

Yes, but we'll beat duty around the stump! We'll run the longest uninterrupted list of titles we've printed yet. And at that, we think we'll be doing the books we thus list no injury, for their titles or the names of their authors speak for them. Is it not so of "It's Never Over," by Morley Callaghan (Scribners); "Mammon," by Percival Christopher Wren (Stokes); "The Purple Cloud," by M. P. Shiel (Vanguard); "The Triumphant Footman," by Edith Ollivier (Viking); "These Generations" by Elinor Mordaunt (Brewer & Warren); "Elsie Dinsmore on the Loose," by Josie Turner (Cape-Smith); "The Days of Her Life," by Wallace Lewis (Houghton Mifflin); "Exile," by Warwick Deeping (Knopf); "Windfalls's Eve," by E. V. Lucas (Lippincott); "The Perfect Leaf," by Frank A. Fortescue (Sears); "Paper Profits," by Arthur Train (Liveright); "Jews without Money," by Michael Gold (Liveright); "The Company," by Edwin Seaver (Macmillan); "The Ant Heap," by Edward Knoblock (Minton, Balch); "The Marsh Wife," by James B. Wharton (Coward-McCann); "North of Suez," by William McFee (Doubleday, Doran); "The Week-End Library (Doubleday, Doran); "Mountain City," by Upton Sinclair (Boni); "Huntsman in the Sky," by Grenville Toogood (Brewer & Warren); "Forbidden Zone," by Mary Borden (Doubleday, Doran); "Give Up Your Lovers," by Louis Golding (Cosmopolitan); "Closing Hour," by Norah Houlton (Harpers); "The Saints, the Devil, and the King," by M. L. Mabie (Bobbs-Merrill); "Redemption of Morley Darville," by Stephen McKenna (Dodd, Mead), and "Apple's Be Ripe," by Llewelyn Powys (Harcourt, Brace).

And now, Heaven be praised, we approach the end. There remain but a comparatively few books to mention, one group, in lighter vein, which includes Evelyn Waugh's clever "Vile Bodies" (Cape-Smith), which has a misleading title that does it an injustice; Donn Byrne's "A Party at Baccarat" (Century), Elmer Rice's "A Voyage to Purilia" (Cosmopolitan), a travesty upon the movies, and Barry Fleming's "Visa to France" (Doubleday, Doran); another group which consists of short stories such as Aldous Huxley's "Brief Candles" (Doubleday, Doran), Martin Armstrong's "The Fiery Dive" (Harcourt, Brace), Carl Sandburg's "Potato Face" (Harcourt, Brace), which is a volume of Rootabaga stories for adults, and Julian Green's "Christine and Other Stories" (Harpers); and a last group which is composed of what might be termed novels of place. In it belong Henry Handel Richardson's "Australia Felix" and "The Way Home" (Norton), the first and second volumes respectively of the trilogy of which the last member, "Ultima Thule," was the first to be issued in this country, another novel of Australia, also issued by W. W. Norton, Katharine S. Prichard's "Coonardoo"; Malcolm Ross's "Hymn to the Sun" (Scribners), which plays in the Labrador of Dr. Grenfell's activities; "The Thistles of the Baragan" (Vanguard), by Panait Istrati (Vanguard), the scene of which is Rumania; M. Constantin-Weyer's story of French Canada, "The Half-Breed" (Macaulay), F. Tennyson Jesse's "The Lacquer Lady" (Macmillan), which depicts the glory and splendor of old Mandalay, and finally a novel, issued by the new firm of Richard R. Smith. This last is entitled "Button Hill," and is a depiction of quiet English life that has flavor and feeling. If the other books on Mr. Smith's generous list are as deserving of notice as this he has made a good start.

But it is not a start but an end that interests us now. We are through, and a summer stretches between us and the next inundation of books. That is all the comfort the gods will diet us with. Well, at least we ended up on Shakespeare, not Pope.

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Centaur

FIFTEEN years ago in an obscure country printing-office I had the privilege of assisting at the production of a thin folio volume which was called "The Centaur." No one in the office had any idea of the future importance of that small book in the annals of American printing. My own contribution was meager enough: I furnished the press and the pressman, the type case and the spacing material! But these items do not produce a book like "The Centaur." The quintessential elements of design and type were supplied by Mr. Bruce Rogers, at that time working independently after many years with the Riverside Press.

The type used in printing that volume was called after Maurice de Guérin's story, "The Centaur." The fourteen point size which was there shown was reserved for Mr. Rogers's own use, but he permitted the Metropolitan Museum of Art to have and use certain large sizes of the capital letters. There was no complete series of the type, and it was essentially a "private" font. Its extreme beauty and delicacy were at once evident, however, and the later history of this book in the auction room is well known, copies having brought at least $350—a very considerable appreciation over the published priced of $5. And all of the 135 copies were not sold before publication, either!

Mr. Rogers's fine roman has now been cut for the monotype machine by the English house. This is a situation not at all commendable. One of the conditions of modern printing seems to be that every printer anywhere shall be able to buy any type face which exists, whether he knows how to use it or not. I am no believer in censorships of any kind, but I do believe firmly in what Mr. James Truslow Adams has recently pointed out in *Harper's*—that what everyone can easily get, ceases to have value for anyone. It isn't necessary that every printer shall be able to buy Centaur type, any more than it is necessary that everyone should be able to buy every other good type face: in fact it is only a very poorly educated printer who thinks he must have the very latest type faces the minute they are ready. There is a printer in New York of first class ability and with a long record of exceptionally good work who can find plenty of scope for his talent in his Caslon fonts: Boston has seen some very fine printing from a shop which has almost achieved a reputation from its use of Scotch Roman: and Thomas Bird Mosher, despite his shortcomings as a printer, built his reputation on that indifferent modernized old style. The demand that choice old—and new—faces, rightly the property of imaginative printers who had diligently sought them out, should be thrown to the rabble comes from the advertising boys, the feverish type setting machine people, and the type foundries, and the machine composition houses. It is a lamentable sign of that silly idea that democracy means that everyone not only can have anything, but that everyone should and most have everything.

So much for the cutting of Centaur for universal mauling by unintelligent users. Of the type itself nothing but good can be said. It represents almost the final redrawing of that incomparable roman type of Nicolas Jenson's from which Morris designed his Golden type, and was the model for Walker's Doves type, the Bentons Cloister, and many others less worthy. None of these different faces was superor to Centaur, and the final cutting for the monotype machine refines advantageously on the original models of fifteen years ago. Inasmuch as Mr. Rogers has never cut an italic letter to match he has made use by permission of Mr. Frederic Warde's lovely Arrighi italic.

The specimen of the new monotype Centaur is a handsome piece of printing, and one likely to be sought as an "item." It contains the usual specimen lines of both roman and italic, and as well an essay by Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, late Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum, entitled "The Trained Printer and the Amateur, and the Pleasure of Small Books." The cloth-bound book before me has a cover design worked out in typographic flowers in Mr. Rogers's well known manner, making, with the centaur in the middle panel, an appropriate binding. The name "Centaur" seems somewhat wild and barbaric to be applied to so finely sophisticated a type face—but that is the way of type face nomenclature. And it can be said that Mr. Rogers's Centaur is a most noble type, deriving from the best of the old, but rendered with a modernity which establishes it as one of the very few thoroughly good type faces available to the discriminating printer. R.

The State of Printing

THE MERRYMOUNT PRESS OF BOSTON. An Account of the Work of Daniel Berkeley Updike by GEORGE PARKER WINSHIP. With a list of 150 Merrymount Press books. Vienna: Herbert Reichner. 1929. $9.50. De Luxe edition $19.50.

I YIELD to no one in admiration of the work which Mr. Updike has done since the establishment of the Merrymount Press in 1893. I would go even farther, and include at least the great Prayer Book of 1893 printed by De Vinne but designed in part by Mr. Updike. I have written frequently in these columns of the work which issues from that Boston printing office. Hence I have waited for this book with much interest as it would be the only record in book form so far available. The volume as now at hand is both good and bad.

Mr. Winship's account of the Press seems to me quite inadequate and too full of his

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FOLLOWING *Salammbô*, Mr. King will illustrate for The Brown House *Tom Jones*, by Henry Fielding, and *The Brothers Karamazov*, by Dostoievsky. Of each book there will be only 800 copies, printed from type which will then be distributed. They will be sold only to subscribers. We will gladly send a prospectus upon request.

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own unfortunate bias. One would almost think that Mr. Updike had something to defend, whereas in reality it is his fellow printers in Boston and elsewhere in America who have something to live up to! There are only two other printing offices in New England which could be compared with the Merrymount Press—the old Riverside Press whence Mr. Updike sprung, and the now defunct Heintzemann Press, whose work possessed a Teutonic richness and lustiness which put it in a class apart. Who else is there to compare with? Furthermore Mr. Winship's jibes at the Kelmscott Press and hand press work and so on are silly, and his glorification of Mr. Updike as a "business man" would delight any Chamber of Commerce.

The other unfortunate aspect of this book is that the reproductions of Merrymount Press printing are apparently from process blocks, and lack the virility of type or first class electrotypes.

But on the positive side the book should be absolutely indispensable to all printers' and bibiographers' and book lovers' libraries because of its value as a record of the work of one of the foremost modern presses. What Mr. Winship lacks in critical judgment he makes up for in capacity as a scholar, and his list of a hundred and fifty Merrymount Press books is invaluable. Naturally it does not include all or even a large part of the Press's product, but it does suggest the variety and scope of its work.

The larger portion of the volume is given up to the representations of title pages, text pages, decorative schemes, and occasional pieces from the Press, forming a fine review of its actual accomplishment. Probably no other press in this country (if we except the Riverside Press work of Mr. Rogers) has anything like so fine a showing, and no other press can come anywhere near exhibiting so many different commissions which have been done so well. It is a fine thing to put all this into a permanent record. R.

AUCTION SALES CALENDAR

American Art Association Anderson Galleries. April 24th: Selections from the Library of David Randall. These include: vellum copies of several books from the Ashendene, Doves, and Kelmscott presses; an almost complete set of the publications of the Nonesuch Press; the customary volumes from the Aldine, Baskerville, Elzevir, Essex House, Grabhorn, and Vale Presses, together with a number designed by Bruce Rogers; Harry T. Peters's volume on Currier and Ives prints, which thanks to the publishers, has become so ridiculously scarce and expensive; the Grolier Club "Whistler," with an introduction by Royal Cortissoz; the catalogue of the George Eumorfopoulos Collection of Chinese pottery and porcelain, seven volumes, London, 1925-1928; the "Autobiography" of the former President, Mr. Coolidge, signed by him; and a first edition of Alfred E. Smith's "Up to Now."

* *

Frank J. Wilder, 28 Warren Avenue, Somerville, Mass. April 30th: Americana from the Berkshire Athenæum, Pittsfield; from the Estate of A. M. Goodspeed, and Pamphlets from the collection of a late United States Senator. The more interesting items are: "The New England Cookery, or the Art of Dressing all kinds of flesh, fish, and vegetables," compiled by Lucy Emerson, Montpelier, 1808; a few first editions of Mark Twain, Hawthorne, and Mrs. Stowe; a collection of fifty pamphlets dealing with Millerism (the "Second Adventism" of the early nineteenth century); a copy of the Great Millerite chart (the visions of Daniel and St. John); several fascinating books on Mormonism; and large groups of pamphlets on various subjects. G. M. T.

Just before the sale scheduled for March 31st, the American Art Association Anderson Galleries announced the withdrawal, by the owner,of the first 215 numbers as given in their catalogue, number 3834, "The Pioneer and Mining Days of California."

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(a) *A trio of* JOHN BARRYMORES *traversing the battlements of Helsingfors in* HAMLET
(b) *The four* MARX BROTHERS *looking for* HARPO
(c) *A trio of young men rolling hoops [making hoopee]*

Now at last that prince of typographers, W. A. DWIGGINS of Boston, has devised and perfected, to the last hair-line and shadow, a printer's mark [sometimes erroneously called a colophon] which, in the words of TRADER HORN, is positively IT. He has made several variations of the basic pattern, and one of the most effective is reproduced at the top of this column. Now the figure is revealed as the man against the sky, the eternal sower—in other words, that most hopeful of all mortals, a planter of words, a publisher of books.

NEWS!

Plans for moving *The Inner Sanctum* go on apace. . . . The Great Migration to 386 Fourth Avenue takes place on April 26th. . . . Full details later [advt.]. . . . WILL DURANT, circumnavigator, is now visiting the famous Chinese philosopher HU SHIH, in Shanghai. . . . JOHN COWPER POWYS forsakes Patchin Place, New York, and its celebrated Trees of Heaven for his cottage in Hillsdale, New York, where his nearest neighbors, five miles away, will be ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE and EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. . . . MR. POWYS has just delivered to *The Inner Sanctum* the manuscript of his next book, tentatively entitled *In Defence of Sensuality*. . . . Ranked on the non-fiction best-seller list right next to *Is Sex Necessary?* you will find a best-seller still unwearied by six years of best-sellerdom. the latest *Cross Word Puzzle Book*. . . . ELLIOT WHITE SPRINGS, author of *War Birds*, declares that *Jump! Tales of the Caterpillar Club* put his hair on end. . . . A. R. WOMRATH, the maharajah of rental libraries, has just ordered a thousand copies of *Why I Will Not Imitate Four Hawaiians*, by JOE COOK. . . . *Believe It or Not*, ROBERT L. RIPLEY is actually finishing the long-deferred manuscript of his Second Series. . . . *Eroica, A Novel Based on the Life of Beethoven*, by SAMUEL CHOTZINOFF, is getting good reviews from both literary critics and music critics. . . . WILLIAM BOLITHO, author of *Twelve Against the Gods*, denies that he wrote his new play in one night: it took him all of three days. . . . *The Inner Sanctum* announces unofficially that two of the most beautiful books of this decade are the Oxford University Press edition of *The Testament of Beauty*, by ROBERT BRIDGES, and the Random House edition of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, designed by W. A. DWIGGINS. . . . F. P. A. is hereby rebuked for forgetting his time-honored practice of beginning the month by reprinting WILLIAM WATSON'S *April, April*.

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

"THEN one day, *George Santayana* halted in the middle of a sentence, looking out of the window, and said: 'Gentlemen, it is April.' He walked out of the classroom forever. To-day he lives in Spain . . . studying, writing, dreaming, sharing the beauty of his life with others. Many of us would like to do just that. Simply walk out of the humdrum of things . . . out into the spring . . . and the beauty of life." Which of us wouldn't? And not just so as to be able to write letters, as the American Stationery Company, of Peru, Indiana, which sends us the above effusion, suggests. So these are the uses of philosophers! To point a moral for manufactures of correspondence paper. "Imagine! Only a dollar for two hundred sheets of fine paper, with a hundred envelopes. Printed neatly, too, with your name and address." Well, really, rather than covering those two hundred sheets of paper with our spring-born dreams we'd prefer to put in the time reading Santayana's "The Realm of Matter," which Scribners is soon to publish. It may be hard going, but it's sure to be rewarding matter, couched in a fashion that will lure even the amateur in philosophy through its pages. Still, we'd like to know, just for our private satisfaction, whether the lady who was "speaking for the American Stationery Company" spelled the former Harvard professor's name *Santaynay* merely through inadvertence, or whether— . . .

Things are looking up, perhaps because it's April. The publishers' publicity sheets, like the tulip beds, are suddenly gay and lively. We gather from them that *Robert Browning's* sister, having difficulty with her "r's," called him "Wobet," and that a gentleman from the South, who wanted to order by the gallon from the Book League of America, having been informed that the organization was a book club, not a bar, replied: "Oh, yeah? I know that line. Stop kiddin' me. I'm not a detective. We got a book league in the South, too," and that the directors of The Brown House are telling the yarn of the printer who in response to the expostulations of a client indignant at the bill presented him for a book bound in sheepskin stated: "For *this* book the sheep were specially fattened," and that an Oklahoma correspondent of *Harper's Magazine* refers to New York as "a backward town pushed forward by the enterprising West."...

Still, despite the season, and the flightiness it seems to engender, there is considerable news of more substantial sort in the book world. There's the announcement, for instance, that in November, when the four hundredth anniversary of *Cardinal Wolsey's* death will fall, Lippincotts will publish a life of the cardinal by *Hilaire Belloc*. Wolsey is a subject Belloc ought to find to his liking, and concerning which he ought to write with skill. . . .

Speaking of news, Brewer & Warren take the trouble to send us some in rhyme in regard to one of their recent publications, "Devil Drums," by *Clements Ripley*. Thus they describe the book:

This is the tale of wild Con Scott,
Quiet and gentle he was not!
Mongolian plains, bullets at night,
Armies Red and Armies White,
A beautiful lady—and there the plot
Becomes as breathless as hero Scott!
A story to read if you want to see
How reckless and madcap life can be.

And now that we've reached the end of the poetical review we find that it was written by *Peter Kerry*, and that Brewer & Warren's only trouble was in mimeographing it. . . .

What, we want to know, is going to happen to English fiction? For, on the best of authority (the news comes direct to us through the columns of the *Manchester Guardian*), we find that Englishmen are beginning to prefer warm baths to cold. That's taking a mean advantage of novelists who have always depicted their stalwart English heroes as utterly dependent upon a cold plunge. . . .

We know now what it must have felt like to be *Anthony Trollope*. We have been under the necessity of turning out a certain number of words every fifteen minutes for a succession of hours, and if Trollope felt at his appointed task as we felt at our enforced one, we'd rather every day of the year have our obscurity than his celebrity. Still, it's something not only to keep on appearing in every new library of classics that is formed, but to have a new complete edition published of one's novels, such as has just been issued of Trollope's. . . .

The Princeton University Press, feeling the thrill of spring along its publishing nerves, is bent on adventure. It is trying the experiment of bringing out in Arabic an original work which has heretofore appeared only in translation. The volume consists of the memoirs of *Usamah ibn-Munqidh*, which were published a few years ago under the title of "An Arab-Syrian Gentleman in the Period of the Crusades." The only Arabic version seems to be the ancient manuscript in the Escorial, from photostatic copies of which the work is now being set in Arabic on the linotype machine. Well, it certainly won't do us any good, but we are glad to know of its existence, and we are interested in the consonants in Usamah ibn-Munqidh's name. . . .

While we're on the subject of foreign books, we seize the chance to state that in order to acquaint American readers with the great masterpieces of German prose fiction in the nineteenth century, the Germanistic Society of America has arranged to have Simon & Schuster publish for the society a series of translations. The first volume, a novelette entitled "The Saint," by *C. F. Meyer*, one of the greatest writers Switzerland has produced, has just appeared. We hope the Germanistic Society will bring out some of the works expressive of the life and the character of Germany and Austria, for we think far more is to be effected for international peace by making nations known to one another in their normal ways of existence than by publishing an endless succession of war novels. Debunking war is all very well, but the trouble is that as a new generation of men and women grows up which has no knowledge of the terrible reality of conflict, even debunked war begins to take on glamour. The heroism that endured rats and vermin, mud and monotony, and faced the tremendous odds of battle despite its loathing of the senseless slaughter, after a time looms more powerful than what it was forced to endure. While the war went on, we, who were mature, believed that never again could such a calamity befall while there remained one of its victims to know what it was. And now a whole generation has come to maturity since the Armistice to which the World War is as much history and as little reality as the Civil War was to us. We really hope the writers of the world will beat their swords into ploughshares. . . .

It must have been the spring, lightly turning our thoughts to love, that caused that effusion. Well, we'll return to books. There's one German publication that is shortly to appear in English translation which we can assure you will prove fascinating reading. We've been poring over advance sheets of *Stefan Zweigs "Josef Fouché*, The Portrait of a Politician" with the most intense interest. We knew, of course, scattered facts about *Napoleon's* chief of police, but of the complete unscrupulousness of the man, of his ability as a politician, his machinations, and his treachery we had no faintest idea. Don't fail to read the book when it appears. It has been put into English by those able translators, *Eden* and *Cedar Paul*, and is to be issued by the Viking Press. . . .

We are glad to learn that Houghton Mifflin is to issue next fall *Harold Nicolson's* biography of his father, which, English critics tell us, is an excellent piece of work. It deals at length with the background and origins of the war, and is to be entitled, "Portrait of a Diplomatist." . . .

And now for a grand announcement. We have saved up our best news for the last. The *Phœnician* is back. He has actually landed in this country, and henceforth will fill the Nest. Welcome he! Thrice welcome and thrice again. As for us, we shall hie ourselves off to distant parts, to an atoll in the Indian Ocean, where publishers no more than typewriters exist, and where will be freedom from new books, and time perhaps to read "Robinson Crusoe," which hitherto we have perused only in words of one syllable. After which shameful confession,

A long farewell.

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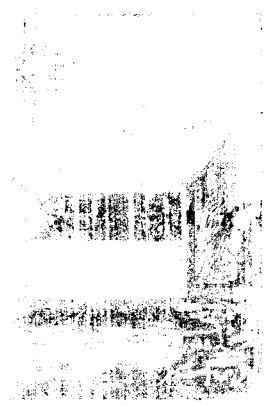

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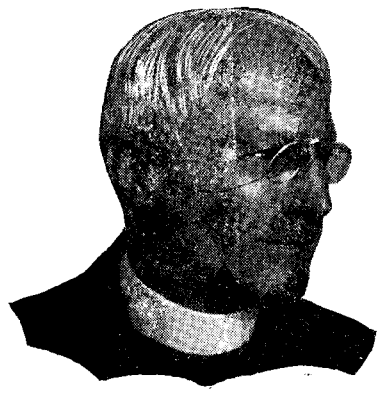

The Abbé Ernest Dimnet

Author of THE ART OF THINKING, *reviews*

THE MEANING OF CULTURE

by

JOHN COWPER POWYS

"THE titles of most books are deceptive and a good deal of the failure of literature to influence mankind as it might is due to the mistrust born of this deception. But Mr. Powys, having written a book which is the honest summary of a life-long effort, has given it a title which is also perfectly honest. Every chapter, indeed every page, in *The Meaning of Culture* is an addition to our knowledge of what culture really is.

FROM his very first paragraphs Mr. Powys makes it clear that to him culture is not what people generally imagine it is, and most readers will experience some surprise on going over his table of contents. They will expect him, of course, to show us, as he does, what culture owes to philosophy, to literature, to poetry, to painting, and above all to reading—which oddly enough comes into the book later than it ought to; also, being the offspring of the Romanticists, they will find nothing startling in the bracketing of nature with culture, but many will stare at such titles as culture and religion, culture and happiness, culture and love and, above all, culture and human relations.

EVERYBODY has read the definition of culture as 'what is left over after you have forgotten all you have tried to learn,' but even this defintion binds culture too closely with books. To Mr. Powys culture means the enrichment, not of the mind alone, but of the whole soul, through all the influences that man and the universe—not libraries—hold in reserve.

HIS chapter on 'Culture and Philosophy' makes the distinction between a cultured person and one who is merely educated not only clear but vital:

> 'An educated person can glibly describe what he wishes you to regard as his last ready-made philosophy. A cultured person often finds it difficult to explain what his philosophy is; but when he does manage to articulate it you feel that this is what he has secretly and profoundly lived by for many a long year. For in a cultured person's life intellectual snobbishness has ceased to exist. He is not interested in the question whether his attitude is intellectual according to the current fashion or not. He might even be guilty of a certain malicious satisfaction when it appears so completely out of fashion as to seem naïve and simple to the point of imbecility. Real culture has almost always a tendency to combine infinite subtlety with a kind of childish *naïveté*. Thus to the smartly clever it must often appear both affected and foolish. What a perpetual stumbling-block, for instance, is the cultured person's innate predilection for combining extreme opposites in his thought and his taste! His philosophical opinions will be found, as a rule, judged by the standards of the merely educated, to be at once startlingly revolutionary and startlingly reactionary. Thus Mr. Wells, valuable and sincere thinker though he is, will never quite satisfy a cultured taste because he is neither revolutionary enough nor reactionary enough. One always feels that a merely educated man holds his philosophical views as if they were so many pennies in his pocket: they are separate from his life. Whereas with a cultured man there is no gap or lacuna between his opinions and his life. Both are dominated by the same organic inevitable fatality. They are *what he is*.'

THIS certainty that a man's culture is what makes him what he is underlies every line of Mr. Powys' book, and gives it not only its human but its educational value. Go on with the chapter (on culture and philosophy) from which the above quotation is copied: you will find that, attracted by the philosophers as Mr. Powys evidently is, he does not pretend that their systems are even fully intelligible. To him, as to a shrewd French moralist of the early nineteenth century, Doudan, they are like great castles left unfinished by their builders and dimly seen by moonlight: it is enough if we enchant our intellectual lives with them. You may not be able to give any satisfactory description of their structure, but if they make you dream about the other side of what we innocently call the real, they have served their purpose.

PRETTY soon we see Mr. Powys mentioning not only 'imaginative reason,' which he borrows from Matthew Arnold and greatly admires, but 'imaginative will,' and we realize that his idea of culture does not differ from a high and inspiring idea of life as a continuous effort at self-elevation through self-enchantment. Analyze what he says (on pages 231, 232) about the reading of Marcel Proust or Dostoievsky: those novels will keep your imagination rapt, no doubt, but after reading them you will never judge men and women as you did before being introduced to the psychology of Swann or that of Sonia. In other terms, you will have wasted the talent of two great writers if, after living with their creations, you are the same man that you were before.

A BLENDING of intellectual views with practical, or I should say vital, conclusions is what delights us in THE MEANING OF CULTURE *and what makes it a book which no reader will easily let go.* Mr. Powys' analysis of love leads to the conclusion that it is liberation. Of his analysis of religion it is enough if we remember what he says, first as a revolutionary, viz. that 'where religion blocks the way it is where it is false to its own Holy Ghost of original inspiration,' and second, what he says as a conservative, viz: 'that the love of Jesus would never be able to exercise the spell over us that it does unless it were regarded as the love of Christ.' He tends all the time to transform mere thought into wisdom and to communicate warmth to cold verities.

WERE it not for a veneer of technicality which even his terseness has not been able to discard, he would be found throughout his book to prefer the point of view of an intelligent child or of a thoughtful peasant to that of a professional philosopher. There comes a moment in the development of all of us when we realize that ultra-simple, primitive sensations are the all-important ones. But while some of us act up to that recognition, others feel shy of its very simplicity and take shelter in its apparent improvement—education. The latter can talk, but the former lead.

THAT Mr. Powys belongs to the leading few a glance at any one of his pages will show. We should be even more certain of this if he would not write so well, and if, like the Port-Royalists, he were self-denying enough to dim the brightness of his images and to clarify his philosophy by indefatigable simplification. But can one ask a brilliant writer to put the extinguisher on his own brilliance?"

SEVEN months a best-seller, THE MEANING OF CULTURE has proved itself a book to read, to own, to live with. Just published in England, THE MEANING OF CULTURE is now an international success. Here is a vision of culture that is deeper than education or humanism; a book to bring you thoughts you have never had before; a book which discovers culture in every individual, and finds its meaning in terms of happiness.

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